IOLA FREE PUBLIC LIBRARY
IOLA, KANSAS

5¢ a copy

February 16, 1929

Collier's

THE NATIONAL WEEKLY

Bartender's Guide to Washington

More than 1,800,00[illegible] Cir[illegible]

FEB. 16, 1929

JOHN DUNCAN
313 SOUTH ST
IOLA
KANS 6JV29

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Taste the Juice of Real Mint Leaves

Enjoy that delicious flavor of fresh mint leaves.

You'll be delighted with its smooth coolness.

And it is so refreshing after meals—just the taste of mint you want—that your sweet tooth craves.

MY VALENTINE
Roses are red—
Violets blue—
Wrigley's Spearmint
Is good for you!
Wrigley Rhymes.

....After every meal....

You are invited to tune in on the WRIGLEY REVIEW thirty stations N B C system Friday Evenings. 9 Eastern; 8 Central; 7 Mountain; 6 Pacific time.

J-1

BE SURE IT'S WRIGLEY'S

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Fathers and Mothers

Read every word on this page revealing the cold bare facts on exposing children's knees in winter

GREAT authorities on bone diseases, lung and kidney trouble deplore the present fad for children to go without long stockings during the Fall or Winter and thus be submitted to the insidious chilling which can come from exposing the knees. By following this fad, parents are not hardening growing children but taking a cruel chance with them, risking their very health, and sometimes wrecking a whole life of happiness. Read what some of these world-known authorities have told us:

Expert Opinion

"I think it's a crime. You don't know what pelvic or kidney troubles you are developing. Chilling always brings about congestion and that induces infection. It's a great crime, a pitiful crime, not to cover children's knees."

"Doctors have noticed that among girls who are dressed scantily according to the present style, there is an increase in cases of cystitis (inflammation of the bladder) which is thought to be directly due to chilling the lower parts of the body."

"When mothers bring their children to me, I advise covering the knees because I'd rather err on the side of safety for the child."

"It's a question that has concerned us here for a long time (at a famous hospital for children). I don't think that fat children or under-weight children should be dressed with exposed knees in cold weather. Fat children have the least resistance to the cold. They are the first ones to go under—they have low metabolism, you see. Under-weight children are next least able to withstand cold. Both of these classes of children should be protected."

"Bare knees in cold or damp weather presuppose to arthritis. People have enough trouble in their knees without exposing them to any more."

"In summer time it may be fine for children to have bare knees because sunlight is always good for the skin, but in temperate climate there is not enough value in winter sunshine to make exposure worth while."

"By analogy the argument is reasonable that exposure of the knees or upper limbs makes a lowered resistance that conduces to bladder infection (the bladder being a very delicate membranous part in which bacilli can work much as they do in the nose membranes). Then it probably lowers the bars for any number of other infections of nose, throat, or lungs, and might give tuberculosis a start."

Long Stockings Help Keep Them Well

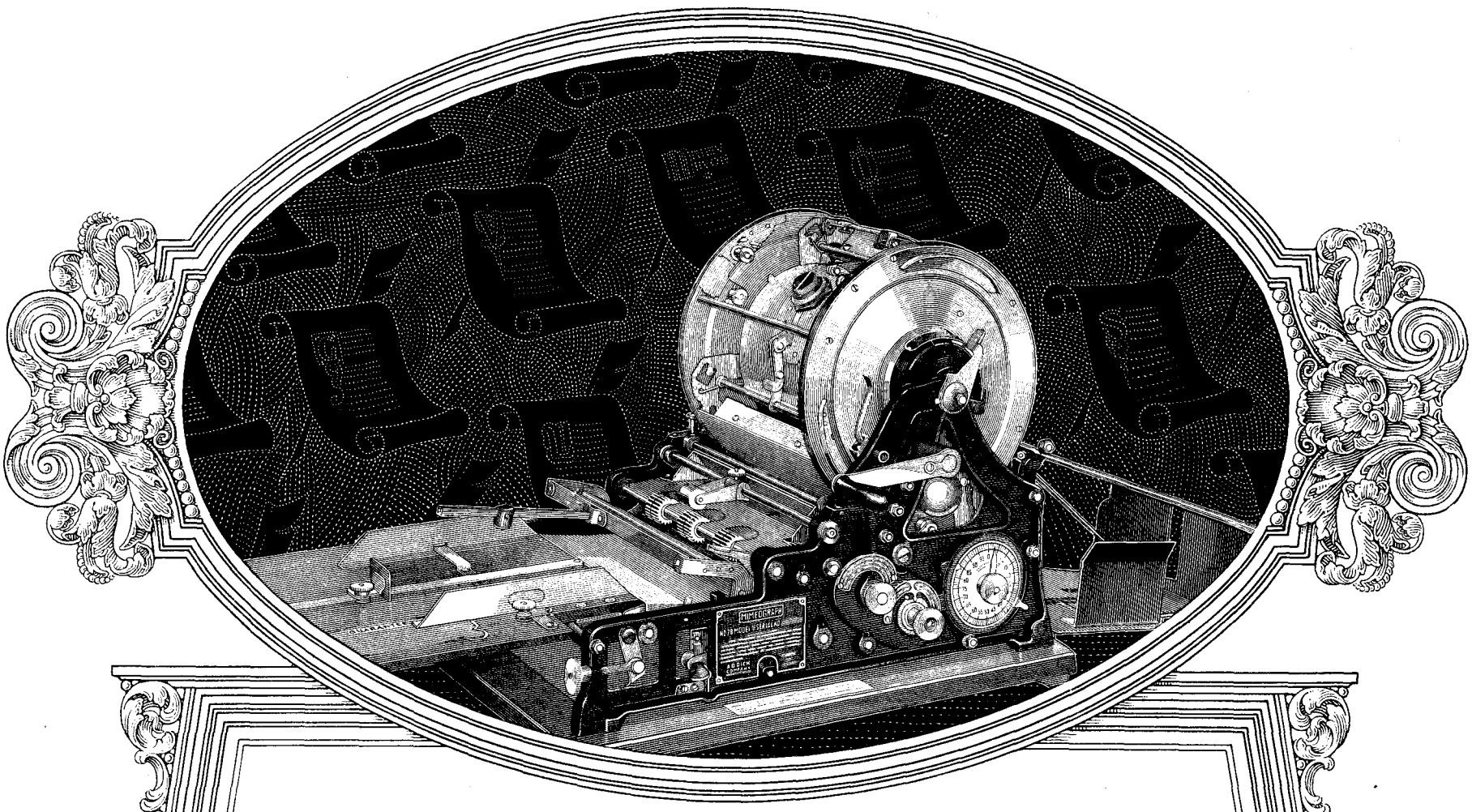
HICKORY GARTERS keep stockings snug and smooth

Since bare knees at this time of year can work such tragic things with children's health, as some of the greatest authorities on arthritis, bone diseases, lung and kidney trouble will attest, surely parents cannot afford to take the chance of not giving children the simple protection of long stockings. Better be safe than sorry. And, see that the stockings are held properly and neatly in place with HICKORY GARTERS of real live rubber. Made strong to last long—of genuine Hickory Elastic (the same as you buy by the yard). At your favorite notion department; Hickory Garters, 25c and more, depending upon style and size.

HICKORY
GARTERS·ELASTIC
Most dependable in the world

A. STEIN & COMPANY 20
CHICAGO NEW YORK LOS ANGELES TORONTO

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



MODERNISM

The quill-pen and the Mimeograph mark the extreme limits of that age-spanning progress which has to do with writing and its duplication. From one laborious copy in a long hour, to thousands of easily printed copies in every sixty-minutes of the working day, is a striking measure of civilization. No more outstanding illustration of what speed means in modern progress can be found—even though the Twentieth Century Limited and the oxcart be called into comparison. Speed—time-and-money-saving speed! Needed work, accurate work, super-excellent work, done with unmatched rapidity, is the Mimeograph's specialized task. Form letters—typewritten or handwritten—bulletins, questionnaires, factory and office forms, charts and maps, it duplicates at small cost, under private supervision, without the need of skilled help. Learn what it has done for others—and may do for you. A letter to the A. B. Dick Company, Chicago, will bring cheerful information.

MIMEOGRAPH

EDISON-DICK MIMEOGRAPH CHICAGO

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Entered as second-class matter at the Post Office at Springfield, Ohio, under the Act of March 3, 1879, and at the Post Office Department, Ottawa, Canada, by P. F. Collier & Son Company, Springfield, Ohio.

$2 a year United States and Canada

Collier's
The National Weekly

Published weekly at Springfield, Ohio. Executive and Editorial Offices at 250 Park Avenue, New York, N. Y. Copyright, 1929, by P. F. Collier & Son Company, in the United States, Canada and Great Britain.

$4 a year foreign countries

VOLUME 83 FEBRUARY 16, 1929 NUMBER 7

PUBLIC FREE PUBLIC LIBRARY SAN FRANCISCO

Three on a Match

By Emma-Lindsay Squier

Deep in the shadows of Chinatown they fought—for life or death. And one of them was clever, and two of them were brave

"I dispose of them—so!" Tsen Lee's hand pressed against the dragon tapestry

CHINATOWN at midnight is a place of heavy stillness. Where lurking shadows dissolve into stealthy shuffling movement, and where slits of yellow light gleam momentarily like swiftly drawn knives, only to be sheathed in the smelly darkness once more. Prowling alley cats; the sibilant sputter of an arc light harassed by blinded beetles; the distant screech of a police whistle; the hoarse rumble of a belated trolley car—and always, under the thin crust of deceptive silence, the steady flow of hidden life like a subterranean river of lava.

By the river there is a doorway carved and painted; lettered too, unostentatiously, announcing a tea and pottery shop within. The characters that make up the name "Tsen Lee" may well be small, and of a convenient dinginess. For does not the hawk wear dun-colored plumage that he may better pounce upon his brighter brethren? Does not the puma drift like a gray shadow in the midst of the forest's blatant gold and green?

Above, upon the street, darkness. In the closely shuttered, mat-smelling shop, heavier darkness, overlaid with dim odors of incense and tea. But underneath the shop a long high room with dragon panels of golden threads, whose shuttered windows were barely above the incessant lapping of the river. A room tightly shut against the outside night, and curiously deadening to the senses. A hot, bright room, in which voices made dull sounds that never reached beyond the enclosing walls. And here, facing each other as from the points of a triangle marked upon the floor, three men with hate in their eyes, but with lips grim and disciplined.

TWO of them were gray-eyed, white of skin; aliens to the glittering Oriental splendor of the place. The third was he whose name was painted so unostentatiously on the street door above, Tsen Lee. A heavy, Asian-faced man robed in a heavy gown of black silk embroidered in gold with a creeping dragon that stirred like a living thing as the man leaned forward slightly from the carved teakwood chair in which he sat.

"You have come to my unworthy house—for what?"

His English had a marred perfection, like an exquisite porcelain vase that is chipped and cracked.

It was Benjamin Usher, Chief of the Chinatown Squad, who answered him. A slight gesture of his hand had checked the sudden passionate movement of the younger man near him.

"Never mind the evasions, Tsen Lee, we know you have this girl, Loya Thom, and we are here to get her back without trouble. We don't want another tong war on our hands, or I'd have you locked up this minute. But for the sake of the general peace—including that of your own tong, Tsen Lee, and you know as well as I do that your power with them is slipping—I've come to get her quietly—and peaceably."

The yellow-faced man permitted himself the slightest smile: a flickering malignance like a thread of flame revealed for an instant when the covering ashes are stirred by a breeze.

"You speak so positively, Honorable Detective. You cannot be certain that I have the girl. Neither can you know surely whether she is alive—or dead."

At this, the youngest man made a sound in his throat. A harsh rasping sound.

"If she isn't alive—and unhurt—*damn you*—" He lifted hot, clenched hands. But Usher's sharp gray eyes flashed him an imperative command and the boy sank back into raging, volcanic silence.

The detective went on matter-of-factly. He would not even wipe the sweat

Table of contents appears on page 57

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

that was dripping down into his eyes. He disregarded the stifling heat of the room. "Tsen Lee, you kidnapped Loya Thom from the Mission where she is a teacher. She is this chap's fiancée—you know who he is—Bruce Norton, of the Chronicle. It doesn't get you anywhere to have one of the star reporters on a big paper prying into your affairs—you've had a good deal of unsavory publicity, Tsen Lee. One more piece of straight talk will ruin you with your tong—savvy that?"

The listening Oriental flicked a narrow, underlidded glance at the younger man with his white, straining face and murderous blazing blue eyes. He flicked another at Benjamin Usher, the detective. The heavy yellow hands tapped noncommittally upon the arms of the chair.

"The girl is Chinese," he said tonelessly, "she is an orphan, and is the ward of the Yet Sing Tong, which unworthy I have the honor to represent."

"You lie!" Bruce Norton's voice came thick and hot, "her father was white—an American missionary. And her mother was only half Chinese. I know you've wanted her for a long time. You pretended to take an interest in the Mission school, didn't you? You had her fooled, but not me, you—you—"

"Oh, shut up, Bruce,"—the detective's voice was brusque—"we don't have to go into details, we all know what's happened, and Tsen Lee knows we have him dead to rights. Give her up quietly, and I'll see that this doesn't get on the blotter. Make trouble for me, and by God I'll have Chinatown shot from under you!"

TSEN LEE'S black opaque eyes did not waver. Beside him, on a carven table that served for a desk, and was a-clutter with red papers, paint brushes and newspapers, a stick of temple incense suddenly dropped a thin gray streamer of ash on his hand. He brushed it off absent-mindedly, his eyes still fixed on the square, perspiring face of the detective. But his fingers continued to rub the smudge of the ashes across his yellow skin. Something seemed to amuse him, for again he smiled slightly.

"It pleases your honorable self to be a comedian," he purred; "you are using that which the men of your nation call 'bluff'—is it not so? Surely you do not think, Honorable Chaser of Men Who Do Wrong, that I am ignorant of the fact that you and this other are here—alone? And you must know, oh, Honorable Loud-Voiced One, that I know *why* you are here alone? This visit is—unofficial, is it not? I am honored; I bow; and it is better so, for if you had come with many, if the large-footed policemen had disturbed the peace of my insignificant house, I should have been forced for my protection to send word that the girl should be dispatched—on a long journey."

Bruce Norton leaned forward, trembling. His eyes were tigerish. But again Usher's warning glance saved him from violent action.

"You would *send word*, Tsen Lee? Then the girl is not here in your house? You give me your word upon a white cock?"

"Upon a white cock," answered the other flatly. "And should the girl's body be found tomorrow, cut into very small pieces, as is an ancient custom in China, it would be difficult for you to attach the blame to me, Honorable Usher, since it can be so easily proven that I—as yet—have not had her in my possession."

Benjamin Usher lost a little of his imperturbability.

"There's always the third degree—you savvy that?" He almost snarled.

The yellow-faced man permitted himself a lifting of the eyebrows that made a gesture of scorn.

"This degree of the third—so childish beside the well-established torture customs of my own people," he murmured.

Now it was the hand of the detective that clenched moistly. He was suffering in the close, intense heat of the room, his eyes smarted from the heavy dead fragrance of the incense which clouded the ceiling in wavering gray veils. He felt baffled, checkmated.

He had known the terrific element of danger involved. So had Norton. One chance to win through in the midst of a thousand chances of disaster. But it had to be taken. Usher had not been on the Chinatown squad twenty years for nothing. He knew that at the first concentrated movement of rescue, the first official threat, the girl whose life was so precious to his friend would be spirited away, hidden, disguised—or, as had happened many times before in similar cases, would be found mutilated beyond recognition in the river.

"Act as natural as you can," he had told Norton, "if we can put over a bluff of having the cards all stacked for us instead of against us, we may get by with it. Of course I can arrest Tsen Lee—but that won't get Loya back—alive. And don't stir him up unnecessarily, for he's deadly. He knows all the tricks of the trade, and then some!"

He was thinking of it now. Tsen Lee had known all the tricks of the trade. He had called his bluff out into the open and named it. But there was one card that he had counted on heavily, and one which, so far, Tsen Lee had ignored—publicity. He had spoken truthfully when he had thrown the barbed taunt of Tsen Lee's waning power with his tong. Chinatown had been in a turmoil for years, and peace had been established only a short while ago. The Mission had powerful friends among the Kip Yungs, hereditary enemies of the Yet Sings. There would surely be trouble if this kidnaping were dealt with openly. The Kip Yungs would avenge it, and the Yet Sings would be drawn into it, though unwillingly, since it is considered ignoble to fight for the sake of a mere woman.

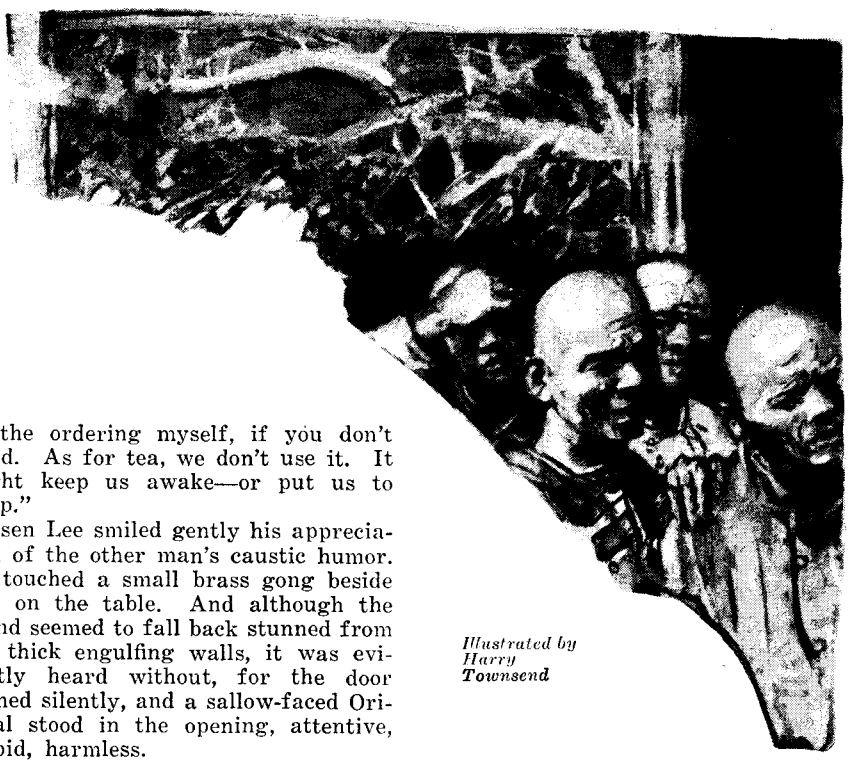
As if he had spoken his thoughts aloud, Tsen Lee made answer.

"If you will permit me to quote from the classics of my own country," his voice was silken, suave, "it is written that the wise man is he who knows when the river is unsafe to swim. You speak truly when you remind me that peace is a possession more precious than the quickly tarnishing beauty of a woman. Therefore, insignificant I bow to your honorable desire. Be seated in friendship, make my unworthy house glow with gold by drinking my humble tea. I will send for the girl at once. She will be here—unharmed, within the half of an hour. That is my word to you; and Tsen Lee's word is never broken."

Bruce Norton's face went dead white. He tried to speak and failed. He could only look at Benjamin Usher, putting into his beleaguered eyes the question that his lips could not utter.

The detective nodded shortly.

"That's sensible, best for everybody." He dared not let his face give a hint of the relief that made him feel suddenly weak and shaken. "All right, Tsen Lee, have your messenger in; but I'll do the ordering myself, if you don't mind. As for tea, we don't use it. It might keep us awake—or put us to sleep."



Illustrated by Harry Townsend

Tsen Lee smiled gently his appreciation of the other man's caustic humor. He touched a small brass gong beside him on the table. And although the sound seemed to fall back stunned from the thick engulfing walls, it was evidently heard without, for the door opened silently, and a sallow-faced Oriental stood in the opening, attentive, stupid, harmless.

USHER spoke to him in excellent Chinese:

"The girl the master knows of is to be brought here at once. No harm is to be done her. She is to be brought quickly."

The servant's eyes went swiftly to the yellow-faced man in the teakwood chair.

"As ordered, so do," confirmed Tsen Lee. He did not even look up. "Will you smoke?" He asked in the same even, uninterested tone.

Usher hesitated.

"One of my own, thanks."

He drew out his package and passed it to Bruce Norton. The young man made a gesture of refusal; but the detective's steady eyes compelled him, and he drew forth one of the small white wands of tobacco and put it between his lips.

Tsen Lee selected a cigarette from a lacquered box beside him and tapped it against his nail, American fashion.

"Permit me at least to light your cigarettes—"

He moved across the room with a muted sibilance of the heavy silk robe. Usher's cigarette glowed from the contact of the flame—then he moved on. The golden dragon writhed about his feet. He placed the match against Bruce Norton's unwilling fag. Finally he held the small licking tongue of flame against his own cigarette, blew it out, stared at it thoughtfully.

"Three on a match—it is a superstition of your race, is it not, that bad luck always follows?"

The detective shrugged; not altogether convincingly.

"The bad luck, Tsen Lee, is for the last one who lights the cigarette."

"Oh?" Again the thin, almost imperceptible smile. "Then you will graciously allow me to thwart the demon of bad luck in my own 'heathen Chinese' fashion? It is thus in China that we turn bad luck aside when it comes too near—"

He fumbled with the clutter of rice papers and documents on his desk and drew forth a red paper package of incense sticks. Norton watched him sharply; and his hand pressed slightly against the long bulge of a gun strapped from his shoulder.

But Tsen Lee merely pulled out three of the pungent-smelling sticks, pressed them against the tip of his cigarette and blew them into a three-fold replica of its glow. Carefully he placed them upright in the brass container that had held the others, and carried it to a table near the center of the room. The intermingled wisps of heavily scented haze climbed up into the already overburdened air. Silently he returned to his chair, puffed once at his cigarette, regarded it with slitted eyes. He put it delicately in the beak of a silver stork placed so near the wall that the thin little spiral of smoke went drifting up against the glittering dragon scales of the embroidered panel that hung down from the ceiling.

"American cigarettes are not quite to my taste," he said apologetically.

Benjamin Usher did not answer. A strange lassitude was creeping over him, a terrible tiredness that made him long to lose himself in sleep.

"This damn room, it's so hot—so close," he told himself. He wished feverishly for the thing to be over. There was a long silence. Then he realized that Tsen Lee was speaking, and that the quality of his voice had changed. It sounded dim, far away.

"I regret the wait, but my servant had to go far. The girl—as I assured you—was not in my house."

BENJAMIN USHER looked at Norton. The young man too was feeling the strain of the uncertainty and the deadening weight of the stifling, smoke-filled air. His face was drawn into lines of greenish pallor. Usher was fearful lest his friend crash suddenly. He knew that Norton had neither slept nor eaten for a night and a day. He started to speak; to say some trivial but bracing word. He tried—and failed. At first he thought it a hoarseness of the throat. And then, with a horrible stab of realization, he knew the truth. *He had not opened his lips.* He could not. He was powerless.

Doped! The awful truth beat like hammer blows against his brain. His mind had the abnormal clarity of a crystal. His inner senses had quickened into piercing brilliancy, exaggerating with diabolical emphasis every detail of the long glittering Oriental room. He knew it was the effect of the incense—some insidious, powerful drug that enslaved the body's strength even before the mind was aware of the danger.

He tried to lift his hand to the gun under his armpit. But it was as if it were buried under a thousand pounds of heavy glass; visible, but helpless. He stared at it in horror; tried to turn his eyes away, and could not. A panic came upon him, and he struggled fiercely to throw himself out of the chair, to lift his hands. If only he could feel

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

He heard the broken sobbing of a girl's voice, but the darkness swooped down on him and he knew no more

the cool rounded butt of his gun against his sweating palm! Inwardly he writhed and fought. Outwardly he sat lumpishly, staring at his hand. The cigarette had fallen from his fingers.

Dimly, yet with enormous ease he heard Tsen Lee's voice. It pressed down upon his ear drums, made a jangle in his brain. Yet the words were absolutely distinct:

"You are comfortable, I hope? This incense is called in my unworthy tongue Shui Hsen Piao, which might be translated into your honorable language as 'Though Asleep, the Mind Watches.' It affects the body—you have noticed it perhaps—but not the inner senses. In the barbarous land of Han it is used much to torture criminals who have broken the law—or who have displeased someone in authority—"

HIS voice trailed away into silence that was magnified and distorted into a vast, swirling maelstrom of emptiness. Then the two men who watched through straining, paralyzed eyes saw his black rustling figure moving toward them, enormous, grotesque, warped as though seen through flawed glass, yet uncannily vital, hideously clear.

With the part of his mind that was struggling against the awful bondage of the chained physical senses, Usher knew that Bruce Norton, too, was making a terrible, futile effort to release himself from the enslaving numbness. If the two of them could but fling themselves forward upon that malignant, black-robed figure that was coming nearer—nearer—

Usher could not only see the golden writhing of the embroidered dragon—such was the clarity of his tortured vision that he could see the small gleaming threads—the red knots that made the eye of the monster. But all the force of will in him could not break the bondage of the stifling, stupefying incense that had closed down around him like a fog. He was in a gray haze—a hideous unreal world through which his lowered eyes could see only a hand—his own; a rug of startling, yet repellent beauty; the half of a cigarette, still burning, eating its way into the fabric; and the slow, intolerable approach of that menacing black rustling figure that was Tsen Lee.

The black-and-gold figure seemed to sink gently down through the enveloping mist. The evil yellow face, distorted and magnified, swam through his vision for an instant that was a flash, yet eternally long as torment in hell. A fat, yellow hand enlarged into horrifying proportions, swooped upon the glowing bud of fire and lifted it.

THE voice of Tsen Lee came again, clamoring, knocking, jangling, piercing every nerve with knife-like stabs of jagged pain.

"This rug, honorable guests, is worth a hundred women such as she whom you desire to take from me. Yet I wish to keep them both—for as long as it pleases me. I do not permit cigarettes—and men—to come between me and my will. I dispose of them—so!"

He was back against the wall—his hand pressed against the dragon tapestry there. Now Benjamin Usher's staring, tortured eyes saw a square of blackness appear in the floor before him. The rug had swung downward on a hinged piece of flooring—his abnormally alert mind grasped the significance of it even before the guttural lapping of water struck against his eardrums. His eyes caught the flaring arc of the cigarette's burning tip as it fell past him. Even the slight hiss as it was swallowed up by the water beneath came with the sharp sibilance of a striking snake. He wanted to brace himself for the drop he felt sure would follow. He knew, as surely as he knew he was helpless, that he and Norton were both sitting in chairs placed expertly over such trapdoors as the one in front of him, trapdoors hidden from sight by gorgeous, treacherous Oriental floor coverings.

But it did not happen. The heavy hand of Tsen Lee fumbled again at the panel. The square of blackness was blotted out by blue and gold and cherry red once more. The distorted figure was drifting backward, it seemed, into measureless space, yet no farther than the end of the room—the room where the black table loomed up against the yellow dragon panel like an enormous coffin; where the black teakwood chair held out scrawny stiff arms to its master; and where the cigarette still burned in the prisoning embrace of the silver stork.

THE distant, jangling, discordant voice spoke again. This time with an effort that aroused an aching reaction in the tense, straining mind of Benjamin Usher.

"The soothing hand of Shui Hsen Piao begins to touch my flesh even as it has enslaved yours, oh, honorable and soon-to-be-lamented guests. The men of my race do not yield to its mastery as quickly as do those of commoner and softer tissue. In a moment my body too will sleep as soundly as your own; but my mind will watch with even greater pleasure the drama for which it has been my childish pleasure to set the stage. A drama which, it is to be regretted, our young friend with the staring blue eyes of murder will never write for his most august employer, the newspaper. A drama which you, oh, Starer at the Hand, will never record upon that worthy object you call—'the blotter.'"

His voice sank away, came back with perceptible effort.

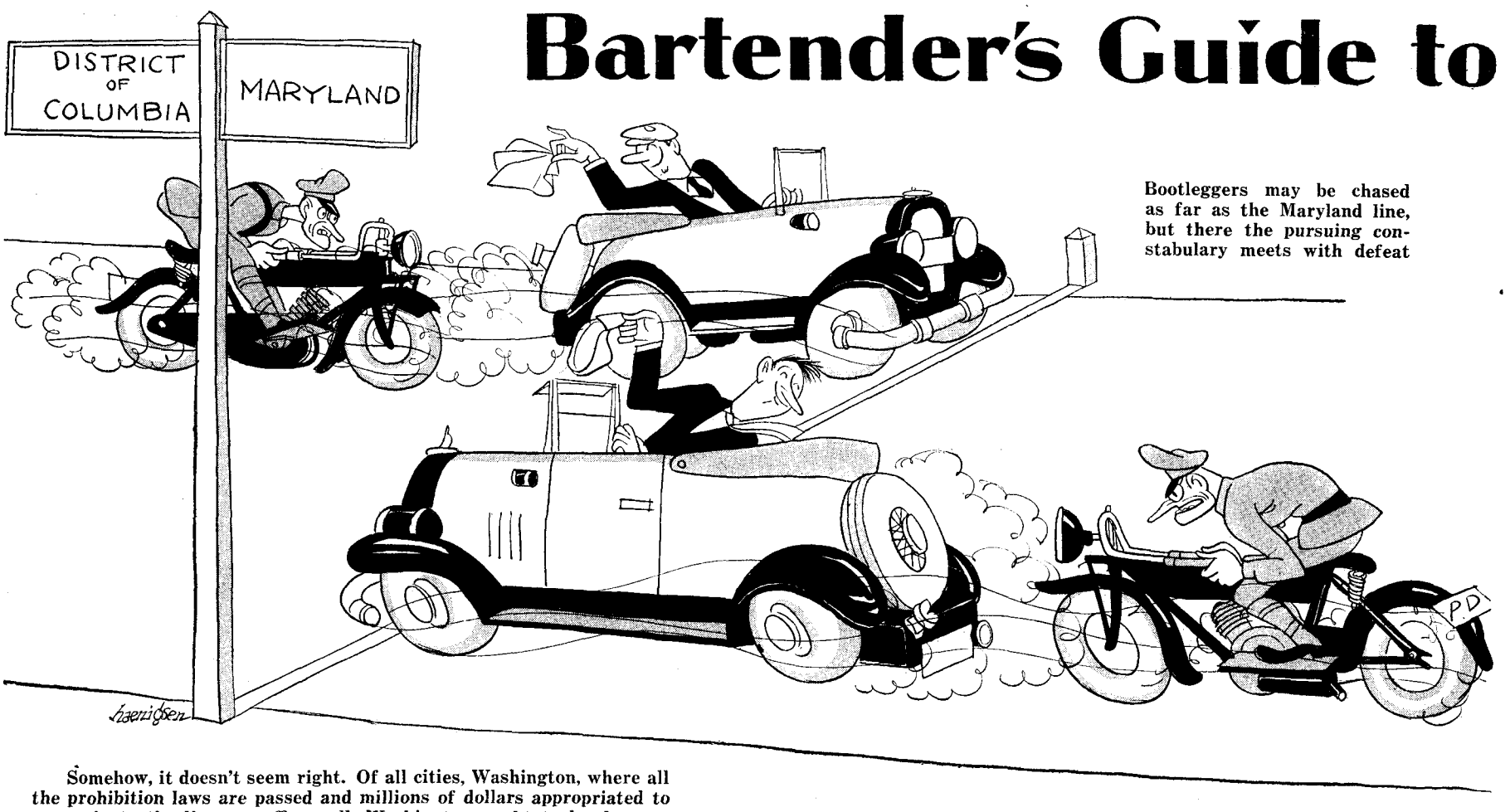
"You still do not realize how skillfully the stage has been set for the play in which you two who thought to triumph over me shall be the unwilling actors, and I the appreciative spectator. Do you see my cigarette here, oh, Blue-Eyed One? Do you see how it burns nearer the wall where the threads of the panel make a twisted cord—like a fuse? As the last spark of life goes out in the cigarette its death kiss of fire will ignite the little silken cord. And this will release a spring which will let a piece of floor drop down—the part on which you, oh, honorable guests, are most unfortunately seated. I shall watch you—I and one other—the girl Loya—will be standing in the doorway—as the trapdoor opens—she will see you just—before you enter the watery portals—of the Death God's—kingdom—"

His voice trailed away into complete silence. He sat like a lumpish, saffron-faced statue with thinly smiling lips, and glazed, opaque eyes.

Silence, terrible, profound. Three men facing (*Continued on page 48*)

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Bartender's Guide to



Bootleggers may be chased as far as the Maryland line, but there the pursuing constabulary meets with defeat

Somehow, it doesn't seem right. Of all cities, Washington, where all the prohibition laws are passed and millions of dollars appropriated to exterminate the liquor traffic—well, Washington ought to be dry.

But shucks. The city's so wet that it squishes. And the quality! Buy a bottle of Embassy Stuff. If the diplomats drank it we'd have a fresh war every two weeks. Or try a few shots of Maryland Rye. The contents of a fire extinguisher go well as a chaser.

But you'll meet the politest and gentlest of bootleggers. No rough stuff. No racketeering. Quiet, prompt service and plenty of it. That's Washington. And here's how:

IT WAS a year ago, at Laurel, Md., that a number of gentlemen who had come from New York and Philadelphia to see the horses run and to compare notes on the progress of prohibition, were fascinated by a report made by one Johnny Gold.

Subsequently the police of Maryland and of the District of Columbia were at some brief pains to establish the true identity of Mr. Gold but, failing, abandoned him and further thoughts of him to his undistinguished grave in the public burying ground in Baltimore.

Men have gone to less trouble than Mr. Gold and in causes of even less merit and have shared a prettier fate. However you view his plan or whatever your personal estimate of his purpose, you may find it possible to appreciate that after all it was scarcely sportsmanlike to shoot him in the back.

Mr. Gold, who, as far as I am able to learn, was a product of Twenty-second and Christian streets, Philadelphia, and a stout admirer of Mr. Maxy Hoff of that gentle town, had gone in for City Planning.

Where Opportunity Beckons

After spending a couple of months in Washington and winning admittance to membership in a number of Washington's social clubs and recruiting a number of friends and much information from the rail-bird boys who pack the pavements of afternoons on E Street, between Thirteenth and Fourteenth, Mr. Gold went back home to think.

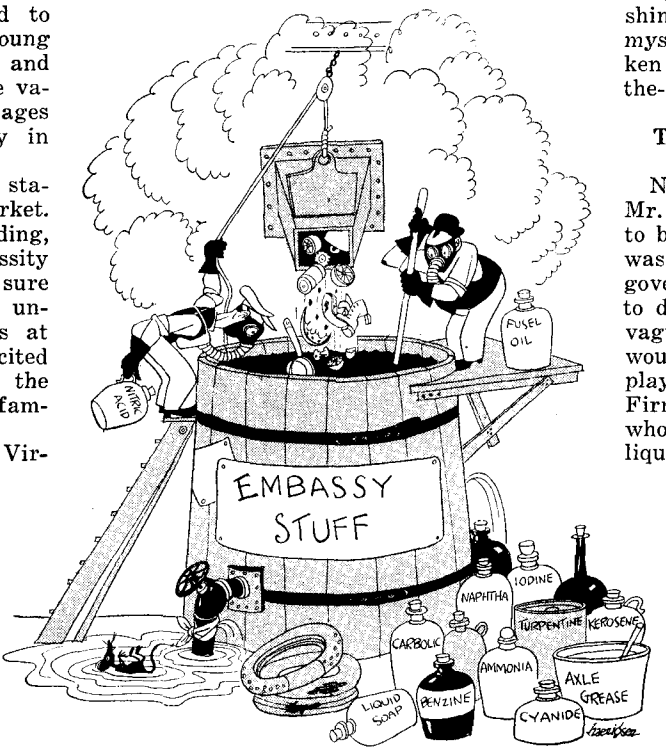
Much drinking was going on in the nation's capital. Mr. Gold knew that at first hand. It followed that much bootlegging was in progress. But the bootlegging was in the hands of Negroes, young government clerks, former prohibition enforcement officers who had been fetched to Washington to be fired, young ladies with bright social flares and roomy apartments and a wide variety of nondescripts of all ages who dealt almost exclusively in bathtub gin.

Worse, there was no price stability to the Washington market. Price cutting was heart-rending, not to say stupid. No necessity for it. And a man was never sure of his territory. Later, when unfolding his plan to the boys at Laurel, Mr. Gold may have cited the demoralizing incident of the scion of a fine old Richmond family.

This unhappy product of a Virginia first family, having come to his senses after frittering away two-thirds of his patrimony and being frightened almost to death by a somewhat belated realization that he had neither trade nor profession to fly to in case of financial emergency, plunged forthwith into business.

He invested what was left of his inheritance in a smug brick house in what had been better Washington and went into the bootleg industry. In no time he discovered, to his consternation, that there were others in the business and that these others had practically no respect for his social connections. They meanly preëmpted the field that he had staked out for his own. They sold St. Mary County rye and Bluemont corn below his list prices and made a nice profit because they had no overhead to speak of. And he, by tradition and training unable to do anything except on a grand scale, had gone in for expensive headquarters, clean bottles, courteous service and prompt deliveries—all of which, you understand, run into important money.

Ruin faced him. Philosophically he drank as much as possible of his stocks and then committed suicide. And all



Salvaged bottles are filled with whatever is at hand and—presto! Embassy Stuff!

because, as Mr. Gold may have pointed out, the bootleg racket in Washington was unorganized.

Now under Mr. Gold's plan Washington was to be districted even as New York, Chicago, St. Louis and Detroit, to mention models, have been cut up and apportioned. There would be a distribution czar who would autocratically rule against poachings and price-cuttings. Booze and costs would be standardized and only those who agreed to play the game for the game's sake and who were amenable to commercial discipline would be allowed to participate in the large profits-taking.

Mr. Gold had neglected no detail. Pennsylvania beer from approved breweries, Maryland whisky from stills which would be regulated by the Gold Ring, Virginia corn from contented shiners and Scotch and wines from mysterious sources generally spoken of as Canada and Right-Off-the-Boat were available at once.

The Sad Demise of Mr. Gold

Not the least of the beauties of Mr. Gold's plan was that there was to be no rough stuff. Washington was the seat of Mr. Gold's adopted government and he was not a man to display disrespect even to such vague things as symbols. There would be no racketeering as it is played in New York and Chicago. Firmly but gently the amateurs in whose hands the purveying of liquor to Washington was resting would be shooed off, not shot off, and all would be hotsy-totsy as the saying goes. But nice and refined, y'understand.

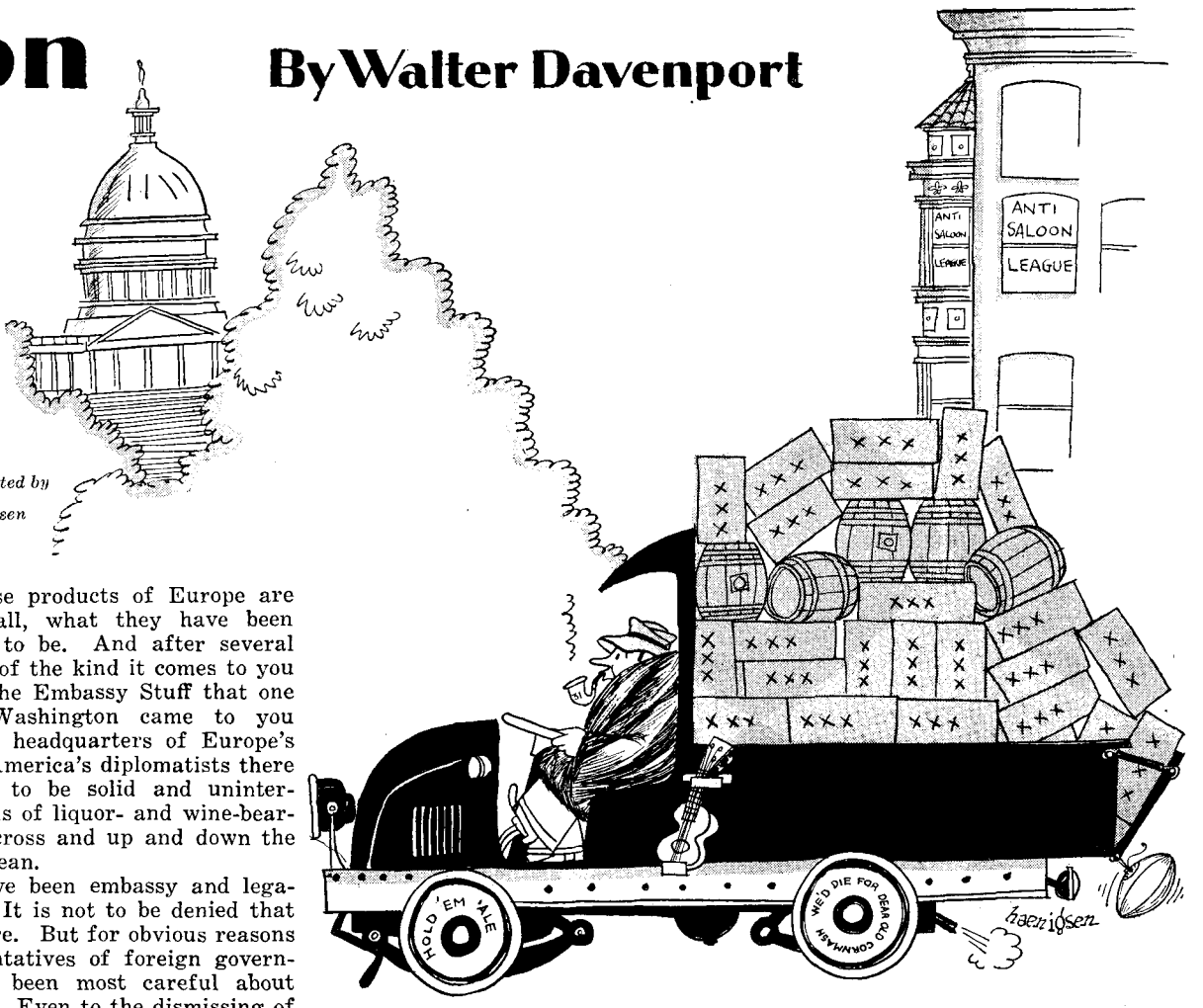
Mr. Gold was shot with minute care within forty-eight hours after spreading out his plan of moistening the seat of his government. His lifeless body was found near Catonsville at Baltimore and while the police have never announced the name of his assassin, it is generally believed that one of the amateurs who still comfort Washington and whom Mr. Gold despised was his executioner.

So Washington, which is decorously but thoroughly wet and where a minimum of effort is required to obtain any manner of liquid solace from gin to champagne (beer is a bit difficult), is still depending upon the poaching, price-cutting, cat-footed ladies and gentlemen whom Mr. Gold yearned to displace. And they are gaining in efficiency, volume and quality as the days

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Washington

By Walter Davenport



Illustrated by Harry Haenigsen

The modern youth of Washington works his way through college

go by. Offhand I should say that it is well for Washington that the quality is improving.

You can buy good grain alcohol in sealed tins for $12 a gallon, recooked (redistilled) denatured alcohol in sealed tins for $9, Canadian Club for $80 a case, Pebble Brook for $75 and less, Maryland Rye from St. Mary County for $40 the five-gallon keg, Johnny Walker (I am not going behind the labels and the prices) for $90 a case, Hennessy and Martel cognacs for from $80 to $100 and so on through a lively list of whiskies and brandies all of which you are assured, if you are of an inquiring turn, are true in quality and straight from such reliable sources as Canada, the Baltimore Docks or Cuba.

Or Embassy Stuff!

Now before we go into this matter of Embassy Stuff a few words of calm wisdom must intervene. If you seek drink by the bottle or case in Washington you are in a fair way to be offered Embassy Stuff. In truth, it will be very difficult for you to avoid the ordeal.

He Overdoes It!

To you comes a polite and fairly youngish person—generally a man and frequently a Latin—who offers you a list of what you may buy from or through him. The list should amaze you and carry you back to those mellower, pre-war days when one was reasonably certain of awakening in the morning with eyesight intact after a bedtime highball.

He will offer Dewar's, Sanderson, Haig and Haig (pinch bottle), Dawson's Old Curio, Bourbon, rye, gin. He will sell these delights by the bottle—$10 to $15—or by the case if you desire. But the wines! He does not care to sell these beautiful vintages in less than case lots. Behold! Champagnes—Pol Roger, Moot and Chandon, Piper Heidseick, Mumms. And red wines—Chambertin, Pomnard, Amontillado, Burgundy, Saint Julien. White wines—Les Perrieres, Montrachet. And prices! Sixty dollars the case and up.

But he overdoes it. How, you inquire with excusable amazement, are these things to be had? And in such profusion?

And then he tells you. Embassy Stuff!

Of course if you buy the glistening young man's wares you soon, thereafter, are compelled to the conclusion that either he was tampering with the truth or that these products of Europe are not, after all, what they have been cracked up to be. And after several experiences of the kind it comes to you that if all the Embassy Stuff that one meets in Washington came to you through the headquarters of Europe's and South America's diplomatists there would have to be solid and uninterrupted trains of liquor- and wine-bearing ships across and up and down the Atlantic Ocean.

There have been embassy and legation leaks. It is not to be denied that there still are. But for obvious reasons the representatives of foreign governments have been most careful about their liquor. Even to the dismissing of Waldron Lee.

Waldron Lee sold no liquor but he lost a perfectly good job anyway. He is a colored man who had a nice, stylish job in the commissariat of a most important European embassy wherein the social functions were frequent and lavish. All that Mr. Lee did during and after such festivities was to salvage the emptied bottles and sell them, labels intact, to bootleggers, who promptly refilled them with whatever came closest to the label's legend and—presto! Embassy Stuff!

Puss-in-the-Corner Bootlegging

Not that the embassies and legations are to be completely ignored in Washington's wetness. What with ambassadors, ministers, attachés, clerks and down and through the battalions of men and women that it takes to make the diplomatic corps, there are 10,000 persons enjoying what is known as diplomatic immunity. That is, they can't be arrested for offenses against our laws as you and I can. The constabulary can't order them around like common folk.

They can be reported to the state department and to their own superiors but even the traffic cops are impotent against these ten thousand. Therefore it is not remarkable at all that a few of these extra-legal servants of foreign governments should lend themselves to an occasional bit of bootlegging.

Because drinking in Washington is made possible by the puss-in-the-corner bootlegging methods so repugnant to Mr. Gold it is impossible even to estimate the quantity imported. But that it amounts to plenty or more is so apparent that the prohibition leaders in Congress are about to insist that the drying of America for which they look to Mr. Hoover, will begin in the Capital. The Hon. Louis C. Cramton, representative from Michigan, and one of the foremost prohibitionists in Congress, told me that he was going to do some earnest agitating in this direction. Mr. Cramton realizes the difficulties of the situation.

Two years ago as he and Mrs. Cramton were going to Europe the congressman rented his Washington house to a pleasant gentleman who described himself as a doctor of medicine who had come from the Middle West to take a summer course at Johns Hopkins, Baltimore. Mr. and Mrs. Cramton returned from Europe to discover that they had leased their home to a bootlegger.

The night club as it flourishes in New York has no existence in Washington, but its place is more than adequately filled by the social club, a phenomenon which has reached the zenith of its development in the Capital.

These clubs are incorporated institutions open to none but members. To gain membership is as simple as the incorporation papers and not even Delaware offers wider latitude to applicants for incorporation papers than the District of Columbia. There being such a consistent similarity of layout, purpose and conduct in these clubs, we shall visit the H. B. Q. Social Club in P Street.

It is a four-story brick structure with white marble stoop and window sills—a calm, resigned relic of prim respectability. On the top floor gambling flourishes—twenty-five-dollar-limit faro, table-stakes stud, craps and a roulette wheel presided over by a mustached consumptive. You can place a bet on the horses, too, wherever they're running.

On the third floor you can buy sad sandwiches and set-ups. A set-up is a glass of cracked ice and a bottle of ginger ale or soda and perhaps a nog-gin of fruit juice. No liquor is sold by the club but you have only to let it be known that you are in the market for a bottle or so when a man appears with the tidings that he can fetch you gin, whisky or cognac in a few minutes, or wine. I met a personable young fellow who told me confidentially that for my party he would recommend a few bottles of sparkling Burgundy which (I wouldn't fool you, mister) had just come off the ship. He seemed hurt when we assured him that we were interested in neither sparkling Burgundy nor ships.

"Gee, mister," he mourned. "You ain't got no idea—honest."

On the second floor there was dancing. Or there would have been dancing had the gentlemen shown any disposition. Eight unhealthy-looking young women—four of them dancing the black bottom—were visible but only two men, one of them a fat wabbler described as an assistant bureau head in the Interior Department. Or maybe it was the Department of Labor. At any rate, the place needed air. The windows here, as elsewhere in the house, were soundly locked. In addition the windows of the first and second floors were screened.

There was a sprightly gathering in each room and I was assured they were men of large political affairs

Fifty Cents a Shot

On the first floor were a dry-cleaning establishment and the club offices which, I was given to understand, used to be the scene of a thriving diploma-mill business.

The Washington speakeasy suffers by comparison with its New York, Chicago, Boston, St. Louis, Detroit and even Baltimore brother. Not that they are not numerous enough but one must crave a drink with considerable desperation to make a habit of them. Drinks—gin, Scotch, rye and occasionally ale—are to be had at fifty cents a shot—and shot is the word for it. They are usually located in the rear of small lunch rooms, billiard halls, laundries, stationery shops, (*Continued on page 36*)

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

You Never Know

By Samuel Merwin

For ways that are dark and tricks that are mean, Mr. Burman was peculiar. But once, at least, he guessed wrong

Downs watched him. It was rather dreadful; for Downs it was the breaking point, a nervous crash. He was gasping for breath

UP IN the spacious quarters occupied by the dominant theatrical firm of Karber and Andrews, Ben Andrews and Joe Kerstow sat in conference. Kerstow, a thoughtful man, mused. Ben smoked and scowled.

"Sam's in a stew," said Kerstow.

"Has he seen the District Attorney?"

"We spent an hour down there this afternoon. He says that The Pure Youth is too rough for New York. Says if we open with it he'll padlock the theater and put the lot of us in Sing Sing."

"That's a bluff."

"Maybe."

The door opened, and Sam Karber burst in; a squat little man with beady eyes and rumpled hair; a squat cigar twitching about in his wide mouth.

"Oh! Oh! Oh!" he cried, wringing his fat hands. "This District Attorney double-crosses me! With all these rough plays on Broadway he tells me it is to Sing Sing I go! And I am eight thousand already in the hole! My God, soon I am in Bellevue!"

"Shut up, sweetheart!" said Ben. "I got an idea for you."

"I go to Sing Sing and I drop eight thousand and you tell me it is an idea you got! Oh, soon I am in . . ."

"Oh, sit down and keep your shirt on! You're not going to Sing Sing. With a little luck we may even be able to keep you out of Bellevue."

Sam sat, but quivered.

"Let's weigh it all up," said Ben. "You've bought the piece. You're in. And you've gone and put Jessica Jackson in as the girl. The wildest woman this side of Fifty-eighth Street. Stick just the right kind o' girl in there—something fresh and pretty and virginal. . . ."

BEN turned to Kerstow. "How about that kid Harley Downs picked up? Hamlin. They're giving her great notices on the road." Kerstow whistled softly. Sam was drumming on the desk.

"Here's what I'm thinking," said the latter. "Now, Sam, quit your wriggling and for once in your life try to listen. This Harley Downs is broke. Owes us money now for the production. And we're booking him. We got him right where we want him. Where's he got that piece of his now, Joe?"

"Providence this week. Splits next week between Hartford and Springfield. His manager, young Burman, is keeping us informed. Writes to my secretary. The company is on half salaries now. Burman writes that Downs can't hold out more than another week or two."

"Where's he booked next? After Springfield?"

"Albany."

"Switch that to Buffalo. Keep him traveling. A few long jumps ought to finish him off. He don't belong anyway, that one. A nice arty little dreamer." Ben drummed thoughtfully. "The question is has he got a personal contract with Hamlin?"

"No, my impression is it's just run of the play."

"So? Well, there we are! We slip up to Hartford Monday and have a look at this jane. Take Ebe Stout along, and they'll think we're looking the play over. We may as well let Ebe think that too."

Eben Stout was an outstanding specimen of that odd Broadway subspecies known as play-doctors.

"How about the production, Ben?" asked Kerstow. "Do we want to lose on that?"

"No loss there. Just take it over. Put a lien on it for the debt. We can use it."

Sam was exhibiting signs of impatience, but Ben silenced him. "Here's what's in my mind, sweetheart. We stick this Hamlin in The Pure Youth. Then we put it on for a private show before the District Attorney. Invite that dramatists' play-censoring committee, too. And the Clean City League people. *And* the preachers. Play it up big in the papers. All our cards on the table, see! Maybe we get away with it. Anyway, we shake down a lot of advertising. There's your chance, Sam. And just about your only chance, I'd say."

The train shed at Providence, Monday morning. Scattered along the westbound platform the members of a theatrical troupe. The labels on their hand baggage read—"The Dusk Co.—Harley Downs—Theater." A glum-looking lot. Knocking about the lesser cities with a play that might, one of these days, break into New York. Or that might not.

HAROLD BURMAN sat on a baggage truck, reading through a little bunch of clippings. A dapper young man, Harold. Always glibly cocksure, like most men who are naturally quick at figures. In costume running to salmon tones and earthy browns. The cigarette he smoked bore his monogram. His eyes moved, every now and again, toward Harriet Hamlin, who stood alone by her hand bags. She was always alone. The company had grouped up without her. She didn't belong. Dressed inconspicuously in black. Lost her father or mother or somebody, and took it hard. . . . "Real beauty," he read. "Wistful appeal . . . an air of breeding."

He'd talk to her right now if it wasn't for Harley Downs. Harley caught every subtlest cross-current in the troupe. Smart fellow enough. But physically weak. Just couldn't stand the gaff. There he was, not far away. His face red and white in blotches. Having one of his headaches. Burman sniffed. Trouble with Harley was he couldn't seem to get it into his head that the theater business was business. Just hell-bent to write plays as well as produce 'em. The artist type. And artists were fools.

HE LOOKED again at the girl. Probably a chance would turn up on the train. Or surely at the hotel in Hartford. If anybody asked him he'd say she was a sly little devil. She'd had those years knocking about in stock. You couldn't tell him she hadn't seen a thing or two, in spite of all that haughty innocence. And she wanted to get on. You could see that. The way she worked. Better approach her on the business side. Play it two ways. Sound technique, that.

Halfway to New London, strolling airily through the train, he found her. Nobody else around. Harley was shut up in a drawing-room with his mail. He dropped into the next chair.

"Well, well! Having a good time all by your lonesome?"

Faintly she smiled. Just civilly.

"Listen here! What are your plans?"

"Well. . . . I've got my hands pretty full with this part, and . . ."

He glanced about the car. Furtively. Tapped on his knee. "You couldn't be as green as you're trying to make out."

"Well . . . I'm not trying to . . . this is my first chance at New York. You know that."

"New York!" He sniffed. Then—"You don't suppose for a minute we're going to open in New York, my dear?"

"Why . . ."

"But how? What would we use for money?" More drumming on that earthy brown knee. "Got quite a lot o' faith in Harley, haven't you?"

"He has written a beautiful play." With a trace of heat, then— "He's an artist!"

"Forget Harley. *That* situation is one I happen to know all about. He's broke. And that ain't the half of it. He's through. Nerves all gone. Surely you've seen it. Look at how he's been picking on you at rehearsals."

"He's been pretty savage, I'll admit. But I'm learning a lot. Of course I could see he was nervous. . . ."

"Oh, he's shot. And I'm looking out for number one. Naturally. You don't know much about me."

"Why, to tell the truth, I . . ."

"Listen, dear! Maybe you think I'm the kind that's content to settle down as a company manager. Well, I'm not. Oh, I did think Harley might get somewhere. But he won't. No punch. And rotten judgment. Do you know how much he dropped last year? Shoving duds? About forty thousand. And it was all he had. I tell you, he's shot. So I've got busy on my own account. And believe me, I've got strong lines out." He produced a letter, covering all but the head with a jeweled hand. "I guess maybe you've heard of these people."

"Karber and Andrews? Of course."

"Ra-ther! They're the biggest there is. They're the works, K. and A. And believe me, they listen to what I say. There's a big job waiting for me the minute I nod my head. Now listen here! I've been watching you."

"Have you?"

"Sure! And I've worried over you."

"You've not been alone in that."

"No. You see, right now you're in danger. At the fork of the roads. You've got talent and beauty and sex appeal. But you'll never make it without a

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

clever personal manager to develop you right.

"Now listen here! I believe in you so strongly that I'll make this proposition . . . pay me twenty per cent of your salary and I'll put you across. Guarantee it. No Harley Downs stuff, either, but the big time. Right in the middle of things. . . . No, don't say anything now. I just want to lodge the idea in your mind. . . . Well, I'll slip along. We mustn't be noticed. You think it over. Ta-ta!"

That evening, at the theater in Hartford, Harold Burman was surprised to see the heavy-set figure and the round hard face of Eben Stout.

"What on earth are you doing up here, Ebe?" Thus Burman.

"I've got a few friends outside in a cab, Harold. They don't particularly want to be seen. And they don't want Harley Downs to know they're here." Stout observed a red-headed usher standing near, and moved out of earshot. "Got plenty of seats, I imagine."

"Unfortunately, yes."

"Well, look here—suppose you open up one of the side exits, just after the house lights go down, and we'll slip 'em into the back row. And be sure you keep your trap shut. Where's Harley?"

"Oh, backstage. He never comes out here. As soon as they ring up he'll slip into a box and make notes on the performance. He's still working on it."

"I see. Well, that's fine!"

The lights dimmed. Burman opened a side door, then stared, with quickening pulse. Three men entered. The famous, puffy little Sam Karber. Then the silent, dominant Ben Andrews. Last the shrewdly saturnine Joe Kerstow. The whole K. and A. organization! Out in force. Of course it meant something. It meant a lot. The quick-figuring brain behind the brown eyes began working at high speed.

THEY left just before the close. Slipped out at the same side door. Karber and Andrews and Kerstow, with cool faces that betrayed nothing, stepped over to a drug store for cigarettes. Stout lingered to signal a cab.

Burman, who, bareheaded, had followed, remarked, "How about it, Ebe? Staying over?"

"No, we've got a room on the New York sleeper. And gosh! how I love sleepers!"

"Oh!" Burman was disappointed. "They say anything?"

Stout was cautious. But he knew that K. and A. were using this young man. "Oh, enough. Keep it under your hat, my boy, but they're going to do something."

"I thought they would."

"Oh, sure! The thing wants fixing up, of course. It'll never do to have the girl give up like that. Lose all the sympathy. We'll have the fellow trick her. Put a little of the old sex war into it. And tighten up the climax. And the mother's handled all wrong. You gotta have sympathy there."

"Sure!" Burman, eagerly. "Trouble with Harley, between you and I, he's a highbrow. Thinks you can beat the old sure-fire hokum. But you can't."

"Well, here's Ben and Joe. Gotta run along. See you in New York one of these days. But say, your girl's grand. She's a wow. I'm all for her. She can hang a raincoat in my back entry any time she likes. She's the best thing about the play. Well—toodle-de-oo!"

"Two to Duluth!" murmured Burman, absently. He stood watching the cab roll away. He found Downs backstage and walked over town with him.

Up in the hotel room Burman studied his chief. In the light the sensitive face showed brightly red and white. The eyes were darkly moody. He couldn't sit or stand still. Once he dropped into a chair and lit a cigarette only to leap up and pace about the room. Then he took off his coat and went into the bathroom and washed.

BURMAN said: "When are you going to sit down and go over the figures with me, Harley?"

"Not tonight."

"It's serious. We're dropping close to four thousand a week. And New York isn't even in sight. We can't go on."

"We're going on!"

The director threw himself on a sofa, face down.

"See here." Burman, frowning. . . . "I've been thinking. I've stuck to you, Harley. You know that. You know I believe in you. And I believe in the play. I haven't got much. But I've got a little. I'm willing to gamble on you. I'll take a chance with the next man. The trouble is, what little I could throw in would be swallowed up before the end of the week.

"Tell you what I'll do, though." . . . He was standing there, feet apart, smoking and watching; but the prostrate figure hadn't stirred. . . . "Oh, see here, Harley, I could throw in five thousand. But I'd have to have *some* protection. A chance at a profit anyway. Give me a half interest, and I'll go it. It's a risk, but I'll do it. Just say the word, and I'll have a lawyer here in the morning."

There was a long silence. "Well," remarked Burman, edging toward the door. "In any case, I suppose we'll last the week out. But hanged if I see how we'll ever get away Sunday, and now it's Buffalo! His hand was on the door knob. "Well . . . I'll say good night. . . ."

Harley Downs swung his long legs around. He looked ill. But his voice, when he contrived to get it out, was steady. "So that's your idea of loyalty, is it!" He got up. "A half interest for five thousand! When you know I've put over twenty thousand and two years of my life into this play. Hm! So you're just a rat!"

"No, damn it, I'm no rat! You've got no right to say that, Harley Downs! After the way I've stuck. But when a man has saved up five thousand in three years and. . . ."

"Careful, Harold. The transom's open. Hamlin's right across the hall." The man's indomitable will was battling to the last against admission of defeat. But he couldn't keep up the bluff much longer. Not much longer.

"I made you a generous offer. I stand ready to risk everything I've got. You can take it or leave it."

Downs . . . using his very last small reserve of will . . . reached for a cigarette. Lit it (his hands shook). Then leaned back against the table and fixed his eyes on the dapper young man at the door.

"Well," he said, measuring his words, "you've got me in a corner, Harold. And you know it. I suppose you really feel that you're being generous. Perhaps you are. I suppose I'm not the one to judge. But" . . . a sigh escaped him . . . "well, I'll take it. I've got to. Bring your lawyer around in the morning. I'll sign. . . . Now you'd better go."

On Tuesday evening Harriet was making her way to her dressing-room when a grinning youth stopped her. He was red-headed and wore an usher's uniform.

"Say!" he offered, "you're great! They're all crazy about you."

"That's nice." It was a pleasing tribute. She could have grinned as widely as he.

The boy glanced about. Lowered his voice. "Know who came up here last night? No? Well, I heard 'em tell your manager, Mr. Burman, they didn't want Mr. Downs to know. K. and A. Yes'm. Sam Karber and Ben Andrews, both of 'em. Sneaked in while the lights were down. I sat behind 'em for a while. They liked the show. But they're wild about you. Ought to 'a' heard 'em talk. So you're fixed all O. K., I'll tell the cock-eyed . . ."

She interrupted with a little cry of delight. For above the groups of chattering folk she saw, towering, smiling shrewdly, the face of a friend. Eugene Holman, an actor, who had been in stock with her out West. An immensely tall man, with a resonant deep voice and huge expressive hands; a man of simple tastes, with a little farm up here in Connecticut somewhere. Fifty or more, but he'd kept his figure. His enthusiasm too. He'd played everywhere, in the support of many noted stars. She'd learned much from him. So she gave the red-headed youth a pat on the shoulder, wrung Holman's hands, told him she'd be dressed in two minutes, and hurried off.

They avoided the hotel; found a restaurant in a side street.

"Well," said she, "here we are. Like old times."

"This is your first experience on the road, isn't it? How do you like it?"

"Well, it's not dull."

"No, it's never that. Things happen. No end of things." A silence fell.

"I" . . . curious, his hesitation . . . "I saw your play tonight." He pursed his lips. Picked up a fork and twisted it around. "Harriet, you made me cry."

She found herself too deeply stirred to speak. He had imagination, this giant of a man. And taste. And a vast knowledge of the theater. Praise from him was praise indeed. She was coloring up from the sheer surprise of it.

"Gene, you darling! You mustn't turn my head like this!"

"I know just what I'm saying, dear. When an actor or an actress stirs my heart, tears me all up . . . a battered old devil like me . . . shucks, child, you've got it! I've heard rumors. The papers are watching you, you know."

"I didn't know!"

"Oh, yes! And the wise heads. . . . Well, all I'll say is, I shall believe to the end of my days that prayers are answered. When your father died I felt pretty blue about you. Couldn't bear to think of your batting around on the road and in stock. Badly treated. Perhaps cheapened and coarsened. I've seen it go that way so often. Especially with people that haven't any money."

"Oh, but Gene! I have! I'm rich!"

"Rich?"

"Dad left me more than nine thousand dollars. Think of it! Liberty bonds! He must have stinted himself for years to save all that."

HOLMAN smiled ruefully over her notion of wealth. Still, it was something. She wouldn't starve.

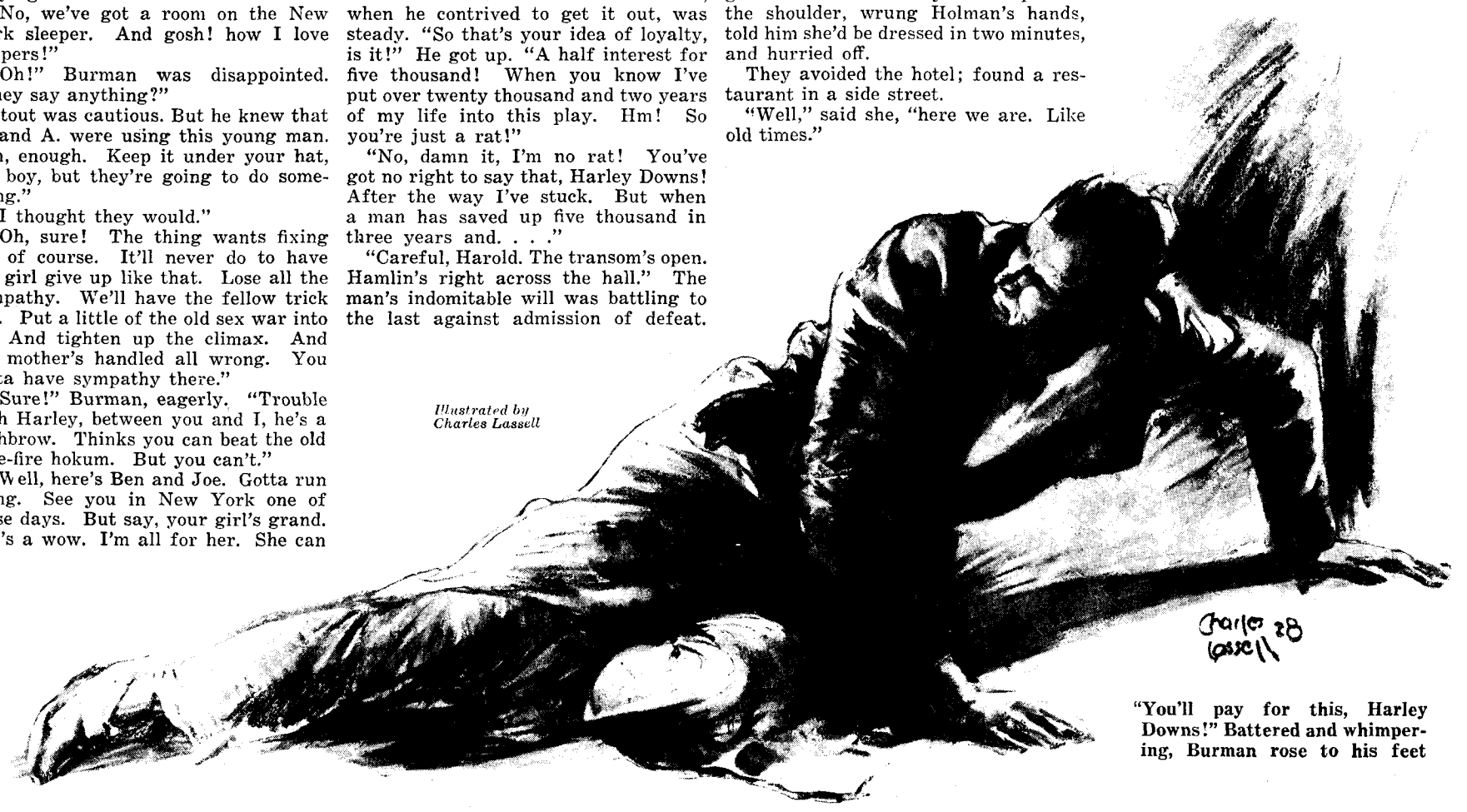
"It's a hell of a business, you know, for sensitive people. Thank God, you're all right! The great thing is to be able to hold off until the right sort of part comes along. There's so many cheap raw plays nowadays. Such a lot of dirt."

"That's why I love this part so much. It's real. And written with taste."

"I grant you the play's good. It's real. I enjoyed

(*Continued on page 55*)

Illustrated by Charles Lassell



"You'll pay for this, Harley Downs!" Battered and whimpering, Burman rose to his feet

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Directed by—

They may be little kings under the Klieg lights, but on these pages you'll find that even featured movie players have their bosses

At the right is Mrs. H. B. Warner, who has a pretty big job on her hands on her own home lot what with directing not only the screen star of King of Kings fame but also Joan, 7; Lorraine, 3; and Henry, 5

Wm. E. Thomas

George Bancroft and his wife. Why is it that the screen-tried member of the unit looks the stiffer and more self-conscious when he's posing before the home camera?

Paramount

Below with some of his polo ponies you'll find Jack Holt. But if it's art you're interested in, turn to the right and gaze upon the pleasing portrait of Mrs. Jack Holt

Van Rossem and Lang

Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer

When George K. Arthur sings, Mrs. Arthur accompanies him on the piano. And for all the placidity of her easy-to-look-upon face she seems to be getting much the worst of it

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Above is Mrs. Wallace Beery and to the right her booted, glaring spouse. But he's not at all like that off the screen and no wonder

Paramount

Emil Jannings in a benign and genial mood foreign to many of his screen portrayals. And why not, when you consider the presence of his fair life partner?

Paramount

An appealing pair of youngsters: Neil Hamilton and his wife, Elsa

Paramount

Paramount

"Well, make me laugh." Tea time in the home of Raymond Hatton, the inimitable screen comedian. And if Mrs. H. doesn't break into a smile soon it must be the fault of the script

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Modern girls at fourteen go to dances and acquire an unnatural and uncanny interest in a slender figure

Illustrated by Reginald Birch

What can Mother do about The GAWKY Age?

By Ruth E. Wadsworth M.D.

When little sister becomes conscious of her knees and Buddy anxiously inspects his upper lip in the mirror, they need kindness, not ridicule. You can make or break the bodies and characters of your young relations, warns Dr. Wadsworth, by insistence upon old-fashioned ideas and superstitions as to food, exercise, sleep, posture and habits.

WHO does not remember, with a certain amount of reminiscent self-pity, the thrills and sorrows, the embarrassments and excitements of the awkward age? The fact that we now call the age of development into maturity "adolescence" instead of the "awkward age" is indicative of a change in the point of view toward youth, and a change very much for the better.

I can remember when the gangling youth and the awkward girl were treated with scanty consideration; their awkwardness was laughed at; their emotional instability was ridiculed; their enormous appetite was complained of, and generally they got little sympathy.

Nowadays the adolescent is looked upon seriously as a physical and a psychological problem—and rightly so.

Once babyhood is safely past, and the child started off in life with a normal physique as the result of proper feeding, and with a cheerful disposition as a result of proper mental handling, there is a more or less quiescent, uneventful period until adolescence begins.

As any transition period is difficult, so the period of transition from carefree childhood to thoughtful maturity, from slow growth to rapid growth, from sexual quiescence to sexual activity is difficult for the young organism undergoing it.

We have need of great sympathy and understanding, and above all of a pretty comprehensive knowledge in order to help our young relations over the stony paths of development, especially as they frequently resent any obvious attempt to help them.

When does adolescence begin?

I think we are too prone to associate adolescence with the beginning of sexual maturity. The true inception of the transition period is when growth changes from a gradual process to a sudden spurt—particularly in height. There is no set time at which this change in the rate of growth begins; in some boys it starts soon after the eighth birthday, although the average date of onset is at about the tenth year.

Food, Food and Then More Food

In girls, eleven or twelve is the average age at which height suddenly increases, and with girls adult height is reached more quickly than in boys—often at the sixteenth or seventeenth year.

The starting point of emotional or mental maturity is even more variable. It is by no means always synchronous with physical development.

Many a young boy and girl remains a child in thought and spirit when adult stature is nearly attained; and conversely, many young people are far ahead of their stature in mental development, which is one of the factors which makes the treatment of adolescents difficult.

Mother at fourteen wore long curls and played with dolls

The physical requirements of the adolescent are:

1. *Food:* At no time of life is the amount and kind of food eaten more important than during the active growth period. At this time it is fairly safe to let appetite be the guide to the *amount* of food eaten, provided that the *kind* of food eaten is carefully regulated.

A good rule is: food, food, and then more food; with the stipulation that eggs shall be eaten once a day, meat twice, and at least a pint of milk taken.

Between-meal eating cannot be safely restricted if it does not interfere with appetite at meal times, and the eating of sweets cannot be made taboo if the child can get away with them without obvious digestive disturbance.

Fear that the eating of sweets will hurt the teeth is a great cause of sweet tabooing by parents. I hesitate to explode this bomb of new evidence against that old popular belief, but the latest research tends to show that if proper and sufficient salts are eaten, in the form of milk, fresh vegetables and fruits, the harm which sweets can do to teeth is negligible, especially if plenty of fluid is taken.

If we remember that sugar is the greatest energy food, most digestible and least harmful, and that young people are using most of the other food they take in for purposes of growth, we will understand that the childish craving for sweets is probably a legitimate craving of the body for the wherewithal for activity.

The modern girl, who goes to dances at the age of fourteen and does very much what her mother does, whereas her mother at fourteen was a child with long curls playing with dolls, has acquired an uncanny and an unnatural interest in a slender figure. The habit of reducing dieting among girls of school age, girls who have as much need to reduce as has the average giraffe, is a growing and a pernicious one. In my opinion it cannot be dealt with too severely.

When I find a girl in my practice who is voluntarily restricting her diet I ask her bluntly which she would rather have, a plump figure or tuberculosis, which puts the question in a nutshell. The adolescent loses his susceptibility to children's diseases, but he acquires a new susceptibility to tuberculosis, we suppose, because his rapid growth puts such a strain on his food supply. Starvation in the young is dangerous chiefly for that reason.

Even in younger children, unless they are more than ten pounds overweight, and very obviously given to gluttony, I do not believe in artificially limited diets, unless there is disease present. Plump children have an amazing tendency to thin out when they begin to grow, and their plumpness is a good preparation for adolescence.

2. *Rest and Sleep:* I look upon the much-talked-of gayety of the younger generation with an indifference that amounts to callousness except in one respect other than that mentioned above—their tendency to adopt the reducing diet—and that is the tendency of the modern youth's life to destroy or at least to crowd out rest periods.

They Must Have Enough Sleep

When you add to the time taken for school and home work, time spent in social activities lasting far into the night, there is little time left for the complete rest needed by actively growing bodies. One reason why children going to boarding school are often better off physically than children living at home and going to day school, is that the boarding school regularizes their activities: they have so much time for work, so much time for recreation, and so much time for rest and sleep. The same regularization can be put in force at home, but it is more difficult to enforce where other children are not doing exactly the same thing.

The amount of rest needed by the growing child varies slightly with the character of the child. The tall child needs more rest than the short child; the fat child needs less rest than the thin child, although he usually is just lazy enough to get a bit more. The quick child needs more rest than the slow child, and the child who sleeps poorly should be in bed for a longer time than the child who sleeps soundly.

So often I hear parents say: "There is no use putting him to bed at eight; he *never* goes to sleep until nine," which, of course, is a very good reason for putting him to bed at eight.

In the first period of adolescence—say from the age of ten to fourteen in boys, and from (*Continued on page 42*)

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"Steam's dropping," he said. "Stay with it, men. We'll have some light here in a minute"

The Chief of the Loch McCree

By Albert Richard Wetjen

He collected stamps—and what can you expect of a stamp-collector when green water sweeps the bridge?

IT WAS just past four o'clock when he came on deck and the dawn was still far off. Within the murky drab circle of the horizon the sea was a sullen slaty color, running from south to north in long, low swells and flecked with sickly ripples of foam. The sky was a greasy white and the March wind hurried thin scud across it. Everything seemed desolate, cold and sullen in the half light, even the little collier tramp Loch McCree plowing west with the sprays showering her foredeck, occasional drizzles of rain blowing through her rigging and her hull creaking dismally to her every lurching movement. The chief engineer, hastily called from his warm bunk, made his way half-bent to the bridge companionway and with what seemed like excessive caution mounted the wet steps.

Two men stood on the navigation bridge, seabooted, shrouded in oilskins and sou'westers, glasses to their eyes, and their bodies swaying back and forth as the deck shifted beneath them. One man, the mate, was stocky and red-haired, as broad as he was tall. The captain, beside him, was a tower, a monument, a giant for height and thickness. His massive shoulders were squared to the rain and wind like a rock before the tide. The set of his head was arrogant. His every attitude, his every motion spoke of strength and a certain contempt for life. He turned on the approach of the chief engineer and for a moment or two stared silently.

The chief was a small man, small and lean and mild looking. Almost a child he seemed before the massive captain. He had watery blue eyes slightly protruding from under sandy brows and his somewhat pale, leathery skin was dotted with freckles. Freckles covered his hands and bony wrists, speckled his throat and scrawny chest, even appeared here and there on his face or what part of it a straggling sandy mustache and a ragged pointed beard left open to view. He had a mild voice, in keeping with his general appearance, and it was something of a marvel to others that he had survived the long hard climb up through many engine-rooms, had battled shoulder to shoulder with the reckless, gay ruffians who tend marine engines, until at last he was entitled to wear the four gold bands of a chief's rank and need keep a throttle watch no longer.

"TAKE a look," said the captain after a while. He thrust his glasses into the chief's hands, then turned and pointed away on the starboard bow. The chief adjusted the lenses with care, blinked once or twice and then saw grow into the circle of enlarged vision a rain-smeared picture of a ship, a big ship, a ship with two long passenger decks above the main, with a rakish red-painted smokestack, twin slender masts, a long gray-painted hull. She was acting strangely too. One moment her whole beam would be presented to the glasses and the next only her stern would be visible, tossing up and down in a welter of foam. Some part of her seemed always covered with foam. She wallowed in the troughs and spray broke over her very bridge; water streamed from her scuppers.

"Out of control," said the captain, briefly. "She's flying signals. Too far to read 'em yet. It's likely she'll want help. Maybe we'll tow her."

"Yes?" said the chief mildly. He handed back the glasses. The captain rubbed his chin and frowned.

"We'll need all the power we can get . . . and all the time. Glass's dropping."

"Yes?" said the chief. He seemed vaguely concerned.

"So it's up to you," concluded the captain heavily. "Fat salvage if we get her in."

"I see," said the chief. He decided there was no further need of him on the bridge, so he went below again, very cautiously because the steps were wet and slippery, shivering a little in his thin uniform jacket, half unbuttoned, his thin serge pants and his floppy bedroom slippers, while the wet wind played havoc with his sandy hair and beard.

"Well," said the captain grimly when he had gone, "I hope he doesn't crack. It'll be a tough job."

"He's a new man," observed the mate, "an' he ain't much t' look at. Collects postage stamps in his spare time. Got his room full of books an' such. Crazy, if you ask me. Maybe he knows his job though."

"MAYBE," said the captain morosely. He focused his glasses again. The light was growing better, brightening wanly behind the scud, and the Loch McCree was nearer the wallowing liner whose distress rockets she had sighted above the dim horizon an hour or so before. "Aye, she's asking us to stand by. I can read her signals now. We'll get as close as we can and talk with her. Pity we don't carry wireless— All right. Port a bit!"

In the stokehold there was noise and heat, the reek of sweat and coal and hot steel; clangings of shovels, slice bars, furnace doors; raspings of ashes and clinkers dropped into canvas bags; oaths and muffled shouts of men; vague washings of the tumultuous sea outside

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

the reeling, sweating walls of the hull; brilliant shafts of orange light dimming the pale electric globes as furnace doors opened; smoky whorls of coal slid cleanly from shovels into fiery glowing hearts; laboring bodies, stripped to the waist, sleek and wet, shiny and dirt-streaked. Inferno!

In the engine-room it was cooler but still uncomfortably hot. The long shiny piston rods raced up and down with a low muttering thunder; the eccentrics mumbled and traversed their small orbits in intimate contact; the feed pump sobbed slowly and moved as if in pain; the condenser ran smoothly; magnetos hummed. A greaser in a torn cotton singlet, wet dungarees, a sweat rag for a belt, a tight-fitting black cap on his head, squirted mixed oil and water from a long syringe on to the glistening guides; another greaser filied the oil cups from a fat can with a snaky spout and with his free hand caught the upswing of the great bearings, barely to touch them and judge of their heat.

The third engineer stood by the throttle, one hand bracing him against the movements of the greasy deck beneath him, the other on the throttle to ease the propeller when it raced. Before him the big round gauges were set in rows: High Pressure; Intermediate; Low Pressure; Vacuum. Behind him were other gauges. He watched them all, a mechanical turn of his head on occasion, a quick look and then back to his throttle. He too was dressed like the greasers, a cotton singlet, dungarees, a greasy blue uniform cap on the back of his head. Everything was in order, working smoothly, and the chief of the Loch McCree, passing mildly through this world of moving steel which changed angles from second to second as the ship lifted and rocked and plunged, observed as much to his third.

"It's a big strain but she's holding up well. Twelve hours now." He blinked at the gauges, nodded to himself and wandered off looking rather absurd in dark brown overalls a trifle too big for him.

"I ain't got him figured out yet," the third observed to the second when he was relieved. "There ain't even any sign he knows his job. He jest prowls around and blinks at you and you never know when he's goin' t' pop up. Hardly says anything."

"It's a wonder he ain't up 'tending to his stamps," said the second, who, like the captain, was a big, broad-shouldered man and possessed of a vague contempt for such as were not. "Well, we should worry long as he don't bother us. . . . She's sure making dirty weather of it. B'rights we shouldn't be tryin' t' tow that big hog in this sea. You can't get along deck at all for th' water."

THIS was literally true. Steaming as near to the liner (her name was the Bengal City) as was safe, the captain of the Loch McCree had learned, via the megaphone and semaphore, first that she had blown her cylinder heads and was helpless and secondly that for some reason she had been unable to pick up any other ship with her wireless. Could the Loch McCree get a line aboard and tow her into St. John's or, failing that, keep her clear of the coast until such time as she could get her engine in shape again? The Loch McCree could and would.

The weather, freshening hour by hour, thwarted the first attempts to get a hawser aboard but eventually, with the judicious use of oil, a small line attached to a lifebuoy was floated down to the helpless ship and by means of this a stronger line and eventually the Loch McCree's great towing wire was hoisted aboard and made fast. The little tramp took the strain then and the fight began.

After barely an hour the collier's master reluctantly gave up the idea of getting the Bengal City into St. John's. The storm, driving up from the south, was setting both ships down on the iron Newfoundland coast which lay behind the rain and murk some twenty miles to the north. The Loch McCree was no hugely engined salvage tug, merely a rather ancient and not any too seaworthy freighter, and it rapidly became apparent that about all she could do was to head into the teeth of the weather and hold the Bengal City from destruction. To fight that inexorable drift, that was the thing! To pound full speed into the smother, gaining not an inch but losing not an inch; keeping the strain on the hawser.

"If we can't keep up full power now we're gone," said the captain grimly when his ship at last pitched full into the teeth of the storm. "I wish I had my old chief along. You never know what a new man can do. Might get scared and want us to drop th' tow. . . . And then it's a question if he's used to handlin' the sort of men he's got in the fireroom. There's no saying how long they'll stick."

"Can't imagine a guy who collects stamps handlin' much of anything," grumbled the mate, wiping spume from his face and making a sudden grab at the rail as the deck dipped.

BY MID-AFTERNOON the collier looked a wreck. Nearly all the steampipe casing from the fo'c's'le-head to the galley had been ripped clear. The five-ton spare anchor chained to the deck near the foremast had been washed into the port alley near the saloon door. Everything movable had been moved or else stripped clear away. Four fathoms of rail along the starboard bow had gone; wire reels had been twisted; what few small ventilators had been left unshipped were buckled; a temporary wooden deck house for stores erected near No. 2 hatch was matchwood; twelve drums of case oil lashed round the foremast had gone in twos and threes; the heavy spare derrick kept always in chocks in the port scupper was jammed 'thwartships between the rail and the hatch combing of No. 2. Everything had felt the hand of the sea! Even a winch had been jarred in its bed. It was a physical impossibility for a man to get from the fo'c's'le to the bridge to relieve the wheel or do anything else. The fo'c's'le door remained bolted from the inside and the men below passed the time as best they could, somewhat with the feeling of being rats enclosed in a trap. From first to last they were out of it.

On the Loch McCree's bridge were the mates, the captain, the helmsman and a spare seaman the mate had ordered to stand by just before the ship commenced making her foredeck untenable. Six men all told. These steered by turns, slept by turns and held the ship through. They had plenty to eat because the lazarette hatch opened on the pantry deck. The men in the fo'c's'le subsisted on canned corned beef and some biscuits which the steward had sent for'ard early that morning in case of just such an emergency as this. Nothing came from the galley. Both cook and scullery boy were bolted in there and no man came to trouble them.

The greatest hardships fell upon the Loch McCree's black gang. There was no food to be had except for a few scraps left in the messroom. One man toward the last did attempt a dash from the fiddley door to the saloon but before those within heard his hammering he was smashed to the deck and then washed over the rail. No one else tried to reach the saloon after that. From catheads almost to the mainmast the solid water swept the Loch McCree while from her mainmast to her rudder she was a smother of spray.

It was sheer good luck that the towing hawser held. Had it gone it would have been a question whether the Loch McCree could have put a new eye or bight aboard the Bengal City. Almost certainly the liner would have ended on the iron coast rocks. The weather grew steadily worse until it was blowing with hurricane force. The coming of night was hard to determine, the sky was already so dark. There were no stars, no moon, nothing! Nothing but roaring and wetness and choking air and movement.

ON THE tramp collier's bridge the six grim men took turns about to watch and steer and doze. In the stokehold and engine-room the strain was greater. No fresh trimmers, no fresh firemen or greasers came from for'ard and a long rest to relieve the workers, and it took every man below to keep the steam steady in the gauges. The engineers were the only spare workers and whichever three did not happen to have the throttle watch helped the men.

The night passed like an evil dream. The Loch McCree's black gang was not drawn from Spartans, heroes or gentlemen; not even from a reasonably sound stock. Men of worth preferred other lines to the killing labor of the stokehold. It was the sweepings of Europe that signed for such work. Here and there perhaps an iron spirit stood out but generally the men were soft, morally, spiritually. They whimpered at the harsh toil, the lengthened hours. They swore and complained. Where were the others, who had been so long in the fo'c's'le? Why didn't they come and relieve them? (*Continued on page 52*)

She twisted and reeled like a live thing, held back and down by the great hawser astern of her and the terrific weight beyond the hawser

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"Something Beautiful"

A Short Short Story By Zona Gale (Complete on this page)

Illustrated by William Hoople

Victor May, holding the lantern high, cried, "I'll shoot the three of you!" and Betty saw his dream shatter about him with her own broken dream of beauty

EVERYONE who came to the house Betty May disliked. The worn hands, the dull clothes, the complaining voices, the thin hair. Once when a city-bred and distant cousin called in a glossy car, Betty May clung to her, saying:

"I don't want to be with people like them. I want to be with people like you."

She left school early and found employment in a little shop. She liked to handle the sleek fabrics, she liked to buy them. Her father—a knotted man with a way of peering, and demanding, "What did I tell ye?"—found fault with her for her bright clothes, and her mother said: "What a way to do," but the mother's look lingered on her daughter's cheap gowns.

The proprietor of the shop was visited by his brother, who looked like Shelley, though neither he nor Betty May knew that. This man had the face of one serene, accustomed, ready for a fine living unknown to any; but he had taught his eyes a darting way, and his wrists were loose and incompetent. He dressed well, as if his body demanded better properties than his spirit. This brother, Burdette Miller, was known as Burd.

Burd first entered the shop at six o'clock of a summer evening. when Betty May was there alone. He saw her delicacy, her prettiness, her look pleading with the universe to give her what she would have called a show. She saw his face, unlike the faces of the youths she knew, his fit dressing, his way.

They looked at each other across the counter. Their common selves spoke out, their best was inarticulate, and yet they answered one another, beyond the power of words to speak.

"You're a wonder," he said suddenly.

She had no cheap repartee. Abruptly and blindingly, she saw that he was a wonder too.

BURD'S brother, the proprietor of the shop, came in and introduced them. Now it was Betty's dinner-time and Burd walked with her, through the streets. It was April and the late sun melted in the evening air.

"You don't look like you belonged in this town," said Burd.

She saw his profile against the thin color of the sky.

"I'm glad I'm here now," was on her lips, she tried to rally, could find no defenses, stared up at him dimly. At her door she was aware that he had asked if he might drop around that evening.

"I never fall like that . . ." she began sharply to say to herself, in the dim reality of the home passage; but she did not even finish the sentence.

That peering and knotted man, her father, walked in upon her and Burd that evening, in the plush and porcelain of the parlor.

"In business?" he demanded of Burd. Looking like a young god, on the red velvet davenport, Burd replied, "In a way of speaking. I sell."

Victor May grinned. "You look," he said slowly, "like you played the piano."

Catching none of the condescension in this, Burd regarded it as diversion, cried brightly, "not much!" and let himself go towards the upright piano. Victor May walked out of the room.

A fortnight later Burd "went on." He and Betty walked out into the darkness to say good-by, and up to a hill at the north of the town, where stood an old stone building, deserted, which thirty years before had been "the pest house." That was what the town still called it, the pest house. The little building stood in the middle of a pasture, where horses moved and nibbled in the moonless night. Betty and Burd had been there before.

And the next day, just because she longed to talk about him, she said to Burd's brother, her employer: "It's lonesome around here without that good-looking brother of yours."

"His wife and kids'll sure be glad to see him back home," her employer said.

No more than that.

Betty May stayed in the shop, went home evenings, sat among the plush and the porcelain that were her mother's pride.

She had wanted something beautiful. It had come and gone. It had left her alone.

Not alone. As the months passed, she knew that. She had meant life to be one thing and here it was another. She could imagine her father peering and demanding, "What did I tell ye?"—and more, about men who played the piano and crocheted. But her mother would cry and would remember that she had dreamed of her daughter in a beautiful home with Brussels carpets and a cupola.

As the time drew near, Betty May went in town, to the home of a city-bred and distant cousin. She thought: "I'd like to be with people like her." She thought: "Burd was like her."

The cousin's glossy car stood at her door, her house and its furniture were glossy too. She was kind to Betty. Too kind. For half an hour Betty sat looking up at her and could not tell her. Then she went away.

Betty had no money. She stayed for a time in town with a girl of her own opportunities, who could do nothing. Betty took the train for home.

But when she saw the lights of the home town, she left the train at the crossing. Also she was in a great strangeness and pain. At a grocery she telephoned to her home, to her mother's voice.

"Come up to the pest house," she said, "and don't tell Father."

Mrs. May, that small and frightened woman, did as she was told. She slipped out of the house, taking with her the ten dollars which she had hidden, so that she should always have enough to get to Betty, if Betty was sick. She crossed the dark pasture to the stone house, and forgot to be afraid of the moving horses and of the darkness. At the door she heard her daughter moan.

Once more that night she made the trip, carrying what was needful, telling her husband that she was helping at a neighbor's. She thought: "I've never told him a lie. But if he finds out I can go off with Betty. She needs me more than he does—now."

For six days and nights Betty lay in the stone house alone. It was doorless and without glass. Spiders swung their webs, a toad sunned himself on the threshold, flies and mosquitoes hummed. Stained walls, filthy floor. . . .

Betty lay looking, dreading always that a farmer would come staring in the door. Or her father, peering and asking. . . . Through the night she would doze and wake, fearing, trying to stifle the baby's crying. By day she lay looking at him. A boy, who would be beautiful, like Burd. . . .

Beautiful. She had always wanted beauty. And now look. . . . Well, but the child *was* beautiful. . . .

On the fifth night her mother entered, kept her flashlight covered, whispered: "I think he knows. . . ."

Together they watched a far lantern shake and lift through the darkness.

VICTOR MAY stood in the pest-house door and held the lantern high.

"Devils!" he said.

The child began weakly to cry. As if at this signal his wife, Ardelia May, burst out at him: "It's you that can be the devil!"

"I'll show you what I am," said Victor May. "I'll shoot the three of you."

Betty May spoke out, in her small voice, saying:

"Oh, Dad, if you only would—me. Not Mother, not the baby. Me."

At this the strength seemed to go from her father. He looked down at her. Betty May.

Now his wife, little, quivering, stepped close to him. "She's given life," she said. "Remember that."

He stared, swore, and cried: "I always aimed to live respectable."

And Betty saw his dream shatter about him, with her own broken dream of beauty.

Only the mother remained unbent.

"If you're a man," she said, "get the car and take us home."

Victor May went out the door cursing.

When he came back with his car, he lifted in Betty, the baby, his wife. They drove into the country road.

They drove on together, facing the years, shut in together in the four walls, all dreams broken, bitter words to be said. But life to be taken up. Already Victor May was saying:

"Take care o' that lantern. I need it around the barn."

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Onward and Upward—

or, Jack Barrymore's Revenge

By Ring Lardner

So many ingredients go into the making of a great artist that we who observe him wistfully from the sidelines are likely to overlook some important ones. For this biographical sketch Dr. Lardner has invoked phrenology, heredity and other sciences which he knows backwards (perhaps, alas, only backwards) to help him limn the portrait of a Magnificent American.

The movie industry told him to visit a garage and have his face lifted

Editor, Collier's Weekly,
New York, N. Y.
Gents:—

Disciples of the doctrine of heredity have made habitual whoopee over the fact that 3 Barrymore children, the offsprings of theatrical forbears, chose show business as their life work and has managed to achieve considerable renown in that so-called art, and that acceptance and recognition of their creed (i. e., transmission of physical and psychical qualities of parents to kiddies) was displayed in a recent Broadway success, The Royal Family, a comedy supposed to be based on the foibles and antics of the Drew-Barrymore clan and written by a couple of theoretically lucid adults, Edna Ferber and Geo. ("Keep Smiling") Kaufman.

As a general rule I have looked with tolerance on a cult like the hereditists, maintaining an attitude of *laisser manger* (leave them go) so long as they don't do actual harm, but it has seemed to me lately that the dogma now under discussion can be and is hurtful in that it rouses the hopes of parents that their kids will grow up to resemble them in body and soul whereas the truth is that in 4 cases out of 5 the sons of famous Yale line plungers will earn a livelihood designing costumes for Mary Eaton.

Personally I was always considered a valuable asset to any stag party because when they reached the singing stage I could be depended on to control whatever part they was shy of. So when God blessed me with 4 little he-kiddies I had visions of forming them into a male quartette that would support the madam and I in luxury by touring the lyceum circuit with Bill Rogers and entertaining the audience during the 3 and no hundreds minutes per evening that Bill manages to keep quiet.

Good Reasons for Research

Well, it turns out that there ain't a single 1 of the 4 that can carry the air of Home, Sweet Home from here to the waste basket.

The failure of my little ones to be a chip off the old block, together with the disappointing experiences of some of my friends and neighbors with regards to their spawn, has led me into an exhaustive study of heredity in general and the Barrymores in particular, and I imagine that you and the majority of your readers will be interested in my findings, especially as far as they concern the Barrymore tribe.

To begin with I have it pretty straight that The Royal Family was not suggested by them at all, but by A. G. Spalding & Bros. In the second place Lionel, Ethel and John is only a one-third portion of the ménage and the other 6 brothers and sisters has only been near a theater once in their life and that was to get free tickets to The Ladder and then try to sell them outside.

The oldest member of the family, Roger, lives in Albany and is a track walker on the Grand Trunk railroad between South Bend, Ind., and Battle Creek, Mich. He is a glutton for exercise and walks to and from his work every day to keep himself in shape for the trudging he must do after he gets there. Then comes Godfrey, who at 52 has reached the grade of eagle in the Delaware Boy Scouts. Next there is a sister, Privet Barrymore, named after a hedge in East Hampton, Long Island. In the winter she lives on nuts and herbs, but in the summer poses as an alumnus of Wesleyan and sells magazine subscriptions to silent policemen.

Ralph writes novels under the name of Theodore Dreiser. Bert graduated from Johns Hopkins, later studied with the Mayo Bros. and is now a famous tree surgeon specializing in the higher branches. The youngest child is a girl, Nettie, employed as a model in a filling station.

Illustrated by William Auerbach-Levy

Hamlet was a flop in New York on account of the election or something

This dossier should be a sufficient refutation of the "blood will tell" theory, but in addition I cite the facts that it was a toss-up with Miss Ethel whether she would act or run a bowling alley, that Lionel always nursed a secret desire to be an orderly in a dog and cat hospital, and that John endured all manner of rebuffs, hardships and discouragements before he secured recognition as America's foremost tap dancer.

A brief history of John (or Jack, as I call him when I am in N. Y. and he in Hollywood) not only knocks heredity for a thick layer of mildew but also ought to serve as a lesson to young folks to leave thespianism to Mrs. Whiffen and Waite Hoyt.

Young Barrymore was born at the Germantown Cricket Club in Philadelphia in 1887 and received his education in the grammar schools of that city, remaining in the first grade for 8 years in order to master the fundamentals. His first stage engagement was with the Chestnut Street Stock Company playing Shakespearean repertoire. The company was coached by Knute Rockne and the latter's trick of rushing in an entire new set of actors at the beginning of each scene gave youngsters like John a chance to win their letter and succeeded in throwing the audience entirely off its guard.

John Plays a Few Minor Rôles

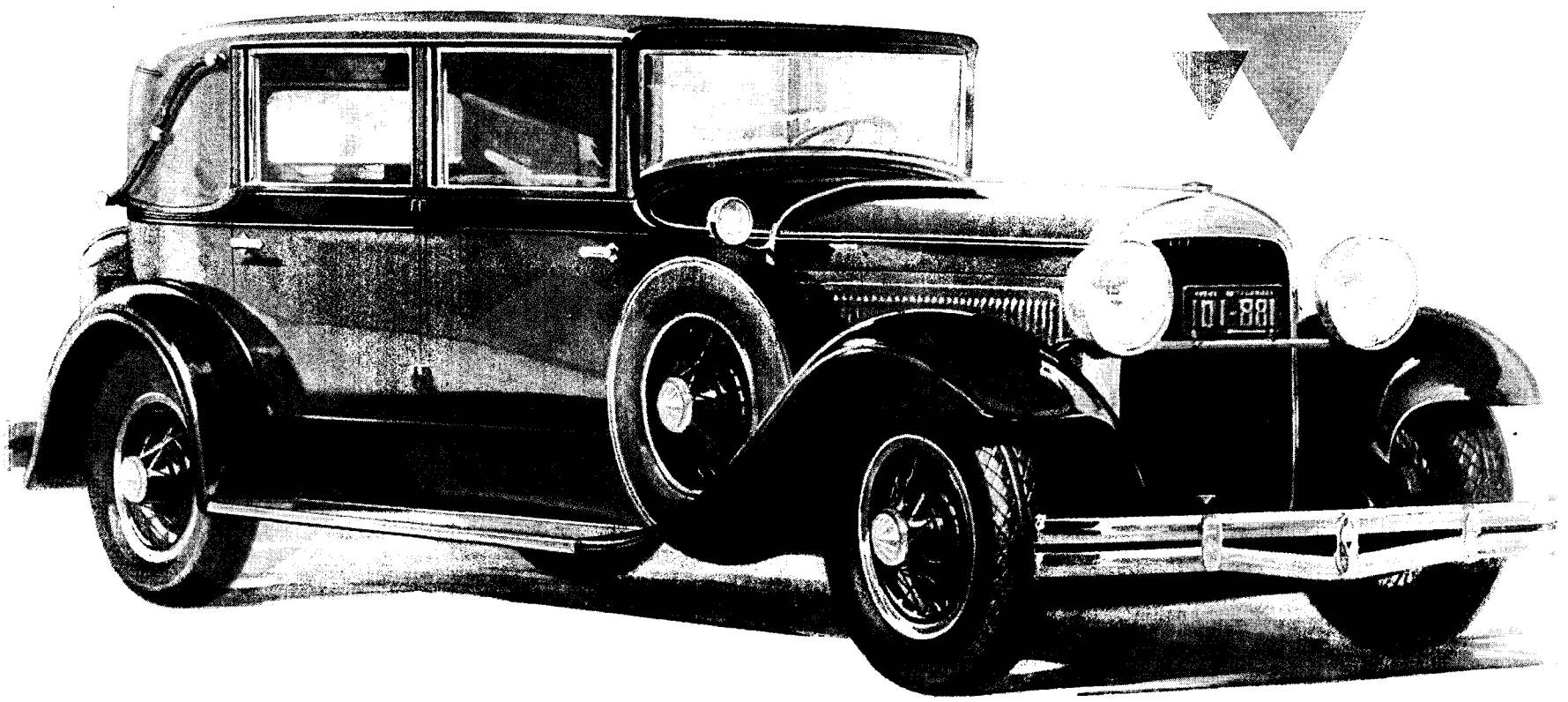
John's knowledge of comic dialects resulted in his being chosen over competitors to play small juvenile rôles, his first one of any importance being that of the District Attorney in Peter Pan. He followed that with a portrayal of Nora in Ibsen's The Wild Goose and proved so expert in the patois of the ski jumpers that he was elected to honorary membership in the League of American Wheelmen.

A special part was created for him in Hedda Gabler, the part of Tiny Tim Tesman, a nephew of Mr. and Mrs. Tesman. It was an offstage character and was used only as a threat. Once every so often Tiny Tim would appear in the wings as if ready to make an entrance, then just as the audience was roused to fever pitch he would return to his dressing-room.

His New York début was in Hamlet, playing one of the grave diggers opposite Andy Tombes. He also understudied the star, Louis Mann, and substituted for him the first time at a matinée, when Louis was summoned to the Polo Grounds to help John McGraw. He forgot many of the lines, but his adlibbing was much funnier than the original script and the audience became so hysterical over the speech beginning "What a piece (*Continued on page 49*)

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE GREATER HUDSON



14 distinguished New Body Types

Acclaimed the most *Beautiful* of HUDSONS

As co-authors of the Greater Hudson, 1,000,000 Super-Six owners who helped shape its development, lead all motordom in enthusiastic acceptance and applause.

For it expresses their love of beauty, their ideals of comfort and performance, and their well understood expectancy and appreciation of value.

To the hundreds of thousands whose tribute has been to Super-Six performance are now added hundreds of thousands who prize beauty equally with performance, quality and value.

Among 64 advanced features are: Large, fine, roomy, luxurious bodies—92 Developed Horsepower; above 80 miles an hour—Greater economy and reliability.

$1095 ***and up at factory***

Standard Wheelbase—2-Door Sedan, $1095; Standard Sedan, $1175; Coupe, $1195; Roadster, $1250; 5-Pass. Phaeton, $1350; Town Sedan, $1375; Convertible Coupe, $1450; Landau Sedan, $1500; Victoria, $1500. *Long Wheelbase*—5-Pass. Club Sedan, $1850; 7-Pass. Sedan, $2000; 7-Pass. Limousine, $2100.

Standard equipment includes: 4-hydraulic two-way shock absorbers—New design double action 4-wheel brakes . . . Non-shattering windshield—Electric gauge for oil and gas on dash.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Wings of Destiny

By George Weston

Illustrated by Oscar Schmidt

"We thought you were never coming," said the leader of the two, giving Dell's uniform a questioning look

The Story Thus Far:

MILLARD DELAVAN, an orphan, the son of a once famous actor, is dismissed from the United States air force on the charge made by Captain Lastry of striking an officer, Captain Lastry himself, and of cheating at cards. Stacked against him are the facts that he is adept at card tricks and that he comes of German people.

Major Henrichs, thinking the charges absurd, befriends the boy and through his brother, Judge Henrichs, secures Delavan a job with the Arrow Aero Manufacturing Company. Unfortunately the job doesn't last long as Lastry happens to be inspector of the planes and he plants a few seeds of poison.

At Judge Henrichs' home Millard meets Joyce Van Deusen and her attractive aunt, who turns out to be the woman because of whom Millard's father was supposed to have committed suicide.

He meets also Madame Mitzi Seidler, a German agent, and when the judge, who is to be appointed head of the United States Intelligence in Switzerland, offers him the job of working against Mitzi and of preceding him to Switzerland, he jumps at the chance.

Arrived in Switzerland with Mitzi, Millard succeeds, by deceiving her, in getting himself appointed to a position in the German Intelligence. The Chief, important in this service, takes Millard to Charleville where he outfits him with a British plane that had come down behind the German lines and a British uniform that had belonged to Lieutenant William J. Sangster, Royal Air Force.

Thereafter the Chief tests Millard out on several errands of trust. On the third errand Millard is forced down behind the British lines and he is immediately suspected by Lieutenant Ainsworth though he claims to be an American in the Royal Air Force. He is searched and the commanding officer apologizes when nothing suspicious is found and details Lieutenant Ainsworth to escort Millard to his destination.

V

THE more Delavan thought it over, the less he liked it. Ainsworth was clearly nettled. No man likes to have the balloon of his suspicions exploded in public, and still less to fall to earth before his superior officer.

It was as though the major had said, "Ainsworth, you have not only played the fool, laying the foundation for trouble between ourselves and the Americans; but you have also shown yourself, I fear, to be somewhat less than a gentleman. Come now, shake hands with this young American officer over whom you have made such a row. Shake hands, be nice to him, help him to get his ship repaired, and then go home with him and tell his brother officers how sorry you are for having made such an ass of yourself!"

"I wonder how long it would take him to get his gun working if I tried to jump across the German line?" thought Dell.

Not long, he darkly told himself, bending over to check the tightness of the unions which the mechanics were drawing together on the Goshawk's oil pump.

The lubricating line being reassembled, the two planes started southeast, Ainsworth in his SE, easily twenty miles an hour faster than the larger machine, and with the round unblinking eye of an air-cooled Vickers-Maxim grimly staring over the edge of the cockpit. Strength and speed being thus denied him, Dell turned to his gods of guile.

"I'll wait till we come to a good landing place," he thought, carefully watching the drifting panorama below, "and then we'll have it out on the ground."

They were over the vineyard district of Epernay where nearly every acre below seemed to be planted with grapes, but farther west they began to fly over chalk plateaus and bleak flat meadows.

"By the pricking of my thumbs, I can tell that trouble comes," thought Dell, his heart beating faster.

Ainsworth was a few hundred yards behind him—in a good position to observe the intermittent clouds of smoke which now proceeded to pour from the Goshawk's engine, but note carefully, if you please, he was not able to see that Delavan was turning his ignition on and off, first loading his cylinders with wet gas and then firing it and letting it escape in dark vapor as best it could. After producing enough smoke to establish a reasonable excuse for descending, he selected a field ahead and made a successful landing.

FROM the corner of his eye he watched Ainsworth circling and settling too. Delavan was examining the intimate convolutions of his engine with histrionic concern when his escort climbed out of the SE and approached him.

"What's the matter now?" Ainsworth inquired.

"Can't be sure," said Delavan, "but it's probably a foul distributor. You noticed how she choked up and fired intermittently, didn't you?"

"You *were* blowing a bit of smoke."

"If I had a piece of clean waste—or a handkerchief would do. I seem to have lost mine. Could you lend me yours?" Delavan's hopeful air was pure guile. He was praying that Ainsworth was as badly off for a handkerchief as himself.

"Sorry," said Ainsworth—and Dell's heart skipped with delight. "We shoved off in such a hurry. No handkerchief here, either. But there may be a spot of waste in my locker, I'll look."

Delavan was three jumps ahead of him. "Don't bother," he said. And in another second he was up on the step of the SE and fumbling in the cockpit.

When he stepped down again there was waste in his fist and disaster in the SE. For while he had searched the locker with his right hand his left had fumbled behind the instrument board of the SE and ripped out the ignition line from the switch.

Armed with the waste he went through the motions of wiping his distributor clean while Ainsworth, all unaware of villainy afoot, looked on coldly.

"That ought to fix it," said Delavan at length. "Let's go." He set switch and throttle, and heaved on the propeller of his plane. The engine caught and burbled smoothly. "Fine," he said and climbed aboard, quite forgetting—although omitting would be the truer word—to offer Ainsworth any assistance in starting up. He saw Ainsworth heaving at the propeller of the SE as the Goshawk took the air.

"And he'll heave some more—lots more," beamed Delavan, leaning over and looking back, a few moments later.

In his office at Charleville, Herr Hauptmann benignly listened to Dell's recital of his adventures.

"A bit warm," he approvingly nodded when the story was done, "but you handled it well. Nevertheless we will give your Englishman time to meet his destiny. The average flyer, we have found, lasts less than a month on active service. Being of a suspicious nature, he will still suspect—especially after finding the loose wire. So now we'll give him a chance to drop—and meanwhile we'll find something else for you to do."

LATER, thinking over the words of his Chief, this was the phrase which made the deepest impression on Delavan's mind: "The average flyer, we have found, lasts less than a month on active service. . . ."

Was it for this—a month in the air over a battle line—that a man was born and raised—learning his little lessons of arithmetic and grammar and proceeding through the trails of trigonometry and the pathetic difference between "*J'ai dit*" and "*Je dis*"?

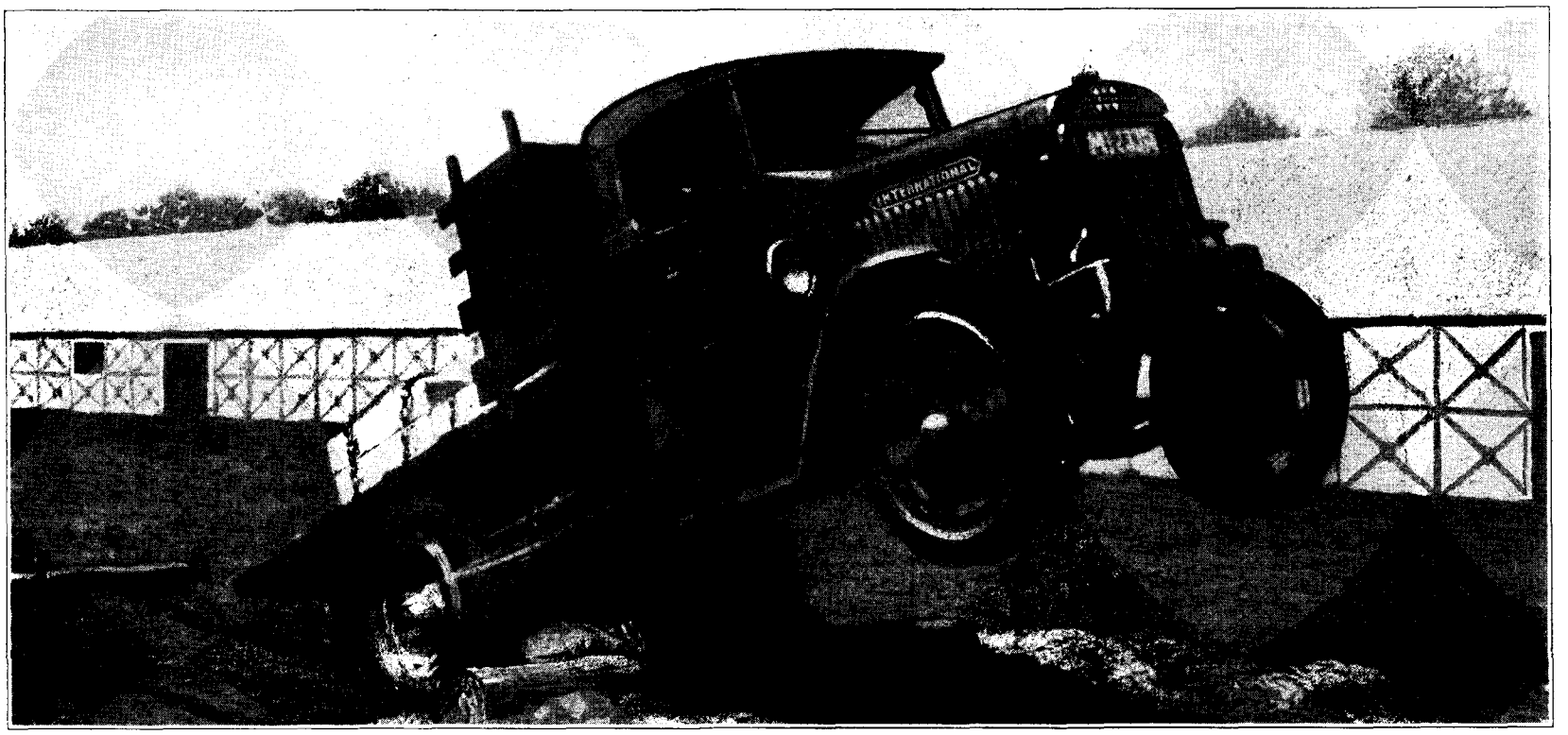
"And all in the name of patriotism!" he scoffed.

Was patriotism, he wondered, simply a surviving error of feudalism under which it was supposed to be a sacred duty for a commoner to give up his life for the lord of the manor?

"Patriotism!" he scoffed again. "I certainly know what my country did for me!"

He was still in the depths of disenchantment, (*Continued on page 45*)

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



The School of Hard Knocks

Aids the Laboratories of Science

THE truck of quality cannot be built on a drawing board. Neither the laboratory nor the shop alone can produce it. The task is accomplished only by sound experience, ripe engineering, and practical skill—a combination that comes of years of truck making.

At the two large plants where International Trucks are manufactured, every scientific test for quality and precision is a routine matter. All the knowledge the industry possesses is expertly applied. But these are not enough . . . .

Experimental models of stock construction must be tried and punished to prove out designs and materials. International Harvester Truck manufacture has always embraced a strenuous policy of test and trial. A constant succession of trucks go to the testing fields to devote themselves to a life of violence in a school of hard knocks.

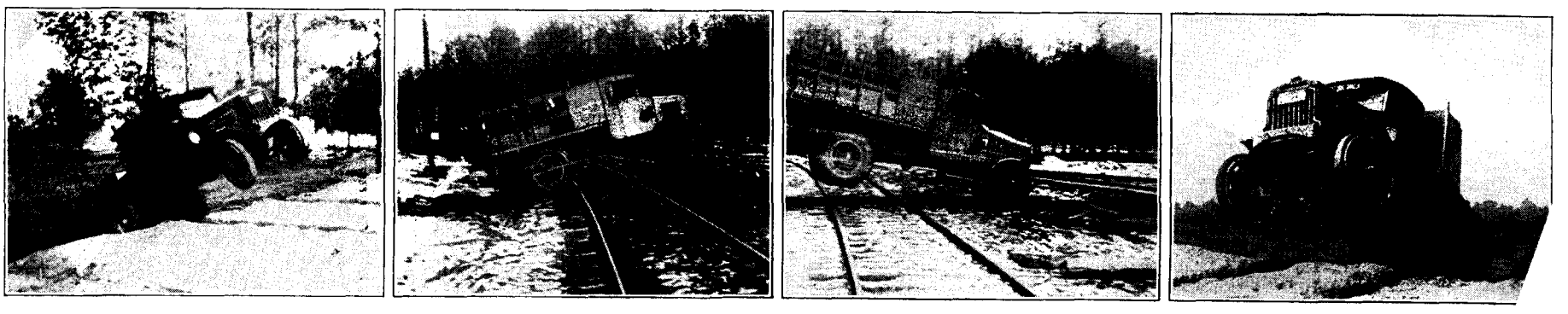
The trucks in this service are sent at high speed headlong into embankments, plunging across railroad tracks, over hurdles and barriers, through ditches and up hills. They suffer tortures in axle, engine, clutch, and gears, brakes, bearings, wheels, and frame. Their drivers have learned precisely how to submit every chassis member to hammer-like blows and to racking stresses and strains. Hours here mean more than years of ordinary service.

The findings of this endless program of test and trial go back into the engineering laboratories and the shop, and so new and sturdier Internationals are born. Every owner of an International Truck owns greater transportation value because of the high standards set for *performance* at the International plants.

INTERNATIONAL

The new Heavy-Duty models, sizes from 2½ to 5-ton, and the new line of Speed Trucks, ranging from ¾ to 2-ton, are now on view at 170 Company-owned branches in the United States and Canada.

INTERNATIONAL HARVESTER COMPANY
OF AMERICA (INCORPORATED)
606 So. Michigan Ave. Chicago, Illinois



PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Leave your Chin behind

or, How to spend your time when not playing golf

By Grantland Rice

GOLF, we have been told, is played through 12 months of a year. This statement is incorrect. Counting the overtime, golf is played through 16 or 17 months in each year. For when the average golfer isn't playing his game he is talking about it. And when he isn't talking about it he is dreaming about it.

Golfers from the far South come to the North in summer to escape the heat—as far north as the famous Jasper Park course and the Banff layout in Canada. Golfers from the North, when winter arrives, begin heading for Bermuda, Nassau, Cuba, Florida, the Southern states or California, to escape the snow. The lateral winter range now is from Bermuda to Honolulu, nearly seven thousand miles apart, where the tourist can take his pick from hundreds of courses.

But in spite of the heavy winter travel of recent years there are still a million or two or three who are unable to break away from the captivity of the north winds.

Few of these snow-bound captives realize the chance they have to use this winter season as school time in perfecting the fundamentals of the swing.

How can he go about this? In the first place there are now hundreds of indoor schools from Seattle to Boston, and an army of instructors at work. Some of these indoor courses and schools have 36 holes with all the appearances of miniature outdoor courses.

In the second place there is still a chance to work on the fundamentals of the swing if one only has room at home in which to swing a club without shattering the lights or denting the furniture. This matter of the fundamentals governing the golf swing is one of the most peculiar of all our institutions. There are now in the neighborhood of four million people, young and old, male and female, playing or trying to play golf and spending hundreds of millions of dollars, considering initiation fees, annual dues, caddie money, golf balls and golf clubs.

Walkers in the Dark

Yet with all the time and money spent on golf it is amazing how few have anything but a vague, foggy idea of what the golf swing is. Only a few know what the fundamentals are while the others grope along from year to year like blind walkers in the dark, trying to find the right road.

The only thing that carries this army forward is the lure of the game itself and the good drive or the good approach · the good round, once in a while, that 'ves the golfer believe he has struck ·cret at last and that from now on be a different story. A day or r the wreckage is complete there is no starting place to 'ayer can return.

·place nearly every golfer · defensively instead of offensively. He is always trying to correct some fault or is allowing for some fault rather than work out a foundation upon which he can stand and to which he can return.

Hitting Against Himself

Most of these faults go back to the simplest of the fundamentals and it is here that one can build through the winter and be ready for a better all-around job next spring.

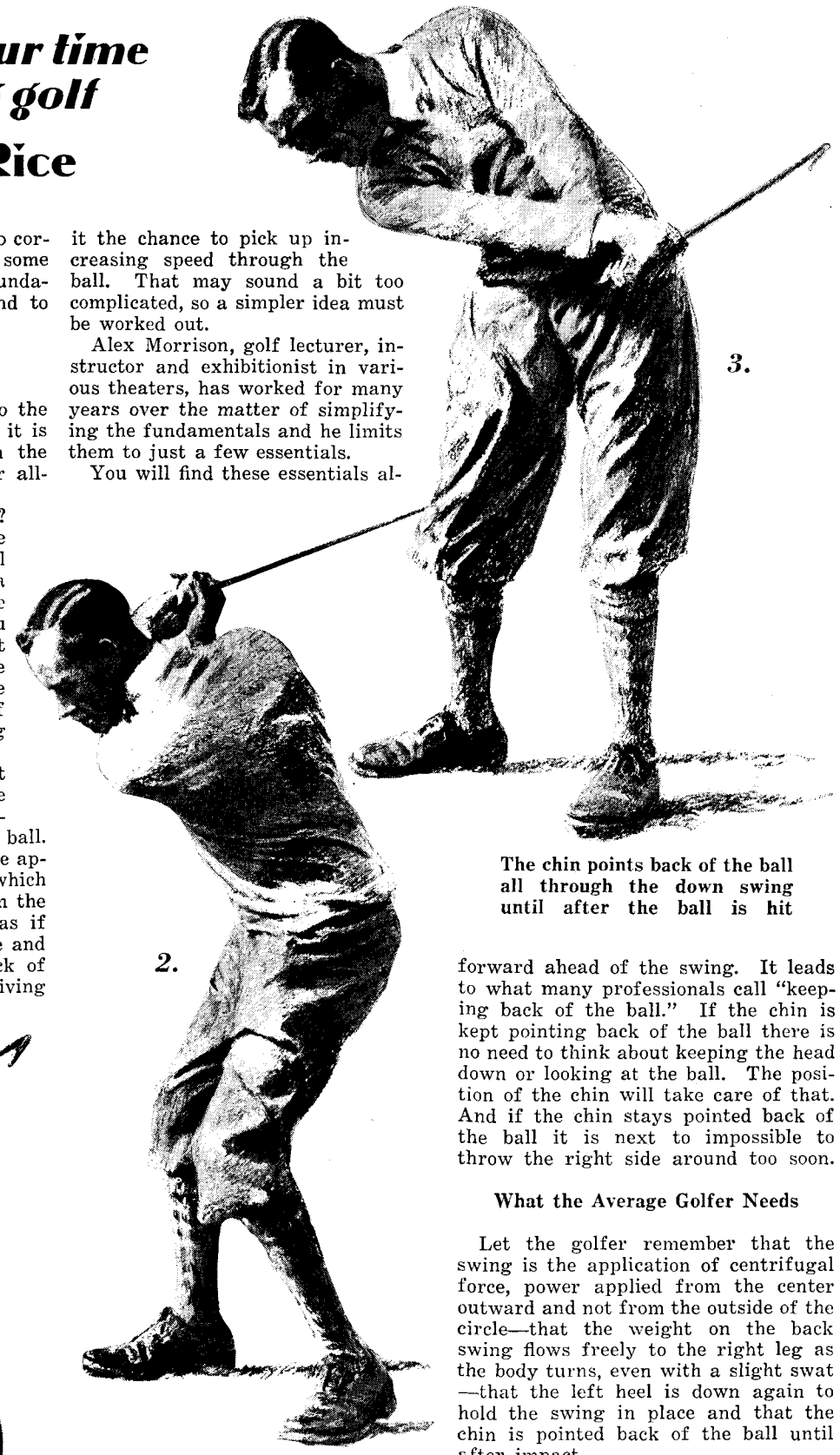
What are these fundamentals? You might watch the average golfer swing. If you do you will see that he is completely at sea when it comes to balance or the proper transference of weight. You will find a big part of his weight on the left foot at the top of the swing and on the right foot at the finish, which is just the opposite of what it should be. He is hitting against himself.

Or you will find that his weight is thrown too far forward on the down swing with his head popping up just before he hits the ball.

The basis of the golf swing is the application of centrifugal force, which merely means power starting from the center and flying outward, just as if you would tie a string to an apple and whirl it around. This means lack of interference with the club head, giving it the chance to pick up increasing speed through the ball. That may sound a bit too complicated, so a simpler idea must be worked out.

Alex Morrison, golf lecturer, instructor and exhibitionist in various theaters, has worked for many years over the matter of simplifying the fundamentals and he limits them to just a few essentials.

You will find these essentials almost identical in the swings of such golfers as Bobby Jones, George Duncan, Walter Hagen and Johnny Farrell.

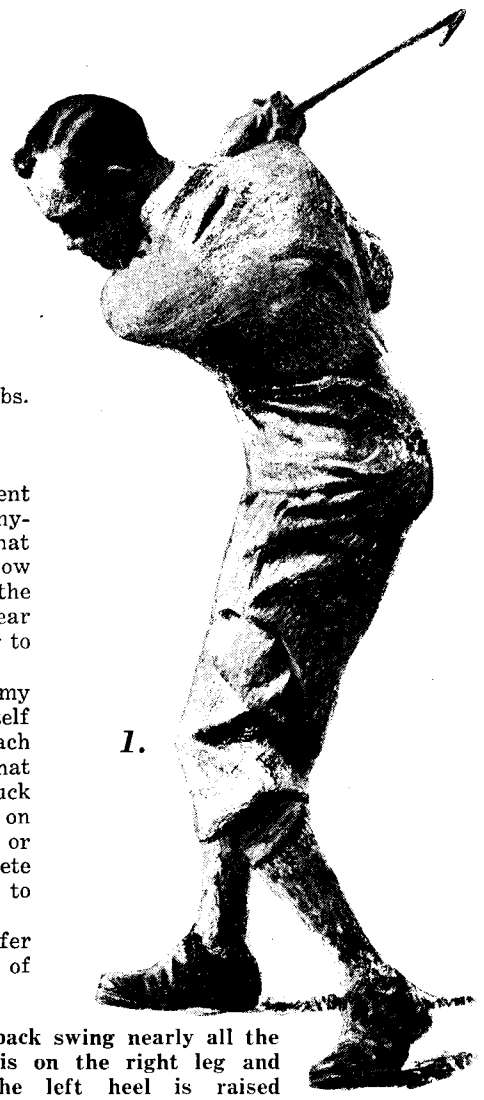


3.

The chin points back of the ball all through the down swing until after the ball is hit

2.

The left heel is lowered before the club head starts downward. The left leg is ready to take the weight



1.

In the back swing nearly all the weight is on the right leg and foot. The left heel is raised

In the back swing, as the body turns naturally, nearly all the weight is transferred to the right leg and the right foot. The left heel is raised. The left heel comes down just as the down swing starts. That left heel is back in place while the hands are just starting the club head downward.

The chin is pointing back of the ball all through the down swing and is never moved from this position until after the ball is hit. These are fundamentals that the ordinary golfer overlooks.

If the left heel is down at the right time then there is freedom of movement to swing forward with the body properly balanced. This prevents lurching forward ahead of the swing. It leads to what many professionals call "keeping back of the ball." If the chin is kept pointing back of the ball there is no need to think about keeping the head down or looking at the ball. The position of the chin will take care of that. And if the chin stays pointed back of the ball it is next to impossible to throw the right side around too soon.

What the Average Golfer Needs

Let the golfer remember that the swing is the application of centrifugal force, power applied from the center outward and not from the outside of the circle—that the weight on the back swing flows freely to the right leg as the body turns, even with a slight swat—that the left heel is down again to hold the swing in place and that the chin is pointed back of the ball until after impact.

This may seem to be a trifle complicated; but it really isn't. After all, what the average golfer needs most is a starting point, a foundation, and he will find it here. Never mind about the wrists. They will take care of themselves. Never mind the position of the left knee or other details. As Morrison explains this same principle goes into the making of every stroke for the tall and short, for the strong and weak, for the lean and fat. It is quite certain, for example, that any golfer who can keep his chin pointed back of the ball without turning his neck into a piece of iron is taking a big step along the right road.

There must be enough practice swinging to make this easy and natural, so that one doesn't have to think about any part of the swing as separated from the rest. One sequence must lead naturally to another. Practicing the few essentials will help to bring this about.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

World-wide service

WHILE famed for dependability, there is double assurance in knowing that no matter where you drive your car, Prest-O-Lite service is there ahead of you. It is *world-wide* —a fact of real significance in selecting your next battery — Prest-O-Lite Storage Battery Sales Corporation, Indianapolis, Indiana · Oakland, California · Toronto, Canada.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Marriage for Two

By Arthur Somers Roche

Her black eyes had blazing depths in them now that scorched his soul

The Story Thus Far:

SHORTLY after an interview in which Helen Wilson tells Larry Tracy that she wishes to break their engagement so that she can marry the rich, middle-aged Frank Burton, and Larry swears, in pique, to marry the first girl who will have him, he rescues from a park bench a poverty-stricken and starved though beautiful girl, Joyce Carroll.

A few days later they are married, agreeing that the marriage in reality will be nothing more than a friendship.

Shortly they sail for Biarritz where Joyce gains great popularity and where Larry finds himself falling in love with her despite evidence of her strange past. A man named Ratty Rogan, in New York, tries unsuccessfully to tell Larry something of his wife and in Biarritz Joyce gives 40,000 francs to a woman of the demimonde and tells Larry she lost the money at the gambling tables.

Helen Wilson and her fiancé come to Biarritz and one evening Larry kisses her and is seen by Paul Weedon, who spreads the story, though Larry tells Joyce first. Burton threatens to ruin Larry unless Joyce will promise to keep him from Helen. Joyce promises.

And that night Larry wakes Joyce, before the police come, to tell her that Paul Weedon was found dead at the foot of a cliff where at different times that evening he had been talking to Joyce, to Larry and to Billy Valdemagara, a Spaniard in love with Joyce.

Billy telephones Larry to warn them that the police are on their way to question the Tracys. The police arrive and their suspicions of Larry and Joyce are allayed. Joyce denies knowing of anyone else's talking with Weedon.

During the interview it comes out that Larry had been seen with Miss Novel, who had been supporting Weedon and who was the woman to whom Joyce had given the 40,000 francs.

X

WHEN he had escorted the Prefect and his two companions to the front gate, where they parted with many bows and expressions of esteem, Larry returned to the house. In the hall at the foot of the stairs were the cook, butler, the chambermaids and the kitchen-maid. They scattered at Larry's entrance, with many a backward glance. Only the butler retained presence of mind.

"We did not know but that Monsieur and Madame, awakened thus, would require something to eat," he suggested.

Larry shook his head. He knew that the servants, anticipating an arrest, had gathered together that they might witness the delectable spectacle and ascertain its reasons. But that was natural. So he thanked the man and went upstairs.

The door opening into Joyce's room was ajar, and she called to him as he entered. Her maid had lighted a fire and before it his wife sat, smoke trailing from a cigarette in her fingers.

"So you talked with Miss Novel, eh?" she greeted him.

HE HAD felt, all evening, upon the defensive, and when a man has offered apology for a wrong, and the apology has been waved aside, resentment soon usurps humility's place in his heart.

"I believe you'd talked with her first," he said.

"Did she volunteer the information, or did you discover it by—spying?" she asked. "Of course," she mimicked the Prefect, "that gallantry which is inseparable from frequenting the Casino . . ."

Her black eyes had blazing depths in them now, points of fire that scorched his soul.

"I asked nothing about you," he defended himself. "But if I had, I'd have found out that you lied to me about her."

"Oh, that," she shrugged. "After all, this is France, and you are a husband. And where gentlemen find it inseparable from gallantry to buy champagne for women who keep men, perhaps it is only natural that wives should lie to their husbands."

It was childish, this quarrel, and he knew it. Perhaps its original causes might have some dignity—if recriminations can have such a quality—but their words were juvenile.

"I'm inclined to believe that you've had practice in deceit," he retorted. "The convincing way in which you said that you knew of no other quarrel in which Weedon had been involved . . ."

"Would you have liked it better if I'd told the Prefect that Billy had struck him?" she challenged.

He colored at this. "You know perfectly well that I wouldn't. I'm only stating that falsehood comes naturally to you."

"Which is, of course, a gallantry inseparable from such an occasion as this," she jeered. "And you *are* a man of gallantry. Miss Novel in the afternoon, and Helen Wilson in the evening. You didn't, by any chance, honor Miss Novel with an embrace? I should hate to think so. Helen might not like that."

"Joyce, please," he begged. "This is intolerable."

"Intolerable for whom?" she cried. "For me, or for you? Did I enter your room and denounce you for a harmless falsehood that saved a friend from great embarrassment? You don't believe Billy killed him, do you?"

"Of course not," he said.

"Then why object because I saved him from suspicion by a white lie? For that matter, you lied about it yourself. And did you object to my pretense of affection for you? That was false, false as anything I ever did or said in all my life. Would you prefer it if I told the police that I did *not* like your kissing your ex-fiancée? Would you prefer it if I said that I hated you?"

ON THAT first time when he had met her, he had asked if she were ill. Her eyes had blazed at him.

"Damn you," she had said, "I'm hungry!"

The same rage, a rage so great that it seemed impersonal, as though its scope embraced the whole world and was too great to center on any one single individual, shone in her eyes now. It was as though she rebelled against the very fate that had caused her to be born. A moment ago Larry had found humility unendurable and had disclosed his own anger. But that anger of his was a puny thing; before the blast of her wrath it shriveled.

"Do you hate me?" he asked.

"That," she said, "is a matter that neither of us could help, isn't it? So why discuss it? I'm sleepy," she announced.

There was nothing for Tracy to do but leave her then, and he did so with what grace he could muster, and with the unaccountable feeling that he had been in some way worsted by her.

Her door was closed when he awoke next morning, and there came from her room no invitation to breakfast, so he drank his morning coffee—most dreadful stuff it was, too; he could never become accustomed to French coffee—and ate his rolls alone. It suddenly came to him that, little as Joyce had granted, it would be unendurable if she withdrew that little.

Not to be permitted those innocuous intimacies which had begun to mean so much to him; to be denied that camaraderie which had become sweeter than even the kisses that Helen had permitted. . . . He fell into that self-pitying revery which sometimes leads to rashness, and might indeed have been led into a renewal of his quarrel with Joyce had it not been for the arrival of Billy Valdemagara.

That red-headed scion of Spanish aristocracy was in a high state of excitement.

"The police—they came here?" These were his first words as Larry met him in the salon.

"What did they have to say? Did you tell them anything?"

(*Continued on page 26*)

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"If I never see another 'FOR RENT' sign . . . *that will be soon enough!*"

Painted for Scripps-Howard Newspapers by Walter Seaton

A Scripps-Howard reporter was transferred to an Eastern paper, and his wife set out to find a place to live. Unfamiliar with rents, sections and conditions she tramped the town . . . east side, west side . . . and when she returned the lady was ruffled!

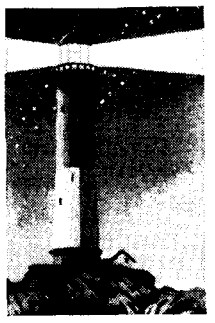
"Listen to me, John K. Husband, your newspaper should tell me where I could find an apartment. It's news. And it *belongs* in your paper."

The idea was given a trial, and this SCRIPPS-HOWARD Newspaper carried, as a regular news feature, an unbiased analysis of apartments for rent in various sections of the city.

Long ago, the Scripps-Howard papers noted that the outlines of the news were changing. And the editors began to anticipate the changing tastes and interests of the readers . . . with news of the fresh stocks in the stores, complete radio programs, developments in education and discoveries in science. Reporters began to interview buyers as well as divorcees . . . professors as well as politicians . . . business men as well as sportsmen.

Open any SCRIPPS-HOWARD Newspaper today and see how accurately it is keyed to the modern note. Crisply, vigorously, briefly . . . the high points of the news stand out in bold relief. Note how much of it is good news, useful news, constructive news . . . and you will see why Scripps-Howard circulations are growing steadily larger, and are more productive to the advertiser than ever before.

NEW YORK . . *Telegram* SAN FRANCISCO . *News* INDIANAPOLIS . *Times*
CLEVELAND . . . *Press* WASHINGTON . . *News* DENVER *Rocky Mt. News*
BALTIMORE . . . *Post* CINCINNATI . . . *Post* TOLEDO . . . *News-Bee*
PITTSBURGH . . . *Press* COVINGTON *Kentucky Post* COLUMBUS . . . *Citizen*
—Kentucky Edition of Cincinnati Post



AKRON . . . *Times-Press* YOUNGSTOWN . *Telegram* KNOXVILLE *News-Sentinel*
BIRMINGHAM . . . *Post* FORT WORTH . . *Press* EL PASO . . . . . *Post*
MEMPHIS . *Press-Scimitar* OKLAHOMA CITY . *News* SAN DIEGO . . . . *Sun*
HOUSTON . . . . *Press* EVANSVILLE . . . *Press* TERRE HAUTE . . *Post*
ALBUQUERQUE . . . . *New Mexico State Tribune*

SCRIPPS-HOWARD NEWSPAPERS
MEMBERS OF THE AUDIT BUREAU OF CIRCULATIONS AND MEMBERS OF THE UNITED PRESS

NATIONAL ADVERTISING DEPARTMENT, *William S. Cady*, DIRECTOR · 250 PARK AVENUE, NEW YORK · CHICAGO
SAN FRANCISCO · DETROIT · LOS ANGELES · ATLANTA · PHILADELPHIA

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Larry stared at him. "What could we tell them, Billy?"

"About my striking him? Not that I'd blamed you if you had. After all, when there is a murder—whew!" He mopped his forehead.

"But we didn't," Larry assured him. He told the Marquis what had transpired last night.

"And your wife—*Valgame Dios*, but she is glorious, Larry. Any other woman would have blurted out that I had hit him—where is she?"

"She'll be down any minute, Billy," said Larry. How could he tell his friend that he had not ventured to enter his wife's bedroom, and that he was unaware whether or not she had yet awakened, even.

BUT Joyce entered the room as he was professing an intimacy that didn't exist. She greeted the Marquis warmly. He bent over her hand.

"I was just telling the unworthy man who has the great good fortune to be your husband of my gratitude at your silence last night," said Billy.

Joyce laughed. "Did you think we'd tell of your quarrel with Weedon? Billy, how little you regard us."

The Marquis vehemently shook his red head.

"Not so," he protested. "But, as I was saying to Larry, when there has been murder, the little discretions frequently disappear."

Joyce smiled upon him, but her voice was hard:

"But I had to pretend that the—er—pretty little incident on the cliff, between Larry and—well, I had to pretend that that was nothing but a fraternal and sisterly salute. If you, as well as my husband, had resented Weedon's telling what he had observed, it might naturally occur to the Prefect that perhaps *I* didn't take it very lightly after all."

"I don't think that follows at all," protested the Marquis. "You were just—magnificent—as always." His voice grew serious. "My children, this affair—is serious."

"Murder is never a light matter," said Joyce.

"Of course not," assented Billy. "But I mean—for all of us."

Now what he said was so obvious that Larry wondered that the Marquis had thought it necessary to voice it. But Valdemagara was not the sort to talk idly save when he flattered some pretty woman.

"What are you driving at, Billy?" he inquired.

"A *cause célèbre;* that's what the French public is always demanding, and what the French police are always trying to supply," said the Marquis. "High life scandal—you know what I mean. Rich American—titled Spaniard—get it?"

"But the Prefect was so courteous last night," began Joyce.

"You are a very beautiful woman, and the police would be polite to you on your way to the guillotine," said the Marquis. "Don't misunderstand me. I mean—well, all that I mean is that I'm afraid you'll be annoyed, harassed, questioned—"

Joyce's brow was serene. "That can't be helped, and what cannot be helped must be borne. Isn't that so? So let's not concern ourselves about it. In the meantime—do we swim?"

"Why not?" assented Valdemagara.

He had no bathing suit with him, but Larry offered to fit him out, so they went upstairs, and he and Larry dressed in the latter's bedroom. Although the door was closed between Larry's room and Joyce's, the Marquis kept his voice lowered.

"Nasty mess, eh, Larry?"

"Well, you've been harping on that side of it quite a while, Billy. Are you driving at anything in especial?"

"Try to buy a ticket for Paris," said the Marquis sharply.

LARRY struggled into the shirt of his swimming-suit. His head emerged, hair rumpled and cheeks flushed.

"Drop the riddles and talk English," he snapped.

The Marquis met his glance fairly.

"Larry, a man was murdered last night. You had a quarrel with, struck him. The police are aware of that. I also struck him. The police were not aware of that last night."

"Then how did they happen to see you last night?" asked Larry.

"I was there—there when his body was found," replied Billy. "The party had broken up, but there was the little matter of the check to be paid, and the proprietor of the Reserve would have me honor him by sampling some ancient brandy—a waiter found the body, and—it was I who telephoned for the police. Now, the proprietor knew that you had struck Weedon. The man Weedon had no shame. He had told the incident himself, waiters had overheard it discussed . . . the police would learn it by this morning, so I interposed no objection when my friend the proprietor told them. But I did not find it necessary to inform them of my own little affair with Weedon. Only your wife knew of that."

"Yet, if she'd told—"

The Marquis cut him short: "It would have hurt me immeasurably with the Prefect. But I was confident that your wife would not tell."

LARRY whistled. "You were taking considerable chance, Billy. It would have sounded all right if you'd told it, but if someone else mentioned it when you'd kept quiet—not so good, my lad."

"I was aware of that," returned Billy quietly.

Larry pondered this a moment, then dismissed it from his mind.

"About my leaving here? You don't mean that I'd be stopped?"

"But naturally," said the Spaniard. "But *they* can't suspect—"

"The French police suspect *everyone* of everything," said Valdemagara. "That's why they're so much more efficient than the coppers in your dear old New York, Larry. But I'm not trying to alarm you."

"Then what are you trying to do?" demanded Larry.

"I'm trying to get it into your none-too-bright brain that it's up to us to find out who did kill Weedon," replied Billy. "If the guilty person is found, that would tend to stop a lot of idle gossip, wouldn't it?"

"Oh, gossip," snarled Larry.

"Yes, gossip," repeated the Marquis. "Gossip is important in that narrow world of ours which considers itself so big, my friend. For instance, gossip would hurt Miss Wilson, would hurt you, might even—conceivably—hurt Mrs. Tracy."

"Well, what on earth do you want me to do?" cried Larry.

"I wondered if there is any possible hint—Weedon was a compatriot of yours. You went to college with him? Can you think of anyone who might want to do him an injury, for example?"

"I don't know any of his friends," said Larry shortly. "But the Prefect spoke of a woman—a Miss Novel—she'd been keeping him, according to the Prefect. God pity the poor thing, but—no, I can't think of a person. I hardly knew the man. You knew him better than I, I'd imagine, Billy."

The Marquis shrugged.

"As a casual acquaintance, who knew the same people I know—not in their houses, but in the bars and restaurants and casinos—oh, well, shall we swim?"

"Let's," agreed Larry.

He knocked on Joyce's door.

"With you in a minute," she called. And in hardly more time than that they had crowded into a cab and were galloping down the avenue toward the beach where they saw no one Joyce had met yesterday. Joyce commented on this fact to the Marquis.

"The Cote Basque opened today," he replied.

"And what is the Cote Basque, and why does its opening keep the crowd from here?" she inquired.

He explained to her that it was a somewhat more exclusive beach than this public bathing place, and that its formal opening for the season always drew the fashionable crowd, although he did not so denominate his friends.

"Then why didn't we go there?" Joyce asked.

But the Marquis apparently did not hear the question, for he was racing into the surf. And Joyce a moment later forgot that she had asked it, in the tingling excitement of battling the waves. Larry observed (*Continued on page 38*)

Illustrated by Joseph Simont

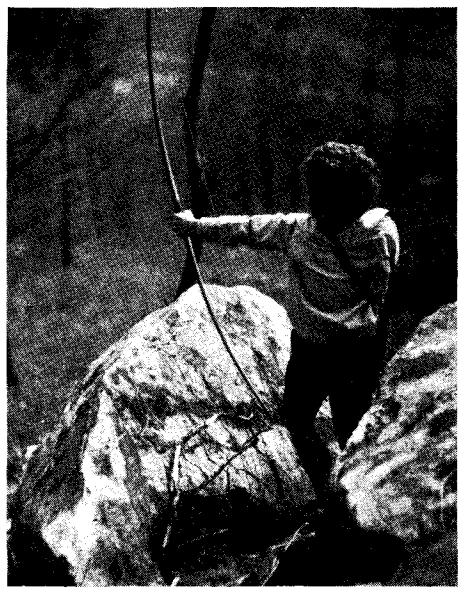
She couldn't have told why she returned to the subject of Weedon. But she realized that she had been prompted by some inner angel as she noted the expression on Burton's face

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

We'll say...
"There's a Reason"
Dozens of them...

Grape-Nuts makes a small breakfast a safe one. With whole milk or cream, it supplies more varied nourishment than many a bulky meal.

THAT'S A REASON



For growing bodies, it's nature's own perfect food —made of wholesome wheat and malted barley.

THAT'S A REASON

Here's something that is mighty scarce today—food that gives teeth the exercise they need for health, by encouraging thorough chewing.

THAT'S A REASON

Pour out Grape-Nuts. Pour on cream. And there you are. A nourishing breakfast that's served in a second.

THAT'S A REASON

Flavor no other food can boast—nutlike, delicately tinged with the natural sweetness of rich malt sugar. And the special fresh-from-the-oven crispness of those golden kernels adds zest to the unique Grape-Nuts flavor.

THAT'S A REASON

Grape-Nuts

Buy it today for breakfast tomorrow

© 1929, P. Co., Inc.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Like a Conquering Army THESE BOOKS

have marched triumphant through the centuries

THE LIBRARIES of the old world and the new are crammed with volumes, shelf on shelf, which a thousand men in a thousand lifetimes could never find time to read. And millions more volumes have passed forever into oblivion, not even to find shelter in the archives of public libraries.

Yet *these* books have come thundering down through the centuries, influencing, teaching and delighting mankind with their indomitable power. They are as new and invigorating as when their immortal authors instilled in them the breath of eternal life.

Emerson once said: "Would that some charitable soul, after losing a great deal of time among the false books, and alighting upon the few true ones which made him happy and wise, would name those which have been bridges or ships to carry him over the dark morasses and barren oceans, into sacred cities, into palaces and temples."

It was one of the monumental achievements of America's greatest educator, Dr. Charles W. Eliot, to bring together the truly great books, to sift the pure gold from the mass of writings the ages have produced. For forty years President of Harvard University, Dr. Eliot realized the need of a library offering everyone the culture which a university strives to give.

The Five-Foot Shelf (Harvard Classics) is the magnificent result of his inspiration and knowledge. These books are the criterion of all literary selection. Through them people have found that the classics are not dull—but intensely stirring; not beautiful antiques, but lively, stimulating modern thought with vital application to everyday life.

In this wonderful library are the writings of 302 immortal authors.

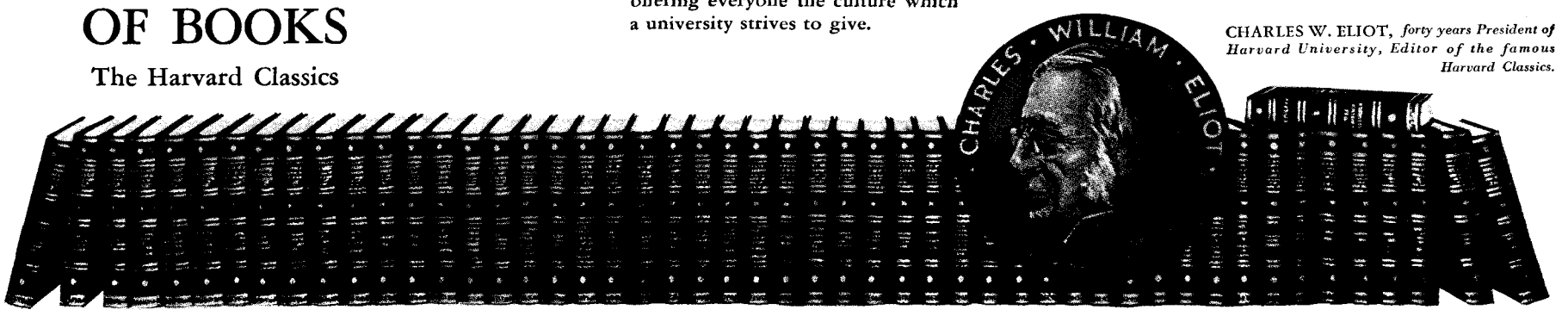
The busy man and woman of today need not stumble through hopeless masses of reading matter, for in the Harvard Classics are the books that live forever, the books that have as proud possessors more than a quarter of a million intelligent, ambitious families.

These books stand for stimulation of thought, and above all, endless enjoyment. They are the books which have won for themselves the well deserved tribute, "A liberal education in fifteen minutes a day."

P. F. Collier and Son Company has published good books since 1875. By the famous Collier plan, you can pay for these books while you are reading and enjoying them.

DR. ELIOT'S FIVE-FOOT SHELF OF BOOKS

The Harvard Classics



CHARLES W. ELIOT, *forty years President of Harvard University, Editor of the famous Harvard Classics.*

No. 7012-HCA

Since 1875 COLLIER Good Books

P. F. COLLIER & SON COMPANY, 250 Park Avenue, New York City

BY MAIL, free, send me the booklet that tells all about the most famous library in the world, Dr. Eliot's Five-Foot Shelf of Books (The Harvard Classics), and contains Dr. Eliot's own plan of reading. Also, please advise how I may secure the books by small monthly payments. *The publishers cannot undertake to send the booklet free to children.*

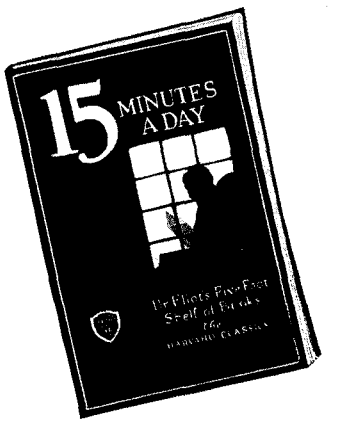
NAME Mr. Mrs. Miss _____

ADDRESS _____

THIS IS YOUR CERTIFICATE FOR THE FREE BOOKLET

This FREE *booklet*

The certificate is for your convenience. Before you spend another penny for books, get a copy of "Fifteen Minutes a Day"—the famous booklet that tells how to turn wasted minutes into growth and increased power. It's ready and waiting for you. Sending for it does not obligate you in any way.



PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The fat lady in the warehouse door was assisted by eight or nine singing gentlemen of Honolulu

On a Night Like This

By Frank Condon

When a boom bursts loose from its lashings in a bitter Pacific storm the best thing to do is quietly to leave the vessel and go sit under an elm tree. But that's a little impractical. Another page from the Waxman family log

OUR second night at sea provided me with steady work. On the first evening the weather was cold and the steam pipes in our One Hundred did not respond, so I covered myself with an overcoat and slumbered fitfully. The second day turned out balmy and the night was lovely, so the steam pipes began boiling with tremendous gusto. There were nine places in our cabin to turn off the steam, and I spent practically the entire night turning. The more permanently I turned it off, the more we boiled. At dawn, I gave over the plumbing business, went out on deck and let the Pacific Ocean blow on me.

When we reached Honolulu, our first pause on the way to Naples, where Romance was waiting for us, I made a definite decision. It required seven days to pass from San Francisco to Honolulu.

"The sensible method," I said to the wife, "is for me to board the next steamer back to America. I shall there take a fast train and will meet you in Naples, whenever you say."

Esther looked grieved.

"Roger," she said, "be serious."

"I am serious. You love ocean travel, and there is plenty in store, if you stick to this ship. I have had seven days of maritime experiences and that is enough."

"Pooh," said Esther, "don't be foolish. We are on our way to Naples and to see the world. Think of all the quaint places and the mysterious foreign cities."

Being the sort who is easily influenced by females, I said no more. The ship pulled into Honolulu at six o'clock in the morning and I stood beside Captain Oakes on his bridge and beheld the light on Diamond Head winking in the murk. I stared down at a fat Honolulu lady who stood in the door of a warehouse and sang plaintive songs, songs that seemed a bit out of place at that unearthly hour. She was assisted by eight or nine singing gentlemen of Honolulu and they warbled with the despair of men whose hearts were breaking.

"They always do that," remarked Captain Oakes, who had little music in his soul. "They make me ill."

The Waxmans Take a Side-Trip

After a hearty breakfast, Esther and I plunged into our first side-trip. When you are touring around the world, anything you see outside the ship, and anywhere you go on land, any visitation not made by personal pedestrianism is termed a side-trip. You do not have to take side-trips, or pay for them, if you wish to be an independent soul. If you desire to wander by yourself, you may do so, and if you have good sense, you will do so, preserving your personal integrity. It will cost a trifle more, but you will not have a fat lady sitting in your lap hour after hour while you gaze at pagodas and native shrines. A fat lady sitting in your lap is not any great inconvenience the first two hours, but after you have become completely paralyzed an Oriental ruin means less than nothing to you.

Harold Demuth, the demon guide, who was now outside the city limits of Oakland for the first time, took us under his wing, our little group numbering an even thirty. Thirty we were, males and females, some of us married, some of us school-teachers, with the pale, sacrificial look of the teaching tribes, and practically all of us querulous, Middle-West Americans, who had never been anywhere before, at least, anywhere on an ocean liner.

Seven automobiles confronted us as we stepped ashore with a sight-seeing glitter in our eyes and there was an immediate struggle to determine which ladies and gentlemen should ride in the good automobiles and which should tag along in motor cars that had no distinction, no paint and very little engine. This drama was repeated in later ports, in all ports, I may say.

It resolved itself into a question first of quickness of the eye which enabled one to select a motor, and speed of the human leg which hurried one into a car ahead of the others. It became a game. Mr. and Mrs. Secor of our table, easily led the Demuth party, taking first honors and the best car in every port except Manila and dropping into the fourth car at Manila solely because Mr. Secor fell over a ladder while taking off.

"Come along," Esther said briskly. "Let's hop into one of these automobiles before they fill up."

"Sorry," I said, "but I cannot go. Not today."

Esther looked astonished.

"Don't you long to see all the beautiful sights of Honolulu and have a lei hung on your neck?"

"I would love to but you know very well I have other business to attend to."

"Oh," she said.

"Yes, oh! And it is your fault if I spend thousands of dollars on side-trips and then see nothing."

I referred, as she knew instantly, to my Velvet Sweep razor. Before we left America I asked her if she had packed the blades that go with a Velvet Sweep and without which the razor is helpless. She informed me that they were safely packed. I took her word for it. One hundred miles off the American coast I decided to shave and upon turning everything in our cabin inside out four times I discovered that the newfangled blades were at home in Glen Echo.

I shaved once with the solitary blade. Twenty-four hours later I shaved with it again. On the third attempt to use it, the blade lost all interest in the process of shaving, and there was no way to sharpen it. True, I removed the whiskers, my countenance wreathed in pain, as whisker after whisker fought off the sluggard steel. The fourth day I decided to use my pen-knife.

I saw little of the magic isle except the down-town streets which resembled the streets of Utica, N. Y., and the interiors of many hardware and drug shops. I entered every store in Honolulu in the hunt for Velvet Sweeps. I went up one side of a street and down the other.

Still No Razor Blades

I walked into stores run by Chinese, Greeks, Malays, Filipinos, Turks, Americans, Arabs and Japs, and nobody had ever heard of my pet razor. Utterly exhausted, I hired a land barber to shave me, purchased an old-fashioned razor and returned to the Hillary Castle.

There was scarcely anybody aboard the stout ship when I finished my shopping tour, if you do not count Filipino diving boys. The boys were on hand, waiting for rich American passengers to throw money into the harbor. It seems unusual to an American raised in Kansas City that a Filipino diving lad can capture a dime as it sinks slow-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ly, so he continues to throw dimes and even quarters. The truth is the other way. It would be unusual if the diving boy did not retrieve the dime. He spends his life with the fish. He swims like one.

He was probably born under water, the same as they make Panama hats. At any rate, it is foolish to throw quarters into the water, for they have no chance of sinking if there is a Filipino in sight. I threw away four dollars before learning these facts, but in the process I met two rather interesting people who were likewise throwing away money. They were, reading from left to right as they stood at the rail, Mr. Herbert Mortimer and Miss Gage, whose first name I never learned. I was glad to meet them, especially Mr. Mortimer, who was forty-two or three and had a battered look. Miss Gage was in her thirties and was a determined girl, rather plain but with a firm chin.

At sea, I had been distinctly warned by a middle-aged lady passenger.

"Do not speak to Mr. Mortimer," said the lady.

"All right," I answered amiably, not knowing either Mr. Mortimer or the lady warning me, who was, as it happened, president of a Daughters of the Euphrates lodge in Duluth, Minn.

"And do not talk to Miss Gage," added the lady president.

"Why not?"

"Because they are not married."

Scandal Rides the Waves

It struck me as an odd request, for I have often talked with people who were not married and found nothing the matter with them. Some of the most blameless persons I know have never been married. From the moment of being warned, I observed Mr. Mortimer and Miss Gage with fresher interest and wondered a great deal why they were not married. Throwing dimes to the Filipino diving boys, opportunity presented itself and I defied the Daughters of the Euphrates.

"Clever little devils, aren't they," I said, and Mr. Mortimer replied in the affirmative and at once introduced me to Miss Gage.

"This is Miss Gage," he said.

"My name is Waxman," I stated. "I am going around the world because I am a feeble-minded fellow totally ruled by an iron wife."

"We, too, are going around the world," said Miss Gage, looking brightly at Mr. Mortimer.

That was the beginning of my acquaintance with Herbert and Miss Gage and as I grew to know them, I was not shocked at all because they were not married. Others on our ship had scorned the two and passed by them with averted eyes but they did not have the details. I learned the facts very soon after we sailed from Honolulu, which is not pronounced Honolulu, but Hoan-ah-lew-lew.

It was Miss Gage's intention to marry Mr. Mortimer at some time in the future if she found she could head him off from drinking himself into an untimely grave. Doctors had already warned Herbie he had only one year to go, that his internal machinery was in a woeful state and that his heart wouldn't endure. The learned medicos had frightened Miss Gage, but not Mr. Mortimer.

"The next bender may be your last," declared the medical profession, and being a man of inquiring mind, Herbert continued to go on busts.

Miss Gage escorted him to a famous watering resort in California, where gentlemen are boiled out, and had him thawed. He responded instantly and came forth a reformed man with not the slightest desire for alcoholic beverages and remained thus reformed for two days and ten hours, after which period he fell off the water wagon with a crash and drove his touring car halfway through the largest department store in America.

Undaunted by failure, Miss Gage captured the unfortunate fellow and boiled him out at another and more notable cure and again Herbert fell from his reformation and came to call upon the lady, bringing her, as a gift, eleven bulldogs and a churn. She thereupon sat down to meditate and wondered if it would do a girl any good to marry a man with only one year to go.

Riding Herd on Mr. Mortimer

"I shall take him around the world," she said in self-communion, "and remove him from temptation."

It was Miss Gage, therefore, who was leading Herbert around the world and whether she was in love with him I do not know. Perhaps she felt sorry for the man who was really a most entertaining and jolly fellow. He called her by humorous nicknames. He told the liveliest anecdotes and became at once a prime favorite with Captain Oakes, who was a judge of human nature in the bulk.

Few of our traveling ladies recognized the existence of Miss Gage and her patient, although none of the canons of respectability were shattered. Miss Gage occupied a cabin on the port side of the ship, sharing it with a Miss James, a school teacher bound out to China to see if it was true that the Chinese ate mice. Mr. Mortimer roomed on the opposite side of the ship, in company with an Italian gentleman named Arturo, but by day Miss Gage sat in her deck chair and Herbert sat beside her and whenever Herbert rose to stroll, Miss Gage strolled with him, keeping a firm grasp upon his arm.

"What about traveling across the Pacific Ocean?" I inquired of our skipper.

"Well?"

"Nice weather or bad weather?"

"Depends," said the old sea-dog, who is thirty-seven, or was when I saw him last, looks like an amateur prize fighter and has the coldest blue eyes between Singapore and Port Saïd.

"What are we going to have on this present voyage?"

"It's midwinter, Mr. Waxman. Generally, we have calm weather clear across until near the coast of Japan. About there we can reasonably expect a mild blow."

"Sounds pretty fair," I remarked, for I am no world's champion sailor boy. Esther, on the other hand, is a natural navigator.

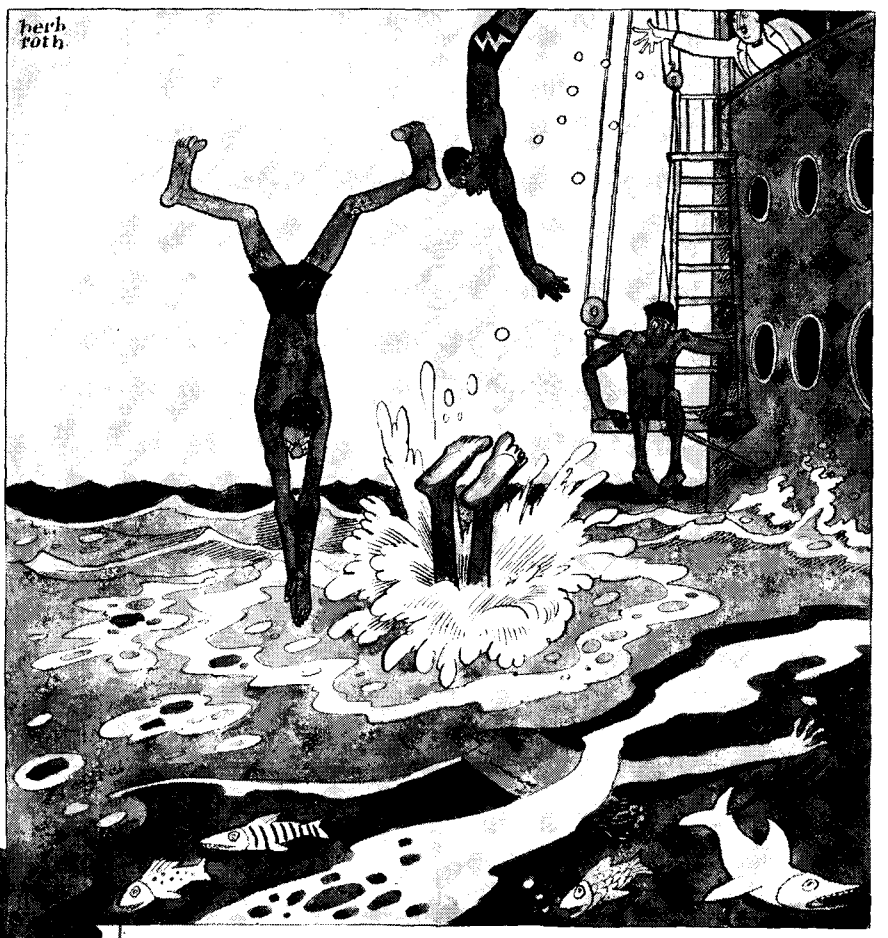
With a cheerful mind I dismissed all thoughts of sea and weather and went about the Hillary Castle glowing with optimism and telling timid ladies in deck chairs that they were lucky to have taken this particular ship. Now and then, to be sure, the Pacific gets flippant and stands things on their noses, but we were the fortunate ones, shepherded by the good Captain Oakes, with nothing but pleasant sunshine until we reached the Japanese Current, and then perhaps a day or a day and a half of mildly choppy sea.

"Do tell," said old ladies, smiling up wanly from their rugs.

"I have it from the captain," I stated. "A veteran sea dog."

This conversation with old ladies occurred twelve hours due west of Honolulu, and as it requires fourteen days to pass from the pineapple islands to the slant-eyed coast of Japan we had nothing to fear from the jolly old weather. The sun blazed down upon two hundred serene Americans and our coolie crew, and on the following morning I felt so full of energy I decided to write a few postal cards to unfortunates at home who by the whim of fate had to remain there, toiling in their offices. They were the usual postal cards, wishing you were here, and X indicates our stateroom. (*Continued on page 50*)

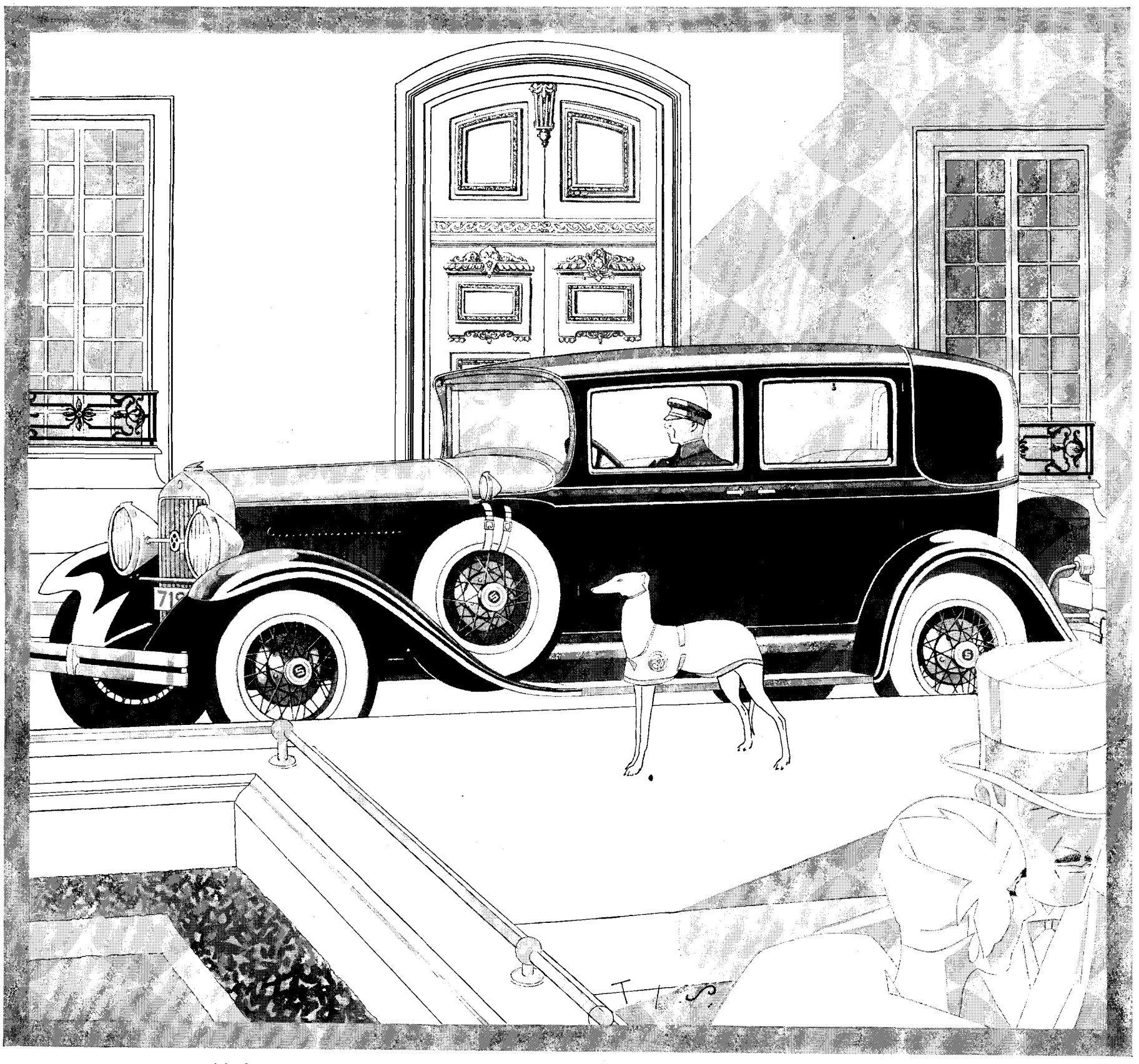
Illustrated by Herb Roth



Quarters thrown into the water haven't a chance. I threw away $4 before learning this

There was an immediate struggle to determine which ladies and gentlemen should ride in the good automobiles

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



The Commander Brougham for Five—with six-cylinder motor, $1525; with straight-eight motor, $1675. Six wire wheels and trunk standard equipment. Prices at the factory. Bumpers and spare tires extra

NOTHING short of championship fleetness—nothing less than stamina unmatched in all motordom—could have inspired the appealing beauty of these great new Studebaker eights and sixes. In every virile line and contour, you will sense at once the remarkable ability which has won for Studebaker *every* official stock car speed and endurance record. Balanced motor cars! Style that beautifully interprets flashing performance—performance that brilliantly fulfills the promise expressed in youthful, sophisticated style. Champion motor cars every one—at One-Profit prices which are quite as remarkable as these great cars themselves!

STUDEBAKER

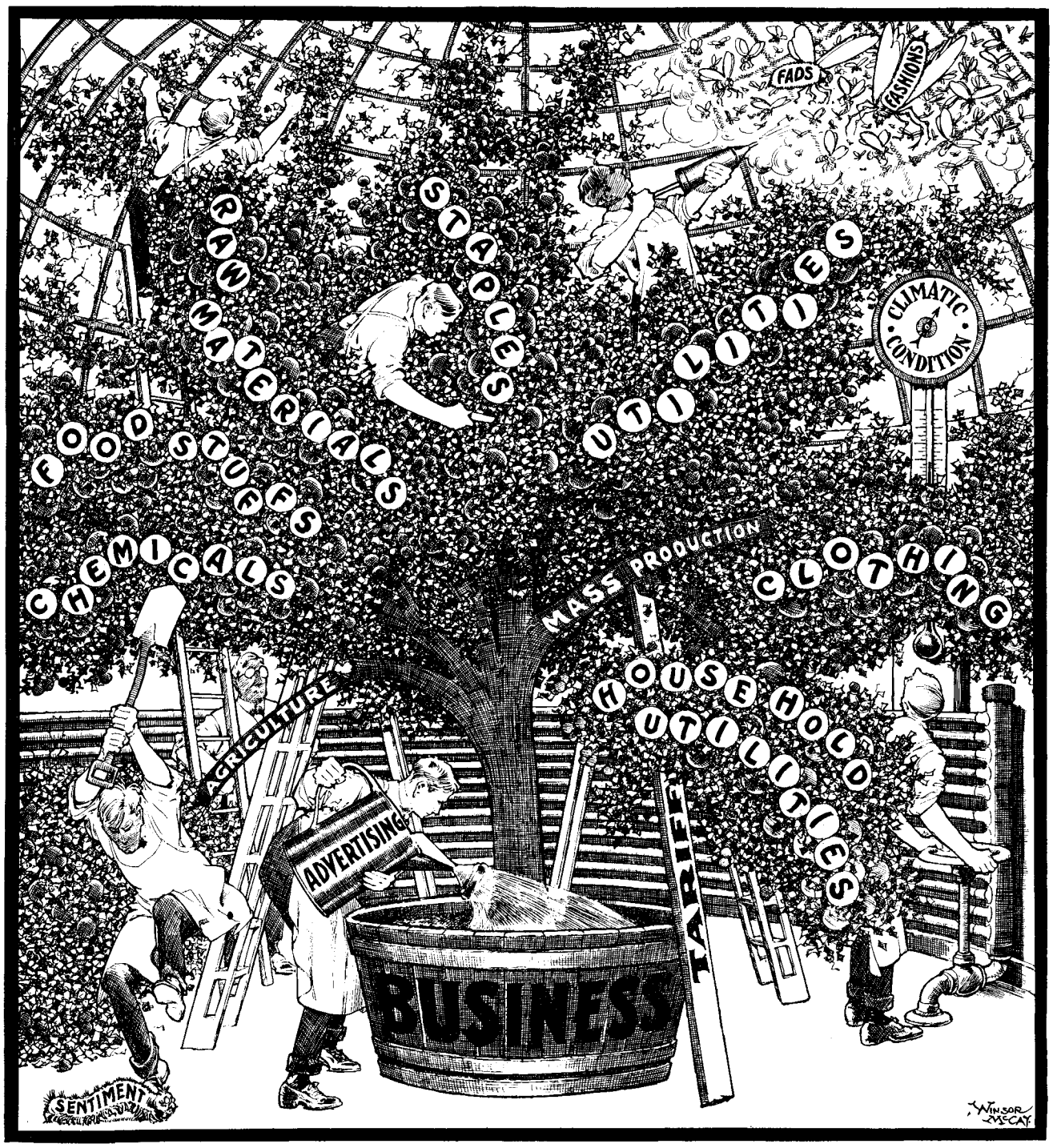
Builder of Champions

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

How's Business?

By Merle Thorpe
Editor, Nation's Business

You hear the question a hundred times a day. Just what does it mean? Not what it used to, that's certain. For business, times change fast. In this article the editor of Nation's Business traces the twisted threads that connect one industry with another and reveals the factors that influence the health of business as a whole



Weather, news, fashions, fads and sentiment make the business man's job still harder

HOW'S business? Time was when this question referred to one individual's enterprise. But in recent years its scope has broadened. Now no business can be estimated by itself. To answer the question one must take into account the industry and related industries and finally the whole complex of the business world.

A meat packer said to me: "We're suffering because of the activity of the machine-tool industry."

"What's the connection?" I asked him.

"The boys in the machine-tool shops are so active inventing machinery to make machinery to take the place of manual labor that the brawn of the country today is engaged in pulling levers and pushing buttons instead of doing heavy manual tasks.

"As a result the worker reaches home without heavy physical fatigue and, instead of calling for a pot roast or pork chops, asks for a cereal and cream and a lettuce salad. Meat sales are affected thereby."

The interdependence of business! All bound together as one, each acting and reacting on every other!

Sharing the Consumer's Dollar

How's business? One answer is certain. Competition for the consumer's dollar was never so intense. While the individual is fighting harder for business, he is fighting, not single-handed, but in platoons of fellow business men of his own industry. He pools his resources, money, energy, skill, in a mass activity, in the belief that if his industry can be made—or kept—prosperous, he, as a unit of that industry, will share in the prosperity.

The nation's consumer dollar this year is a 75-billion dollar. It is the objective of 1,500 industrial groups, and each group is trying to get a larger share. Some are having the time of their lives to keep their share.

Oil and coal and gas are fighting for the job of heating the country. Electric refrigeration and gas refrigeration and ice are fighting for the job of cooling it.

When you build a house, lumber competes with fifty-seven varieties of other building material—brick, steel, hollow tile, stone, slate, celotex. From the foundation to the rugs on the finished floor you are besieged by groups who urge concrete against brick, asbestos against cedar shingles, metal lath against wood, wall board against plaster, linoleum against oak. And when you furnish the house, you must choose between rugs of cork or wood fiber as against cotton or wool, between rayon and silk for bedspreads; between wood and steel for bedroom furniture. And so on.

Forty food groups fight for a larger place in the American stomach.

There are ice cream and fish; sauerkraut and olives, green and ripe; bananas and oranges; prunes and oysters; canned salmon and whale meat; medicinal cookies and coffee and tea.

There also will be found the florists, urging us to say it with flowers; the jewelers, explaining that jewelry is the lasting gift; the laundry owners, singing the praises of a laundryless home; the paint manufacturers exhorting us to save the surface and we save all.

How's business? It depends on the weather, fashions, fads, sentiment, customs and other intangibles.

The weather is notorious. A blizzard at Easter costs millions and millions of dollars and affects literally hundreds of thousands of business people. In fact, one of the main arguments for a new calendar which would set a fixed date for Easter is that it would stabilize business.

The Department of Agriculture has recently stated that ten leading farm crops in this country alone suffer by hail to the extent of $47,500,000 a year.

A heavy snowstorm in New York City is reported to have cost merchants and transportation companies $100,000,000. What is true of New York City is true to a lesser degree of other cities.

Fog holds up shipping and results in loss of time and money to cargo owners and passengers. A five-day fog over the English Channel, which held up all shipping in the Thames, was estimated to have caused a loss of $5,000,000.

Tornadoes, lightning and floods likewise cause great losses. The St. Louis tornado cost $50,000,000; the Florida tornado, $200,000,000; the Mississippi flood, $350,000,000.

And thousands upon thousands of business men each year, in replying to the question, "How's business?" must keep in mind the vagaries of the weather.

Taking a Chance

Business touches every man, woman and child in the nation. Everyone has something to sell. It may be coal or professional services or neckties or labor or travelers' checks or ideas. General conditions, good or bad, influence each man's answer to the question, "How's business?"

A factor, little understood but growing more important daily, determines good and bad conditions—the factor of government's relation to business. Taxes, tariffs, Federal Reserve, reparations, transportation involving rail consolidation, Federal incorporation, highway legislation, waterways, franchises in the air, standardization and simplification of styles, operation of warehouses and grain exchange, cold storage and middlemen, policies affecting coal and oil and reclaimed lands and forests and minerals and agriculture! These are only a few of the things national which touch the business operations of each of us.

Change in fashions is another dreadful hippogriff affrighting the fearful souls of a considerable part of our business life.

A company manufacturing sundries went into the hair-net business about ten years ago and developed a large and profitable trade by good merchandise and strong advertising.

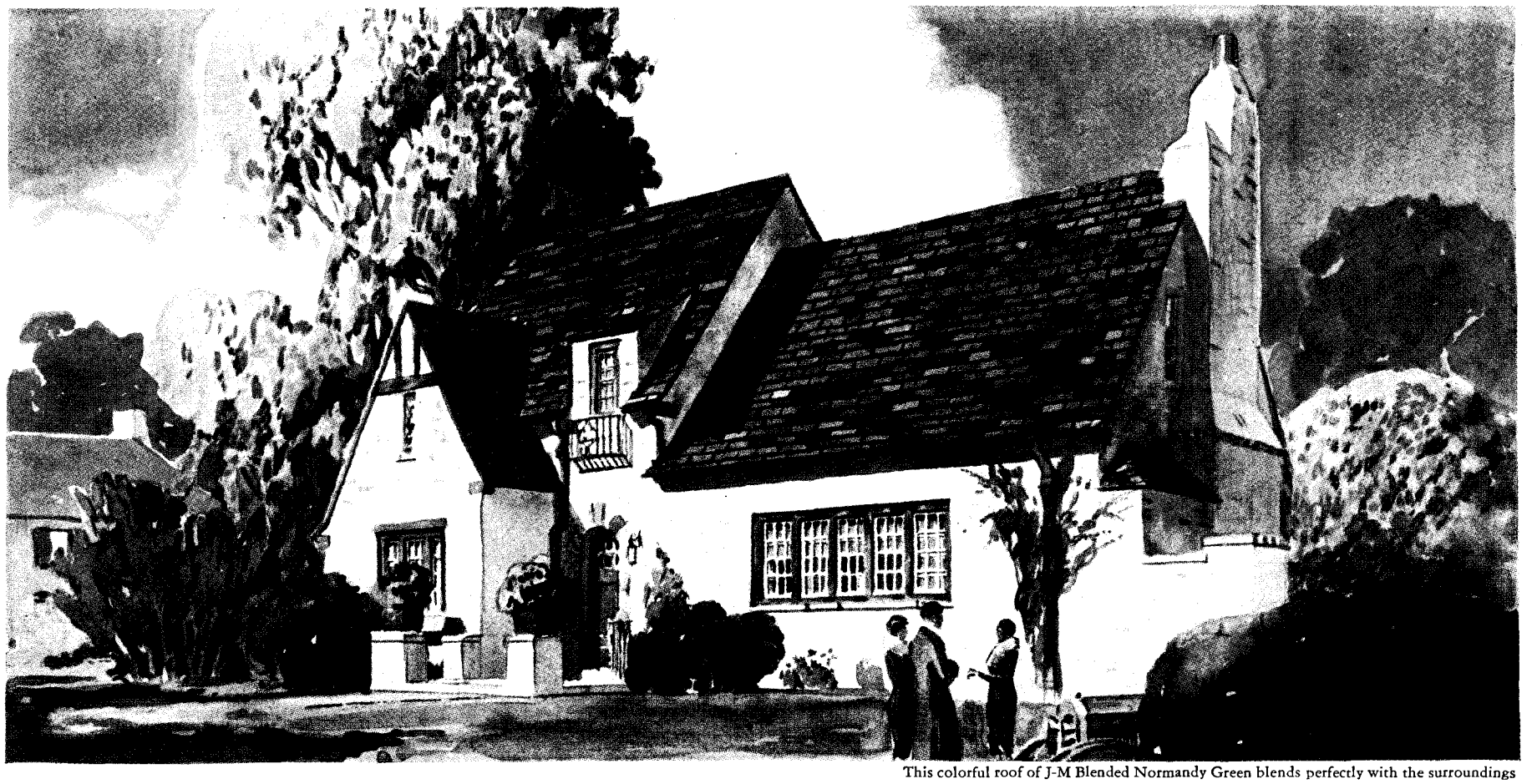
Then Irene Castle bobbed her hair, and one day the manufacturers found themselves with a well-advertised brand of merchandise left on their hands and no market.

Almost across the street from them was a corset manufacturer. The women decided to abandon stays, and his plant was paralyzed.

The corset man relieved his situation to a degree by an aggressive campaign on brassières, girdles and corselettes, if you know what they are. He is coming back.

The hair-net man reported one day that the sun (*Continued on page 40*)

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



This colorful roof of J-M Blended Normandy Green blends perfectly with the surroundings

Now—Roofs of Colorful Beauty

within the range of any pocketbook!

DOUBTLESS you have often looked at your roof and wished that its drab, worn dinginess could be replaced with the colorful freshness and safe protection which modern roofing materials insure. The roof of today must afford satisfactory protection against time, weather and fire — and, in addition, by its colorful beauty enhance and improve the entire appearance of the house.

This is the age of color! We see its cheery note of welcome wherever we go in the modern home. And nowhere is colorful beauty more important than on your roof! *BUT—"How much will it cost?"*

A lilt of live color in this roof of J-M Romany Reds

Perhaps you have delayed having your old roof replaced — have hesitated about the choice of a roof for your new home, because you have felt that the tasteful colors and protection which you desired would be too expensive.

Now, Johns-Manville, makers of the famous J-M Rigid Asbestos Shingles, place roofs of outstanding attractiveness within the range of any pocketbook. You can have exactly the roof you want by choosing from the new *Johns-Manville Asphalt Shingles.*

Color — Protection — Durability

Here are new, modern roof colors and effects. Architecturally correct because architects helped to design them. Color experts directed the choice of tones. Romany Reds, Fieldstone Greens, Tile Reds, rich browns — there is a color, style and shape to fit every home—at low cost. J-M Asphalt Shingles are made from the finest of materials. They are heavily coated with a protective surface of crushed mineral and stone. They are fire-resistant and will protect your home for many years.

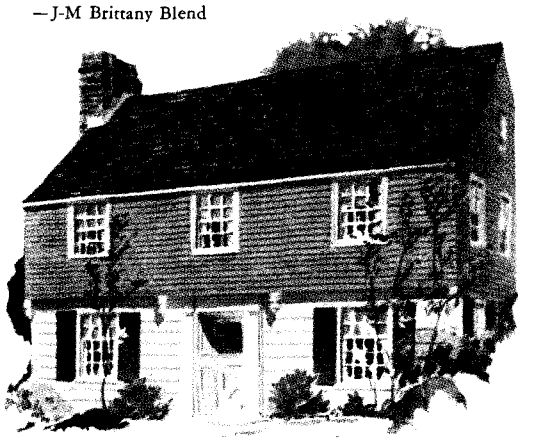
J-M — the Hall-mark of Quality

J-M Asphalt Shingles are another outstanding contribution to the American Home by the world's leading authority on Roofing.

J-M Asphalt Shingles are the product of a famous manufacturer — the makers of J-M Rigid Asbestos Shingles which are the last word in roofing quality and beauty. J-M Brake Lining safeguards millions of car owners. Throughout industry J-M Insulation, Packings, and allied lines control heat and power. In theatres, banks and offices J-M acoustical treatment ends disturbing noise.

Our booklet on both J-M Asphalt and Asbestos Shingles is free. Fill out the coupon *now.*

A roof of crowning glory
—J-M Brittany Blend



Johns-Manville
ASPHALT SHINGLES

JOHNS-MANVILLE CORPORATION
New York Chicago Cleveland San Francisco Toronto
(Mail coupon to branch nearest you)
Send me the Story of "A Roof for every Pocketbook."

Name.....

Address.....

R-16-2

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Baffling Daughters

By Sinbad

Flaming Youth isn't such a problem any more. It's youth which refuses to flame that puts wrinkles in parental brows

"Madam," said the Commander of the Faithful, "can I be of service in your obvious state of perplexity?"

"MADAM," said the Commander of the Faithful, "can I be of service in your obvious state of perplexity? As our ancient poet Firdusi has said, confession is sometimes good for the soul. I trust I am not intruding."

The middle-aged lady in the beach chair under the big sun umbrella looked up at the Caliph with a tremulous little smile, as they say in the fiction columns. His Majesty had been watching her for some time before he spoke. He had taken note of her troubled gaze over the water, and her frequent sighs, and the nervous flutter of her hands through the pages of the magazine which lay idle on her lap.

"Kindly Stranger," said the middle-aged lady, "it is no intrusion. You have a good face and I am sure you harbor no ulterior purpose. Know then, oh Sympathetic One, that I am a distracted Modern Parent and I am worrying about my daughter."

"I am a father myself," said the Caliph, "and I have worried in my time; though, to be sure, I learned to take things more easily after the first six girls grew up. The young lady, I trust, is in good health."

"She is," said the middle-aged lady.

"I understand," said the Caliph, "your daughter is traveling in foreign parts and you miss her sorely."

"She is out there," said the middle-aged lady, pointing out to sea. A speed boat was cleaving the blue waters of the inlet, having in tow an aquaplane upon which stood a young woman in a thrifty maroon-and-white bathing suit. She held her balance without deigning to make use of the reins. Her laughter came clear to us across the din of the crowd on the beach.

The Caliph could not conceal his astonishment.

"Madam," he said, "your daughter is as beautiful as a poet's dream, if you will permit an old man to say so. And her general attitude does not bespeak an unhappy mind. Why do you worry?"

The lady picked up the magazine, turned to a certain page and offered it for the Caliph's inspection.

"Intelligent Confidant," she said, "I have been reading an article entitled Parents, Know Your Children! And it came to me with a pang that I am far from knowing my own child. I look at her and then I look at the specifications in the magazine and I fail to recognize my daughter. Have I failed in my duty as a Modern Parent?

"It says in the magazine," the lady said, "that intelligent parents will make allowance for the fact that manners change with the generations. I must not take it too much to heart if my daughter has gone in for the lipstick and the eyebrow pencil. The writer of the article insists that my daughter's outlook upon life may nevertheless be sane and constructive."

On the aquaplane stood a young woman in a thrifty bathing suit

"Madam, that is emphatically true," said the Caliph.

"But my daughter doesn't paint," said the middle-aged lady, and tried to master her distress. "I compare my daughter with the prevalent scheme of exterior decoration summarized in the magazine and I fail to recognize her, my own girl."

Mesrour and I could not refrain from clicking our tongues in sympathy.

"It says further in the magazine," continued the middle-aged lady, "that parents must not be unduly exercised when they encounter the daughter of the house with a cocktail glass in one hand and a cigarette holder in the other. It is the present way of life."

The Caliph murmured his assent.

A Perplexed Parent

"It is, madam," he said. "The strain of modern life and women in gainful occupations, you know."

"But my daughter neither drinks or smokes," said the middle-aged lady. "Observe," she said, "this picture, in colors, of the modern young woman in action. Notice the jade cigarette holder, the tired smile, the defiant twist of the shoulder, the challenging hand on the hip. Now look out there at my girl."

"Madam," said the Caliph, "the lack of resemblance is startling." And then, moved by commiseration, "you must not give up so easily, madam. Surely, if you searched long enough you could discover something about your daughter to create apprehension and give you a chance to behave like a Modern Parent. Think, now, I implore you."

The lady wrung her hands and her lip quivered.

"I have tried and tried," she said, "but all in vain. It says in the magazine that once upon a time parents were selfish. They made too many demands upon their children in the way of service. The Modern Parent will recognize that children must be let alone to pursue their own development and taste the fullness of their own life. So I could not help thinking of last winter. I found myself tired out, though nothing to worry about. I don't know how Daughter found out because I never spoke to her about it. But she came down from college and insisted on taking charge of the house until I was completely well. She said she could easily make up her class work by sitting up a few nights. Now how do you explain that?"

"On the instant I can think of no explanation," said the Gem of the Euphrates. "The case, as you state it, is an extraordinary one."

But the lady was not listening. She now sat with a happy reminiscent smile.

"It was darling," she said, "the way Daughter took care of me and the house. She put all her heart into it."

"To be sure," cried the Caliph. "That is where the young today are superb. Whatever they do they do with amazing efficiency."

The middle-aged lady nodded.

"The fortnight Daughter was in charge of the house," she said, "our weekly butcher's bill was $47.50."

"Representing," said the Caliph, "a notable saving in that single item of domestic expenditure?"

"It was about three times my normal butcher's bill," said the lady. "At college Daughter had been concentrating on the pre-Shakespearean dramatists and geology; so it was astonishing how she took to her household accounts. She had a typewritten memorandum, with a carbon copy, listing every tiny expenditure. That enabled me to see at a glance that in two weeks we had consumed thirty-four pints of cream. When I am alone I never keep accounts and I have to depend on the dairyman to tell me whether I have used five pints of cream a week, or six. That is why I am puzzled when the magazine warns me not to be unduly distressed by my daughter's hard and unemotional efficiency."

The Caliph Solves a Riddle

By this time the Caliph was fighting hard.

"Perhaps, madam," he said, "perhaps there is something in your daughter's manner of speech that will give you a chance to worry. You will admit that modern children have a free and easy way of addressing their parents that is at times disconcerting."

"It is true," said the lady, "that my daughter calls me Minnie."

"There, you see," cried the Descendant.

"But back in 1903," said the lady, "I used to call my mother Junket. I don't know why. And I had a habit of walking up behind Dad and rubbing his bald spot and calling him Lopsy-Wopsy." And then, as His Majesty made to speak, "I know, Benevolent Tourist, you mean to be kind. But how can I help being unhappy? I read in this magazine that as a Modern Parent it is my duty to make an effort to grasp my daughter's point of view. But I find I can grasp her point of view without the slightest effort. So how can I go about fulfilling my duty?"

For a little while the Caliph pondered the problem. Then he laid a comforting hand on the lady's own.

"Madam," he said, "you are troubled by the discrepancy between your daughter and the article in this magazine?"

"That is it precisely," said the lady.

"And you thoroughly approve of your daughter?" said His Majesty.

"Down to the ground," said the lady.

"In that case, madam," said the Successor, "the obvious thing for you to do is to subscribe for another magazine."

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Out of the Fullness of Metallurgical Experience •

WHEELING COP-R-LOY PIPE

Reg. U. S. Pat. Office

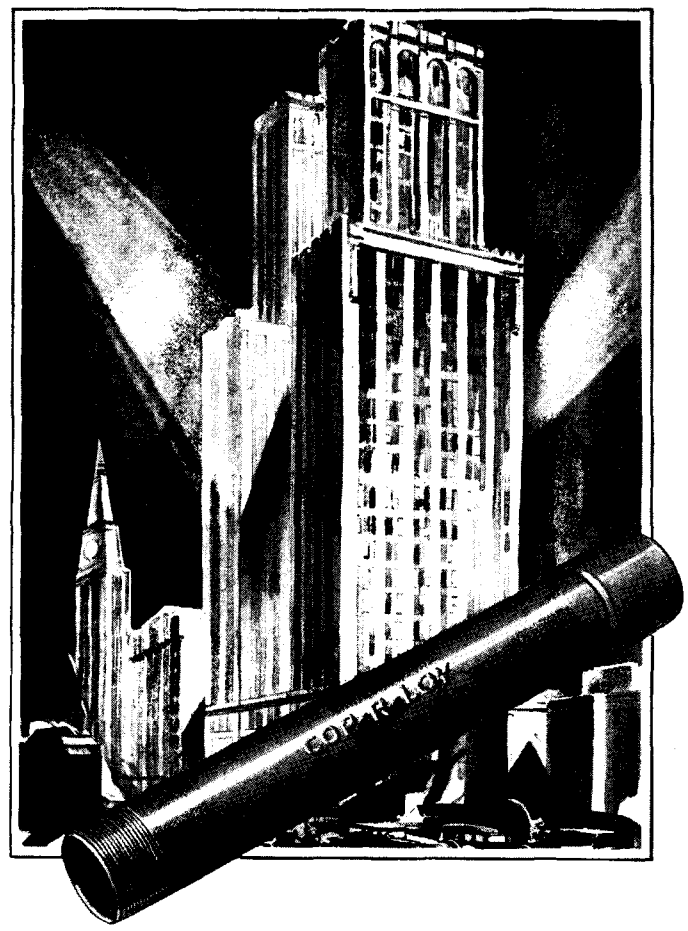
MADE OF COP-R-LOY—THE COPPER ALLOYED STEEL

IF you but casually examine the statistics of wrought pipe production, it becomes apparent that steel pipe stands upon a positive and substantial foundation—the preference of industry and the public—for last year 96% of all wrought pipe produced was steel.

It is the Age of Steel—the Age of Steel Pipe—in which things are done on a scale larger than at any time in history for the benefit of all. Steel pipe was first introduced in 1888, and save for one short period when the production of all industry lagged, the curve of its demand has been upward.

Not unmindful of this fact, however, this company, producer of steel pipe almost from the time it was mere experiment, continues to pursue new goals of quality for its steel which it produces in pipe as well as other essential forms. Even though it successfully attained a high standard of quality for Wheeling Steel Pipe which earned for it first rank, there has come as the result of ceaseless effort a new achievement—COP-R-LOY Pipe, made of time tested copper alloyed steel, "in the cradle of the steel pipe industry."

COP-R-LOY Pipe is offered to architects, engineers, builders and all industry, who need not be reminded that good pipe is indispensable to all plumbing, heating, gas, oil, steam and refrigerator lines. With knowledge born of experience which has not been confined merely to that of pipe making but to its use as well, and to the production

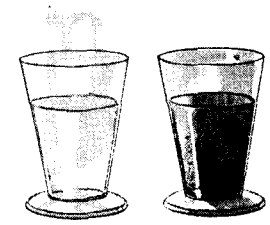


of ferrous metal products of many kinds, throughout the Age of Iron in America and the present Age of Steel—Wheeling declares that *there has been perfected no better or more durable and useful pipe in our time.*

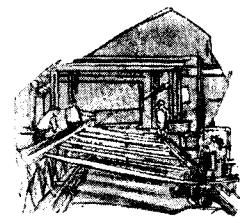
Send for the graphic, non-technical account of this new tubular product, COP-R-LOY Pipe, which adds to the already distinguished service of steel pipe and effects economies for you at the lowest possible cost.

WHEELING STEEL

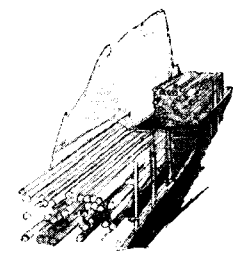
"FROM MINE TO MARKET"



Copper when added to molten steel brings about action that can be compared to a pinch of bluing dropped in a tumbler of steaming clear water. The copper in the white hot liquid steel does not drop to the bottom, but diffuses almost instantly throughout the steel. Just as the water is colored uniformly, the steel becomes an alloy,



every particle fortified by copper which chemical analysis shows to be practically of the same specific content at any point where a sample may be taken. The uniform color of the water furnishes a practical illustration of the uniform alloying obtained through the Wheeling process of adding copper to Wheeling refined Steel.



WHEELING STEEL CORPORATION

WHEELING, WEST VIRGINIA

Subsidiary Companies:

Wheeling Corrugating Company
The Consolidated Expanded Metal Companies
La Belle Transportation Company
Pitt Iron Mining Company
La Belle Coke Company
Ackermann Manufacturing Company
Consumers Mining Company

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Nearly everybody needs a *mild* digestive stimulant after meals

OVER 30 years ago Dr. Beeman perfected this delicious chewing gum—as the best way of giving wholesome and pleasant aid to digestive action. No other brand has ever equaled Beeman's Pepsin Gum in this respect, or in its keenness of flavor and wonderful smoothness. Buy a package or a box today. You'll enjoy it after meals, and—

BEEMAN'S PEPSIN GUM *aids digestion*

Bartender's Guide to Washington

Continued from page 9

free-lance cigar stores, tire and motor car accessory stores, tea rooms and beauty parlors. And over in the Navy Yard precincts, where the prices are lower but the quality couldn't be, you buy it off the hip. If you want a drink badly enough, you produce two bits and your patron dodges into one of the numerous alleys. You follow him and you are handed a bottle which he jerks from his pocket.

Then there is the flat system. This is much prettier, much more comfortable. Cleaner, too, although I do not know that the stuff one buys in the flats is less devastating than what you get in the back-room speakeasies, the social clubs or the alleys. Anyway the flats are pleasanter places to suffer in.

A Perfect Lady

Almost invariably the flat is presided over by an attractive lady who seems to have gotten quite a lot out of Mrs. Post's literary works. My hostess was a perfect lady, or I don't know one when I hear one. Her a's were so consistently broad that she addressed the lone waiter as J-ah-mes.

Here no single drink trade was wanted nor served. You ordered setups and expressed your preference in alcohol. The hostess left the room and presently a gentleman entered with two bottles—one Canadian Club at $12 and the other High Heather at ten. We were admonished by the hostess (the name sounded to me like Clash) that it was safer to drink it all before leaving—at least better not to attempt to take any away in the bottle.

"To get caught with it on the person," said she with dignity, "isn't rully so good."

As nearly as I was able to see the place, there were six rooms. Apparently there was a sprightly gathering in each. I was assured that very influential men, men of large political affairs, were accustomed to make reservations, in fact, that some of them were there at the moment. But I saw none such.

Investigation of Washington's public wetness shows one that its bootlegging has something of that same silky politeness that is characteristic of the city itself. There has been no racketeering such as we outsiders know it. No gang battles. No pineapplings nor machine-gunnings. Here and there and now and then the boys have taken pot shots at one another. Occasionally the district police have exchanged bullets with the runners out of Virginia and Maryland. There have been midnight races between the bootleg cars and the police motors to the Maryland line. And there have been well-managed sluggings in which newcomers have been discouraged from further poachings on rich territory. But the President's slumbers have never been disturbed by running battles between beer trucks and hijackers nor between rival mobs. I don't think that even the West Side O'Donnells or the late Frankie Uale's gunmen would quite dare that.

The social atmosphere of Washington has much to do with the absence of flagrant street manifestations of her wetness. There is much entertaining and counter-entertaining. It is contended, and one is moved to accept it as highly probable, that most of the District's drinking is done within the home, within the clubs, at social functions variously. There are, of course, Washingtonians and legislators who do not drink, although I am taking the word of a dry senator for it that here indeed is a striking example of how small a minority can be.

The District police do not suffer when compared for honesty, efficiency and courage with any metropolitan law enforcement body that I have seen; but I have yet to find a municipal constabulary embarrassed by so many local social conditions. A policeman in Washington has to be very careful of whom he halts, questions or arrests. It might cost him his job if he were unwittingly to interfere with a member of Congress or an important employee of the government. Personal political influence is a mighty thing in Washington; and you can never tell where it may abide. Prudence and a large family will make him think at least twice before doing anything which might irritate a member of the diplomatic corps.

They have been trying to discourage attendance at the social clubs by posting policemen in front of the club. Persons mounting the steps are warned by the officer that the place is under police surveillance. He asks for the caller's name and address and getting his reply carefully jots it down in a book. Necessarily his book is filled with such names as George T. Volstead, Wayne B. McBride, Harry Nation, Cal Smith, Dan Moody, John Pershing and similar irreverent thefts and corruptions. He knows it's a farce but he does the best he can.

He may raid a social club (provided that it hasn't the backing of too influential persons) but he must be pretty sure of his grounds. Besides, raiding a social club is quite likely to come to nothing anyway. They are all equipped with enormous and triple-bolted ice-box doors, and he knows from long experience that it will take a couple of hefty ax-men quite a while to break them down and that there will have been plenty of time for the clubmen to rid the premises of incriminating paraphernalia.

He knows that he may arrest suspected gamblers and bootleggers on Washington's vague vagrancy law; but he knows too that he has to prove vagrancy. His prisoner may be all that he suspects—a bootlegger or a gambler—but such professions have large rewards in these days of morality-by-statute and his man is usually able to show a fat bank account and a comfortable home.

He can chase the rum runner as far as the Maryland line but there he meets defeat. The Free State is wholly out of sympathy with him and his desires and provides sanctuary for the hunted one.

The roadhouses dotting the Marlboro Pike, the Baltimore Pike and the Rockville Road are, with two or three exceptions, cheap uninviting places kept alive by a cheap uninspired patronage. Yet they thrive in spite of sporadic police interference and the inevitable riotings by the guests. A few drinks of roadhouse hootch and you declare war on the world.

A Bellhop to the Rescue

The better hotels have retained special detectives to keep bootleggers out, not, as one manager assured me, in the interests of the Volstead law but because of the character of their patronage.

"We are usually filled with conventions," he explained. "More than half of the conventions come from the politically dry sectors and almost all of them are largely attended by women, either as delegates or the wives and daughters of delegates who are making it a sight-seeing tour. We have to be careful."

Yet in the lobby of one hotel a bellhop offered to come to the rescue of any who thought that a bottle of Scotch was necessary to his or her happiness. All one had to do was to tip him fifty cents and receive several telephone numbers of near-by bootleggers who were extremely anxious to serve.

One of these, responding to a call from the home of a government employee, turned out to be a youth of about twenty, a tall, well-mannered boy who said naïvely that he had rye but that he didn't think we'd like it as much as the Scotch.

"I've had some complaints about the rye lately," he explained. "It's not running as good as it used to. Still you can have it for six a bottle. Some people don't mind."

"You're quite a kid to be in the business," I observed.

"Oh," he replied, "I'm not in it for good. I'm just paying my way through college."

"Business good?"

"Well," he replied, grinning, "I got a car—isn't much but it takes me out and brings me back—and I've been able to help my sister in college too. You couldn't do that waiting on a table in a mess hall."

Not a Beer Town

Perhaps it is that I merely failed to find it, but beer was noticeably absent from Washington's wetness. Thinking that perhaps there was some extraordinary reason for the Capital's lack, I carried the question to a gentleman who had been introduced to me as the possessor of "all the low-down on everybody."

"Listen, kid," said he loftily, "this ain't no beer town. That's all."

"Well," I said, "I seem to have a fairly comprehensive grasp upon the booze situation here, with one exception. How about the big people—society? The very rich and the very prominent drinkers? Big politicians? They must get good stuff. Where—"

"To begin with," he said, "you don't want ever to forget this: You can get anything you want any time you want it if you got the dough. If you been anywhere you ought to know that. Good liquor is coming in from Canada and the Bahamas and Cuba. It costs dough but it's liquor. Maryland rye's all right for the average drinker and even for the brass collars if they use it for punch. You could float the navy in the Maryland rye we're getting. But the imported stuff costs dough."

"How is it brought in?"

"Jever hear of the Baltimore Pike or the Potomac River—"

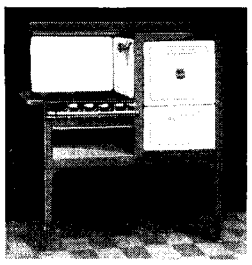
I left him. I was a bit impressed, too. How are they to dry up the country at large if bootlegging is such a casual and simple matter at the foot of Capitol Hill where Congress votes dry four to one; within a few minutes' walk of the modest quarters of the Anti-Saloon League of America; on the very street whereon the President of the United States lives.

Besides, I had an engagement for dinner with a personage of considerable political importance who had told me:

"We'll stop at the club first for a couple of quick ones. I hope they'll be all right. We've had to change bootleggers several times lately. They tell me they have a corker this time."

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

If DAD *had to cook,* MOTHER *would have a new* RED WHEEL GAS RANGE



RELIABLE
Reliable Stove Co. Div., Cleveland, Ohio

"If modern men were to assume the household duties of women the nation's homes would contain the best of every type of labor-saving device that could be afforded—with attention paid first to the kitchen. For, most men believe that 'home' and 'good food' should be synonymous."
—DOROTHY E. SHANK,
Director Research Kitchen, American Stove Co.
(Formerly Instructor of Food Research, Household Arts Department, Teachers College, Columbia University, New York City.)

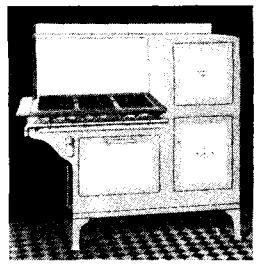
MAN KNOWS the value of good equipment. How to use it to conserve his strength and save his time. *No* man, knowing the advantages of cooking with a Red Wheel Gas Range, would *ever* use an old-fashioned stove more than once. But many women *will.* Probably because of their ages-old habit of self-sacrifice.

Yet, when a new Red Wheel Gas Range goes into a home Dad is loudest in his praise, especially when he's shown how the Red Wheel automatically controls the oven heat. How *even he* can cook a good meal by following accurately the directions in "Lorain Cooking"—the cook book given free with each Red Wheel Gas Range.

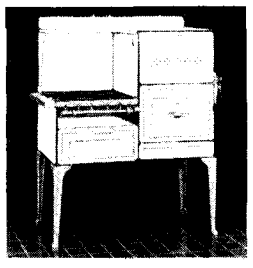
Dad, too, would be interested to know that for nearly 50 years the Divisions of American Stove Company have enjoyed an enviable reputation for quality of product and certainty of service. The Company's great Research Laboratory and modern Research Kitchen would appeal to him. And the six great stove-building factories with their foundries, enameling- and parts-making plants as well.

In fact, Dad would probably buy a new Red Wheel Gas Range for Mother tomorrow if he knew about these things. So, our advice to Mothers is, "Take Dad by the hand. Lead him into a store where he can examine, and see a demonstration of, a Red Wheel Gas Range."

Six famous lines to choose from. Each containing many handsome new models. See illustrations. Memorize the stove names. There's a size, style and finish to meet every need and suit every purse.

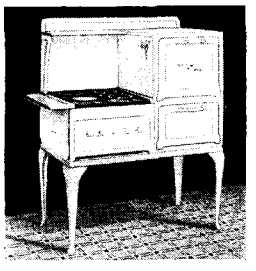


DANGLER
Dangler Stove Co. Div., Cleveland, Ohio

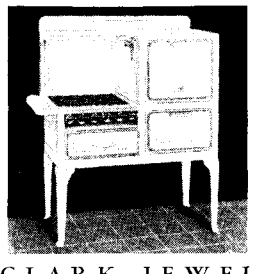


DIRECT ACTION
Direct Action Stove Co. Div., Lorain, Ohio

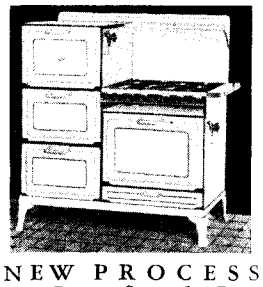
AMERICAN STOVE COMPANY · *829 Chouteau Ave., St. Louis, Mo.*



QUICK MEAL
Quick Meal Stove Co. Div., St. Louis, Mo.



CLARK JEWEL
George M. Clark & Co. Div., Chicago, Ill.



NEW PROCESS
New Process Stove Co. Div., Cleveland, Ohio

If Gas service is not available in your community we'll tell you how to obtain Pyrofax tank-gas-service for use in a Red Wheel Gas Range.

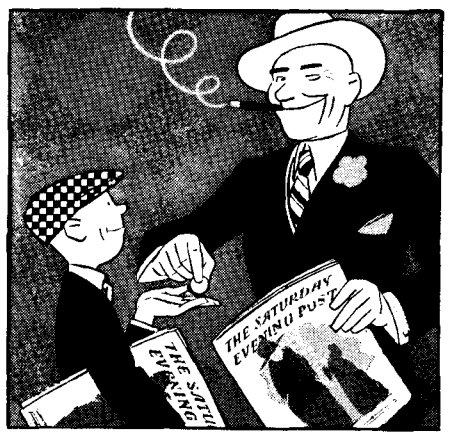
UNLESS THE GAS RANGE HAS A
RED WHEEL
IT IS NOT A
LORAIN

AMERICAN STOVE COMPANY
829 Chouteau Ave. · St. Louis, Mo.
Please send me free copy of your Lorain Recipes for Utilizing Leftovers. (*Print* name and address plainly)
Name _____
Street _____
City _____ *State* _____ Col. 2-16-29

LARGEST MAKERS OF GAS RANGES IN THE WORLD

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

WHEN IT'S GOT THE STUFF . . . A NICKEL'S ENOUGH



When a nickel's enough for a Saturday Evening Post

It's enough for a GOOD CIGAR!

"Post" readers say a nickel's enough for a week's fine reading. They couldn't buy better at any price. So ROCKY FORD smokers say a nickel's enough for a good cigar! Imported Sumatra wrapper . . . finest domestic long filler. If you doubt that the lowly nickel will buy that quality today . . . try a ROCKY FORD. Match it up with any ten cent cigar you know. It's dollars to doughnuts you'll agree with ROCKY FORD'S fans . . . "When it's got the stuff . . . *a nickel's enough.*"

Rocky Ford 5 cents

NOTE: If you cannot secure Rocky Fords from your favorite tobacconists, write us, P. Lorillard Co., 119 W. 40 St., New York City. We will supply you direct or through your dealer.
TO DEALERS: If your local jobber cannot supply you with Rocky Fords, write us.

P. Lorillard Co., Established 1760

Marriage for Two

Continued from page 26

more caution today than yesterday, contenting himself with riding the waves close inshore. He shook spray from his face and smiled at Joyce.

"Great, isn't it?" he said.

He was permitting her, if she chose, to bury the hatchet.

"Marvelous," she replied.

After all, this man she had married was pretty much of a person. They had come right to the parting of the ways last night; both of them had said things that might better have been left unsaid. But he was not the kind to resuscitate a dead quarrel. Possibly, she unkindly mused, that was because he knew that in such a life as theirs new quarrels must arise to take the place of the old. . . .

"I've had enough," declared the Marquis.

"It *is* cold," Joyce admitted.

TEN minutes later they were back at Resaurie, divesting themselves of their wet bathing suits.

"I'd like a cocktail," Joyce called from her room. "That place we went yesterday. The Bar Basque, was it?"

"Let's," cried Larry.

He was rubbing himself down furiously with a coarse towel, and did not note the shadow on Billy's face, nor the fact that the Spaniard shrugged, and that then the shadow on his features was replaced by an expression of resignation.

The tiny café was crowded when they arrived in the square where it was situated. Save for Weedon, the group was the same as yesterday. Jeanne Mazell was holding court as usual. Her blond curls tossed as she gave an ear to this compliment and the other to that.

But the wild greetings of yesterday were absent today as Joyce and her husband and the Marquis descended from their cab. There was an instant hush of conversation, and a turning of faces toward the new arrivals. Suddenly Joyce remembered her unanswered question, and found its answer in the expectant faces that looked toward her.

Billy Valdemagara had not suggested taking them to the Cote Basque because he had not known what their reception would be. Generously, she thought only of Larry. Poor Larry. After all, these were his friends, this was his life. She was an intruder among them, into it, and she could very well get along if she never saw one of them again. No, she would except Jeanne Mazell and the Marquis, but the rest of them . . .

But she had married Larry, who, apparently, had a place not merely in New York society but in the cosmopolitan resort society. He would hate to be ousted from that place, and her cheeks were pale with the realization that she might have caused his ousting.

But—and the injustice of it angered her—was it her fault that Helen Wilson had come to Biarritz for the express purpose of letting Larry make love to her? Was it her fault that Paul Weedon should have witnessed their love scene and told about it to all who would listen? Was it her fault that Weedon had come to his death last night?

And then fright—it was that—and anger left her, for Jeanne Mazell, with great deliberation, rose and called:

"Oh, Mrs. Tracy—please come and sit by me."

A simple request, a simple matter, but it won Jeanne Mazell a friend for life. For the rest took their cues from the adored blond matron. The hesitancy, the doubt all disappeared. Cocktail glasses were thrust into the hands of the two men, and a dozen voices, male and female, greeted Joyce with the rapture inseparable from this class of people. For the butterflies of the world can do nothing calmly.

Jeanne, in making room for Joyce, insinuated into the outer air an ardent suitor, evidently English. He eyed her reproachfully, then, solaced by a smile, removed himself gracefully.

"There is gossip," said Jeanne, frankly.

Joyce nodded.

"All sorts of nasty gossip," Jeanne continued.

Again Joyce nodded.

"All of us take the home papers, you know," said Jeanne. "And of course the speculation about Larry's bride . . ."

"What is it you wish me to say?" asked Joyce calmly, as the other paused.

"The rumor now is that you knew Weedon," said Jeanne.

"And you believe the rumor?" asked Joyce.

"You are not to quarrel with me, my dear," said Jeanne calmly. "For we are friends."

"I want to be," Joyce told her wistfully.

"Not more than I want to," said Jeanne. "So—if I repeat gossip to you—"

"I'll not be offended," promised Joyce.

"They say that you knew Weedon extremely well in America. It was said to me. I replied that to my certain knowledge Paul had not been home in six years, so that you must have been extremely young when you knew him. But absurdities matter little to people intent on scandal. The remoter the possibility of gossip being true the saltier it seems to them. Now," and her blue eyes took on a shrewdness that Joyce had not expected to find in them, "these people here—what are they? Nobodies, really. But that makes it all the more important that you—well, make good with them. Because if one hasn't made good with nobodies, then the somebodies wonder why. Understand?"

"I think so," said Joyce.

"So I'm glad you appeared here today," went on Jeanne. "Not to have come would have been to confess—well, it would have been an admission of fear."

Joyce sipped her cocktail.

"I don't think, Jeanne," she said, "that I'm ever going to be successful with Larry's friends."

"Why do you say that?" asked the other girl.

"Because," said Joyce, with sudden insight, "I don't think I'll ever like them."

"You like me, don't you?" asked Jeanne.

"Of course. But you—you're different from—"

"You like Billy Valdemagara, don't you? Well, there are lots of men like him in Larry's acquaintance. There are girls just as—well, nice—as myself."

"BUT there are too many like—" Joyce hesitated. She wanted not to be catty. But she went on, "Like Helen Wilson. Like Weedon. Even like Mr. Burton."

Jeanne seized upon the last name.

"You don't like him?"

Joyce shook her head.

"Don't let him know it," counseled Jeanne.

"Why not?" Joyce asked.

"My husband—you'll *like* Jim—knows Burton well. Jim is older, you know. He told me that he wouldn't trust Burton. But Joyce, this is—all new to you isn't it? You don't mind my saying that, do you?" she added quickly.

"Not a bit," smiled Joyce. "Yes," she admitted, "it's all new."

"Then—don't judge too quickly. After all, the people you may have known—did they measure up, as a class, as a whole, any better than these friends of Larry? Besides," she didn't wait for reply, "you've met only a few of the best. In a day or so, you'll meet them all, nicer people, who don't spend all their lives drinking cocktails."

NEW arrivals made Joyce look up. Helen Wilson, escorted by Frank Burton, had descended from a cab, and either Burton, or his wealth, was receiving an enthusiastic welcome.

Chairs were brought to the sidewalk, upon which the bar encroached, by waiters. New alignments occurred in the shifting of tables, and Joyce, to her discomfort, found herself seated by Burton.

"You haven't forgotten our conversation of last night, have you, Mrs. Tracy?" he almost instantly asked her.

Should a Husband Eat Breakfast Alone?

The rock that has wrecked many a marital bark is identified and a safe course around it divertingly charted

By BEATRICE LILLIE

IN NEXT WEEK'S COLLIER'S

Joyce looked at him.

"And if I have?"

"Then, with your permission, I'll repeat what I said," he answered. His voice was discreetly lowered, and on his lips was a smile that did credit to him as an actor. It is not easy to threaten and smile at the same time.

"I remember," said Joyce.

"Then act upon your remembrance," he almost snarled.

Joyce deliberately set her cocktail glass down.

"Mr. Burton, you have threatened to cause my husband financial loss—"

"I'll ruin him," declared Burton.

"Unless," she went on composedly, "I can assure you that Miss Wilson and he—"

"All Biarritz is laughing at me," he interrupted. "At the very moment that I'm telling you my fears about them—they're out in the moonlight kissing each other—"

"You know that? Who dared tell you—"

"Well, the police weren't afraid to tell me," he said. "As a matter of fact, I knew it last night, before the police came—"

(*Continued on page 40*)

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

An appeal to REASON

In 1,227 cities and towns throughout the United States 6,069 sheet metal contractors have told us that the average life of gutters, rain-pipes and roof flashings of rustable metals is 6.7 years. . . The failure of these metals through rusting is inevitable. . . Special treatment of the metal merely retards destruction, does not prevent it . . . Even painting every two years fails to save rustable metals ✣ The yearly loss to American home owners through the rusting of temporary metals reaches the astonishing total of $575,000,000—over three times the yearly loss resulting from fire.

✣ ✣ ✣

300,000 home owners have changed to copper sheet metal work during the past three years. . . .Why. . . ? Because pure copper Cannot Rust. . . Once installed, gutters, rain-pipes and roof flashings of Anaconda Copper are there to stay. No expense for repairs or other upkeep ✣ This spring more than half a million home owners will be faced with the necessity of doing something about their gutters, rain-pipes or roof flashings. . . Some will patch up with makeshift metals because of their supposedly lower cost. Others will install gutters, rain-pipes and roof flashings of Anaconda Copper and bid goodbye to further trouble and expense. . . Which will You do?

ANACONDA
from mine to consumer
REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

The
AMERICAN BRASS COMPANY

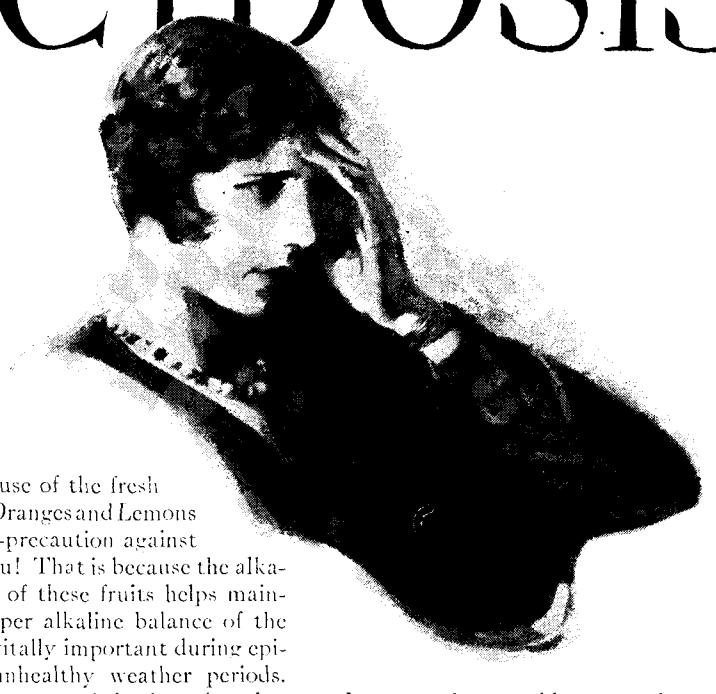
PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

help prevent and correct

colds and flu

by avoiding

ACIDOSIS



LIBERAL use of the fresh juice of Oranges and Lemons means extra-precaution against Colds and Flu! That is because the alkaline-reaction of these fruits helps maintain the proper alkaline balance of the body . . . vitally important during epidemics or unhealthy weather periods. Body resistance to infection thus becomes greater.

Oranges and Lemons not only supply alkaline balance but furnish fluid to aid in ridding the body of toxic substances in the correction of colds. These juices will also aid in the control of body temperature.

Acidosis is almost always present with a common cold; decreased vitality, due in certain measure to Acidosis, lowers resistance to the infection. It secures a foothold before one realizes what is happening. Thus, it is apparent that for protection against colds and flu alone, the juice of Oranges and Lemons should be consistently used by every member of the family.

Simple measures such as Hot Lemonade (taken immediately after a hot bath and after getting into bed) will give effective relief in the first stages of a cold. Profuse perspiration opens the pores and poisons are expelled. This should be followed on awakening next morning by putting fresh juice of one Lemon in half a glass of water. Stir in half a teaspoonful of ordinary baking soda and drink while it effervesces. Lemons and baking soda both contribute to the body's alkaline reserve.

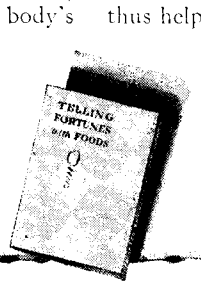
This widely used formula is also often prescribed as a preventive. *And before we forget, always see a doctor before cold or flu conditions become serious.*

In correcting a cold too much stress cannot be laid upon the real necessity of drinking ample fresh Orange or Lemon Juice on arising and frequently during the day. Many specialists prescribe liberal use of these fruit juices . . . often recommending the use of a strictly alkaline diet (fruit, vegetables and milk) until the cold is entirely cured. Such procedure speeds recovery and shortens convalescence.

So, if you wish to guard against colds and flu, *watch your diet!* Prevent Acidosis with plenty of Oranges, Lemons and other alkaline foods and thus maintain greater resistance to all disease. Acidosis causes lowered vitality, lack of endurance and many common ailments such as headaches, sleeplessness, sour stomach, nausea . . . all warnings of more dangerous diseases.

"Telling Fortunes with Foods," endorsed by an eminent diet authority . . . and free to you if you mail the coupon . . . discusses Acidosis in layman-language. It contains normal anti-acidosis and Safe-Reducing diets and lists acid and alkaline foods. You should read it and know how to avoid Acidosis and thus help prevent colds and flu.

California Oranges are trade marked "Sunkist" on the skin and on the wrapper. California Lemons carry the name "Sunkist" on the wrapper. "Sunkist" is assurance of uniform quality.



© 1929 C. F. G. E.

DIETETIC RESEARCH DEPT., California Fruit Growers Exchange
Div. 1602, Box 530, Station "C," Los Angeles, Calif.

Please send me without charge a copy of your book, *Telling Fortunes With Foods.*

*Name*_____ *Street*_____

*City*_____ *State*_____

Marriage for Two

Continued from page 38

"How did you know it?" she asked.

"There are always people to tell unpleasant gossip. Weedon told me, but other people weren't far behind him."

Her eyes were puzzled. How completely she had misunderstood Weedon. She had realized, had warned Larry, that a coward such as Weedon would try to win his own self-respect by telling what he had witnessed in order that he wouldn't seem a coward to himself, but she had not dreamed that he would go to Burton. . . .

"I wanted Helen to leave Biarritz this morning," said Burton. "She wouldn't do it. Now—I'm not to be made a fool of any longer."

JOYCE fought against hysterical mirth. The whole situation was too funny. Yet through its ridiculousness ran a strain of something that might prove to be tragedy. Into her marriage had already entered tragedy, the death of Weedon. The loss of money was a lesser tragedy than death . . . but . . . could Burton make good his threat about ruining Larry? Then absurdity returned.

"Mr. Burton," she said, "my husband loves me."

"Yes," he sneered, "he showed it last night with Helen, didn't he?"

"Well," she shrugged, "if you don't think he cares for me, how do you suppose I can prevent—what you want prevented?"

"He was enough in love—or infatuated, or whatever you want to call it, to marry you," he said. "But—the kind of wife you've been to him won't hold a man. And I want him held. Understand me? I want him held."

Over her cheeks spread a red stain. If she understood him correctly, then he understood, knew the arrangement between herself and Larry. But how could he?

"I don't know what you mean," she said.

"Oh, yes, you do," he retorted. "A girl smart enough to grab Larry Tracy the way you did is smart enough to get my meaning. And ought to be smart enough to act on it. And that's all I've got to say to you, Mrs. Tracy. You say your husband loves you. Well, he wasn't so in love last night that he didn't kiss Helen. Now, I suppose I'm a contemptible sort of person to want a woman that evidently doesn't want me very badly.

"But we're what we are," he went on, "and all the wishing in the world can't change us from that thing, whatever it it. I want Helen. When I once get her, I'll make her want me. Oh, I know—that's the sort of thing all infatuated men say, but—with me it's true. I can hold her if I get her."

"And I'm the person who helps you get her, am I?"

Between tears and mirth Joyce's voice sounded.

"If it isn't made clear to Helen, *today*, that she's out so far as your husband is concerned—"

"You say," she interrupted, "that Paul Weedon told you about last night?"

"Yes," he replied. "But we're talking about something else."

"No," she retorted, "just now we're talking about Weedon. When did he tell you?"

She couldn't have told herself why she returned to the subject of Weedon. But she realized that she had been prompted by some inner angel as she noted the expression on Burton's face.

(*To be continued next week*)

How's Business?

Continued from page 32

was again beginning to shine for him with so many women going back to long hair. Also, the bobbed-hair division has learned that the marcel or permanent waves stays in place better if nets are worn at night. Bobbed or long hair, the hair-net business is returning.

"But you can't tell me that all gambling is done in gambling houses," said the hair-net man. "When I feel that I want to take a chance after this, I will manufacture something that depends on feminine fashion."

Sentiment, fickle public opinion, mob psychology, are other hazards. A motion-picture actor offends public decency, and the public punishes the whole industry. A report—sometimes a false one—brings grief and losses to an industry and its thousands of dependents. Recently two families became mysteriously ill and some members died. One family lived in Idaho, the other in New Hampshire. Two honest but misguided newspaper reporters gave to the world the gossip that the Idaho family's illness came from eating olives; that the New Hampshire family's illness was caused by eating cold-storage chicken. Both conjectures were later proved to be wrong, yet millions of dollars were lost to both industries.

Customs, age-old, sometimes change, without rhyme or reason, and bring chaos and consternation to the firms involved.

Grave United States senators recently stated that great unemployment prevailed. So many men were employed in so many factories ten years ago, and today there are less. Ergo: the difference in numbers are out of work. But, for one thing, more than 200,000 men have gone into the restaurant business since 1920, indicating that home-life modes and customs of our people are changing. Such a change likewise changes business habits. The housewife buys from the corner grocery. The restaurant keeper buys wholesale or from the central stores. The small grocers are suffering from this change of a nation's habits, and it is no inconsiderable factor in his answer to the question, "How's business?"

Two Points of View

"How's business?" I asked Everett C. Griggs, a Tacoma lumber man, the other day.

"I will answer by a story," he replied. "The small son of a lumber-mill man came home from kindergarten and asked his father:

"'Dad, how many mills make a cent?'

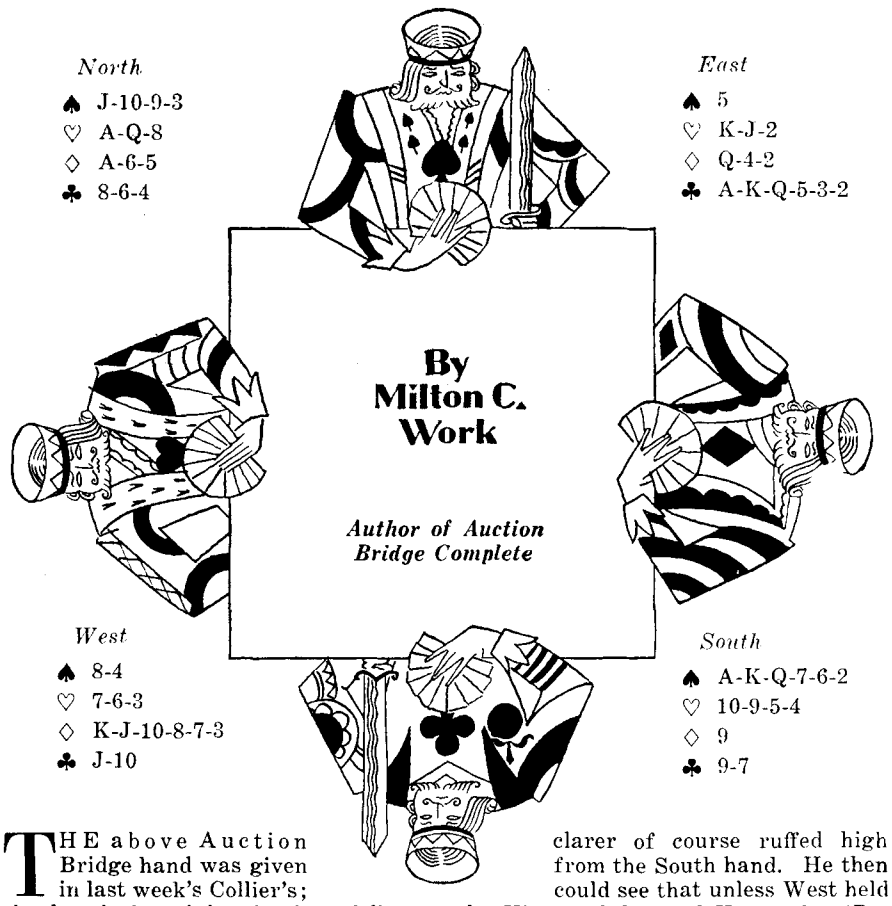
"'Not a damn' mill, my son, not a damn' mill.'"

But Robert R. Ellis, wholesale druggist of Memphis, made this reply to my query:

"How do I find business? Only by going out and looking for it. There is no other way. Life presents a new panorama in the business field each morning, and it is impossible to see this panorama unless you are out in it and a part of it."

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

How would You play it?



THE above Auction Bridge hand was given in last week's Collier's; the description of the play is as follows:

The Auction

South bid two Spades, thus announcing in Auction Bridge a six-card suit headed by Ace-King-Queen. West, without a quick trick, did not dare to bid three Diamonds. North bid three Spades, feeling sure with his side strength and the Spades announced by South's bid that the contract could readily be made and hoping his jump would close the auction. East was strong enough to risk a four-Club bid. And South was warranted in bidding four because of his singleton and doubleton, and the consequent probability of being able to ruff. As a general rule a short suit in the hand that is making an original suit-bid is not an asset, because the length of the suit named is the factor that produces the bid; and the ability of the hand to ruff, if its suit be the trump, would be merely the winning of tricks with trumps already counted in the strength of the hand. In this case, however, South having *six* Spades and *North having jumped*, the holding of two short suits must be reckoned as increased strength for the combined hands.

At Contract South's bid would be the same; and North would jump to four on the first round.

The Play

West's opening lead was the Jack of Clubs. East, not knowing whether or not West's Jack was a singleton, overtook with the Queen and led the King of Clubs to trick 2. When this won and Eight of Clubs had been played, East knew that neither West nor South had any more Clubs. He also knew that South had the Ace-King-Queen of Spades—his two-bid having disclosed that fact. Consequently, with Jack-Ten-Nine of Spades in the Dummy, there was no chance that West would overruff South, as South unquestionably would trump a third Club with one of his honors; but the third Club would reduce South's trump strength and it could not kill an honor in partner's hand.

When the third Club was led, the Declarer of course ruffed high from the South hand. He then could see that unless West held the King and Jack of Hearts he (Declarer) must lose one Heart in addition to the two Clubs he had lost. If he should lose two Hearts (as would be the case if he tried the Heart finesse and found the King and Jack both in the East hand) he would fail to make his contract.

To trick 4 he led a small trump, winning in Dummy.

To trick 5 he led the Ace of Diamonds from Dummy, playing the singleton Diamond from Closed Hand; and to trick 6 a second Diamond from Dummy, ruffing in Closed Hand.

To trick 7 a second trump lead which was won in Dummy, exhausting the adverse trumps; and to trick 8 Dummy's last Diamond was led and ruffed in Closed Hand.

The adversaries now had no more Spades, and Closed Hand and Dummy had no more Diamonds or Clubs. Consequently the Declarer, with perfect safety, could lead a small Heart from Closed Hand and on it play the Eight of Hearts from Dummy. If the Eight should win (which was not to be expected), it would be possible to lead another trump from Dummy, putting Closed Hand in for a second Heart finesse; but if, as was probable, East won the Heart trick, he would have to win with either the King or the Jack. If with the King, the Ace and Queen in Dummy were both good and game was won; if with the Jack, East would have to lead either a Club or Diamond, which Closed Hand could trump and on which Dummy could discard its Queen of Hearts; or East would have to lead a Heart up to Dummy's Ace-Queen.

Next week's hand is given below; make up your mind how you would bid and play it before you read next week's description.

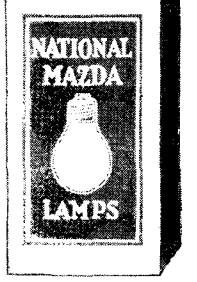
North	*East*
S. None	S. A-K-Q-7-6-5
H. J-9-8-4-2	H. None
D. 9-7-3-2	D. A-Q-J-10
C. 9-6-3-2	C. A-Q-10
West	*South*
S. J-4-3	S. 10-9-8-2
H. 7-6-5-3	H. A-K-Q-10
D. 8-6-4	D. K-5
C. 8-7-4	C. K-J-5

Enjoy the charm of *flamelight* in your home

We have found in flame the light that charms and cheers. We have captured fire's warmth and light in these *flame tint* MAZDA lamps. They are not lamps to read by—they are lamps to live by.

Try a few of these flame colored lamps in your lighting fixtures, portable and table lights. Experiment with them till you have just the right combination of white inside-frosted National Mazda lamps and these yellow-orange flame tint Mazda lamps. Make your lighting system flexible—so that each member of your family can have reading light or living light at will. You will be surprised and delighted at the improved appearance of your home and the people in it.

Be sure you get the new reduced-price MAZDA Flame Tint lamps—in the familiar blue carton. Look for the MAZDA mark. Any lamp so marked is the best your money can buy. NATIONAL LAMP WORKS, *of General Electric Co.*, Nela Park, Cleveland, Ohio.



25 and 40 Watt Flame Tint Mazda Lamps Now 25c

You could not afford to use some electric light bulbs if they were given to you wrapped in a two dollar bill. They are obsolete-type lamps which cost you $2.00 to $3.00 more for electric current during their life, than a modern inside-frosted Mazda lamp would.

NATIONAL
MAZDA
LAMPS
MAZDA- the mark of a Research Service . . .

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Advice to wives

whose husbands don't save money

By a wife

MY HUSBAND and I used to be careless with money. Fred made a good salary but we spent practically every dollar of it.

Then something happened that opened our eyes. Fred was taken sick and confined to bed for five weeks. By the time he was able to go back to work we were penniless—worse than that, we had been obliged to borrow money to live.

After that I began to worry about money. What would happen to us if Fred were sick for *several months?* What would happen if he were incapacitated in some way and unable to go on with his work?

How to end money worries

One day a little book called "How to Get the Things You Want" fell into my hands. It was one of the most valuable, interesting and unusual books I ever read. The book made me think of Fred and the hopes I had for him. Here's what it said:

You're interested in having the best possible time while you live—with the least worry and grind and discomfort.

You don't want to pay rent all your life—you hope to own your own home some day. And you don't get any thrill out of the idea of appearing at an office or a mill or a store at the same old hour every morning until you die.

You want to quit work sometime. And when you do quit, you want to feel that you're justified *in quitting—that you've earned it.*

Then the book told how Fred and I and the children could be sure of a steady income even if Fred became totally disabled and unable to go to work again. It told how we could provide money to pay the children's way through college—money to leave our home free of debt. It told how we could provide an income to live on when Fred decided to retire from business. Best of all, it explained how we could do these things on the moderate salary Fred was making.

I showed the book to Fred. He was interested. We decided to follow the plan outlined. In a short time we had taken steps to provide for every single one of the things we wanted. Soon we found ourselves on the road toward a life free of money worries.

SINGLE WOMEN TOO

may want to know

—how to retire with an income
—how to save money scientifically
—how to end money worries

The booklet offered below tells how. Mail the coupon.

Get this Free Book

This story is typical. The book, "How to Get the Things You Want," tells how you can become financially independent—how you can provide an income to retire on—how you can end money worries—how you can do these things and many other things, no matter whether your present income is large or small.

The financial plan outlined in this book is so clear and so simple that you will understand it at once. It is so reasonable, so sensible, so logical in every way that the minute you read about it you will realize instantly that it works.

This plan is backed by one of the oldest, most conservative institutions in this country. It is completely explained in the free book. There's no obligation. Send for your copy now.

PHOENIX MUTUAL LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY

Home Office: Hartford, Conn. First Policy issued 1851

PHOENIX MUTUAL LIFE INSURANCE CO., 419 Elm St., Hartford, Conn.

Send me by mail, without obligation, your new book, "HOW TO GET THE THINGS YOU WANT."

Name..... City.....

Business Address..... State.....

Home Address..... Date of Birth.....

The Gawky Age

Continued from page 14

ten to twelve in girls, eleven hours' rest is the ideal amount. From the end of the first period until eighteen the period can be gradually shortened until it reaches nine hours, but until maturity is reached the standard eight hours' sleep of the adult is not enough.

We must remember that growth goes on best during rest, just as repair in the adult goes on best during rest; and the growing organism has repair to take care of as well as growth.

3. *Exercise:* The best guides for limitation of exercise are the child's own inclination and his history of childhood diseases. The physically lazy child is a great exception. Although with adolescence the ceaseless activity and restlessness of the little child gradually disappears, still a desire for activity is more acute among the young than it is among adults.

I don't believe in forcing exercise on children any more than I believe in forcing food on them. It is normal and healthy for them to want to eat and to want to be active, but if they have a temporary disinclination for food and activity I believe it should be respected and looked into. Especially should competitive games not be forced. It may be that apparent laziness is the result of the strain of active growth on the young organism; it may be the result of a real physical insufficiency. And it should not be treated as a form of original sin.

As to the history of childhood diseases: Any child who has had rheumatism, or severe diphtheria, or scarlet fever, or any prolonged illness, should not be allowed to take part in competitive games without an examination of his heart by an expert.

When I say competitive games I include tennis, basketball, football, races, swimming races, soccer and handball. Golf is not competitive in the ordinary sense and in baseball the exercise is so limited and so interspersed with rest periods that it involves little strain.

We Must Use Tact and Frankness

There is no reason why a heart slightly affected by the infectious diseases of childhood should not develop into a perfectly efficient adult heart, if the proper care is taken of it during adolescence. It is extremely important that the child himself should not get the idea into his head that he has a bad heart. He can be made to understand that the care he is taking of his circulatory apparatus is only temporary, but very necessary, and that it means an assurance of future activity and health.

Children are not natural hypochondriacs, but it is possible to develop neurotic tendencies in the most normal child if the subject of his health is not treated with tact and what we may call a casual frankness. He must be made to feel that it is important but not *too* important. Moreover, he must be given other outlets to take the place of the games from which he is shut out.

Exercise is, of course, a wonderful aid to growth and development if properly handled. On the whole the child benefits most by the stretching exercises, such as tennis, basketball and the climbing exercises given in the gymnasium. Swimming is a perfect form of adolescent exercise, especially if it does not involve overtaxing of endurance as in races and long-distance swims.

4. *Habits: Smoking:* In the old days when many a boy resisted the desire to smoke until his twenty-first birthday in order to be sure of a gold watch from Father there were no two opinions about the advisability of smoking for the young. Smoking, we were sure, stunted the growth, injured the lungs, and deteriorated the moral character.

But nowadays, when Mother smokes, and not only young boys but young girls smoke, and the race continues to maintain its average height, with a gradual reduction in lung trouble and no provable deterioration of the moral tone—Grandmother to the contrary notwithstanding—we must pause before we become dogmatic in our rules for smoking by the young.

Meaningless Maxims

The one rule about adolescent smoking which I believe is based on scientific fact is that when it interferes with appetite it should not be indulged in. As we have noted before, appetite in the young is a God-given attribute to insure growth: anything that interferes with it will interfere with growth to some extent and is therefore undesirable. Smoking before meals should certainly be taboo in the young.

A tolerant attitude on the part of guardians in this respect, with firmness in that one regard, is likely to work better than complete prohibition.

5. *Posture:* The poor adolescent is generally nagged continually about his posture. Quite naturally the posture of the growing child is irregular, uncertain, and often undesirable. He never knows, physically speaking, quite where he is at. One day he is a little taller and thinner than the next day, and often he is tired. Nagging is an ineffective method of cure, and gives neither parent nor child any pleasure.

It is rather a comfort to remember, in the matter of posture, that the average person overcomes his youthful faults in time. His errors of standing and sitting are so numerous that it is impossible for him to keep them all. After all, the important thing is to see that he does not cultivate any one fixed habit of posture: so long as he stays flexible, and changes his faults from day to day, he will at some time reach an equilibrium.

The maxims: "Stand up straight!" "Hold your head up!" "Don't slump in your chair!" are meaningless. We can at least give the child an idea of what habitual posture should develop into:

A back flexible but generally straight and flat

A chest longer above than below

An abdomen flatter than the chest, and hard

Feet stepping parallel to each other and springy in action

We can give simple, understandable reasons, other than the demands of custom and style, for such elements of posture; as:

A straight back bears weight most easily

A chest held high makes us expand the lungs at the bases

A flat, hard abdomen is muscular and holds its organs in place and resists injury

Springy, parallel feet exercise the arches and bring the weight where it should be—on the great toe, the ball, and the inner border of the heel

There is so much to be said about the *psychological* needs of the adolescent that we can't even begin on them. They are as variable as the variations in human character, and as important as human personality.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

No one would have him

By Jack Binns

THE gentleman who maintains an *entente cordiale* between the Pacific chain stations and the public assures us the San Francisco studio recently received from a melancholy miss this missive:

"If you know a man of forty-five who neither drinks, chews or smokes; who dislikes apartment-house life and cheap music; who prefer home cooking to cafeterias; who is not movie struck and doesn't belong to too many clubs; who is careful in his choice of language; who has good health and prefers the out-of-doors to the ballroom—please let me have all available information, name, address, age and why he is forty-five and hasn't been elected to the head of some household. BIG BERTHA."

Seems to me, big girl, that a bloke with all those diseases is a sufficient answer in himself to your question.

A Square Meal

Mrs. C. H. Goudiss, who conducts a school of cookery over the WJZ chain, declares the test of a good cook is the ability to make a perfect omelet, which, she adds, must be made by rule.

The head of my household must qualify because all the omelets I get are one foot long and just about as much wide.

P. M. G. Can't See It

"I know of no system which is at present capable of transmitting moving pictures of actual events for satisfactory reception by wireless listeners."

That statement was made in the British House of Parliament by Sir William Mitchell-Thomson, Postmaster-General of Great Britain, in answer to an official question. It is the simplest explanation of the present condition of television I have yet heard. It is authoritative because the British Government broadcasting system has made a thorough investigation of the available systems.

Television is still in an experimental state and there will be no efficient combined radio and television receiving apparatus available for a long time.

Super Power Liquids

Radio listeners in and around Wiesbaden, Germany, have been bothered with a peculiar form of static interrupting programs during certain periods of the day. After a complete investigation the local radio experts have advanced the theory that this static is caused by persons taking the cure in the local mineral baths, and that their splashings cause chemical reactions in the radioactive waters that set up static discharges.

This is a very interesting theory. In fact it may account for some of the static that ensues in American homes when certain high-powered liquids are thrown into mineral waters and then rapidly shaken.

Squelch the Squeals

Dr. D. H. Dellinger, chief engineer of the Federal Radio Commission, says that encouragement should be given to experiments with synchronizing schemes so that two or more broadcasting stations may operate on the same wave length. He adds, however, that the experiments should be conducted so that the broadcast audience is protected from the objectionable effects of unsuccessful experiments. Of course what Dr. Dellinger has in mind is the horrible squealing and howling that occurs when two carrier waves heterodyne upon each other.

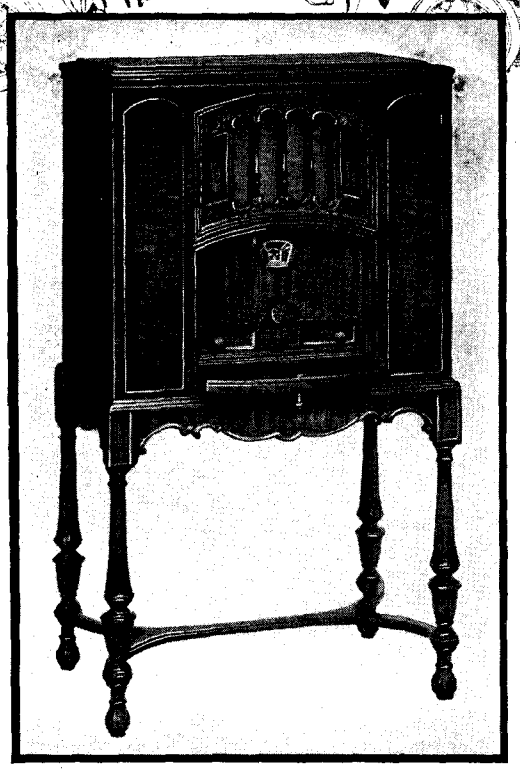
His advice is sound. In fact it is so sound that I see no reason why it should not be immediately applied to the general situation, irrespective of the experiments in synchronization. The very "effects of unsuccessful experiments" are a daily occurrence under the reallocation scheme by which the commission has sought to continue the life of all the existing broadcast stations. Why not protect the audience from these? The commission was created to protect the public interest, convenience and necessity. The only way this can be done is to take at least 300 stations off the air until some synchronizing method has been proven practical.

Specially Canned Music

General Order No. 52 of the Federal Radio Commission decrees that every broadcast station shall clearly and distinctly announce each mechanical program item it sends out. This is a good rule designed to protect the listener. It means that phonograph records will be announced as such and that player piano rolls cannot be put over as the work of a local artist.

There will probably be one exception to this rule, to cover records that will shortly be produced in special studios for use at the smaller stations subscribing to the plan. These programs will not be phonograph records, but film recordings designed solely for reproduction in broadcast stations. Under this plan programs of high caliber will be made available to the small local stations of the country, and they will certainly be of better quality than could be produced at the station itself.

Triumphal car of Musicians, celebrating the glory of Emperor Maximilian.



A NEW TRIUMPH IN TONE

AGAIN Stromberg-Carlson leads radio forward! In this magnificent new No. 638 Console Receiver with self-contained dynamic speaker, tonal advantages heretofore only approximated are now fully achieved.

Through special arrangement of the internal construction of the cabinet it is now possible to present a Receiver having the compactness afforded by a built-in speaker, and at the same time the superlative tonal excellence always associated with a Stromberg-Carlson.

The Console embodying this latest triumph is unsurpassed for beauty of line and ornamentation. Finished in two-toned Walnut.

No. 638 Stromberg-Carlson with built-in dynamic speaker.

	LESS TUBES	TUBES
Price, East of Rockies,		
For 60 cycle areas.....	$ 380	$ 29.75
For 25-60 cycle areas.....	385	29.75
For 110 volt D. C. areas ..	370	18.50

Learn your nearest Stromberg-Carlson dealer's address from his advertisements in the newspapers or from your telephone directory.

STROMBERG-CARLSON TELEPHONE MANUFACTURING COMPANY, ROCHESTER, NEW YORK

Stromberg-Carlson

MAKERS OF VOICE TRANSMISSION AND VOICE RECEPTION APPARATUS FOR THIRTY-FIVE YEARS

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

New!

PATENTED

Just a Twist of The Wrist

Banishes Old-Style Can Openers to the Scrap Heap

Here is a truly revolutionary invention. It's something that every woman has been waiting and hoping for. Now, all the danger and wastefulness of old-style can openers is ended. Now, every home can open cans the new, simple, safe, easy way by a handy, inexpensive little machine.

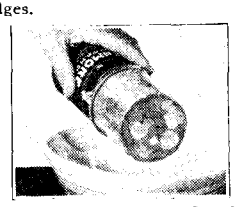
NO more awkward stabbing and hacking with old-style can openers! No more danger of blood poisoning from gashed and lacerated fingers! For now a remarkable new invention banishes every old-style can opener to the scrap heap! Now a simple twist of the wrist opens any can in a couple of seconds! This queer little device doesn't just chop a ragged hole in the top of the can. It cuts the entire top completely out (not off) slick, smooth and clean. Absolutely nothing else even remotely like it! The machine holds the can against the wall—opens it—flips up the lid so you can grab it—and gives it back without any sharp edges to snag your fingers. You just put the can in the machine turn the handle —and almost instantly the job is done!

WORKS LIKE A CHARM

Just insert can in holder and turn crank. Top is cut completely out inside "lid" of can. Juices can't spill. So simple a child can operate with perfect safety.

NO JAGGED EDGES

Speedo cuts the top out, smooth, slick and clean. Ends forever the danger of infection from fingers cut on jagged tin edges.



FOOD POURS RIGHT OUT

No fuss or muss. All food *pours* right out of can without scraping or "spooning." Even foods frozen in the can slip out easily.

OPENS ANY SHAPE CAN

There is nothing complicated, nothing to get out of order with Speedo. Any shape can, round, square or oval is opened for you automatically in a few seconds. Made of the finest materials. Speedo is guaranteed in writing for 5 full years.

APPROVED BY EXPERTS

Although it is new and amazing, this little machine has already been thoroughly tested and proved by such widely known experts as Good Housekeeping Institute, Modern Priscilla Proving Plant, etc. And in the short time it has been on the market it has already won a place for itself in over 100,000 up-to-date kitchens.

NOW OFFERED ON FREE TEST

For a limited time the manufacturer of this almost magical device is making a special introductory advertising offer. This is made in order to place one of these new can opening machines in at least one home in every community in America. Through this offer you have a wonderful opportunity to get one for your own home. Also if you are interested in making real money either in your full or spare time, details will be sent without obligation. Simply mail the coupon below for free test offers and get all the facts. Do it today.

New Kind of Sharpener, Too

Another amazing household specialty. Works on patented "Magic groove" principle. Sharpens knives, scissors, tools, etc., automatically. The coupon brings full details.

AGENTS!

PART TIME	FULL TIME	SPARE TIME
—$20 in 3 Hours	$522 First Month	—$9 First Half Day
"I worked about 3 hours today and took 25 orders." O. C. Gregg, Wyo.	"Here's my record for first month with Speedo: first week 60 items; second week 84; third week 192; fourth week 288 Speedos." M. Ornoff, Va.	"The first afternoon I received Speedo outfit I made $9." Mrs. Spain, Kas.

SPEEDO

CENTRAL STATES MFG. CO., DEPT. B-1272
4500 MARY AVE., ST. LOUIS, MO.

Central States Mfg. Co., Dept. B-1272
4500 Mary Ave., St. Louis, Mo.

Please send details of Speedo can opening machine and your special FREE test offers.

Name.....

Address.....

Town.....State.....

( ) Check here if interested in making money as our representative.

The String Pullers

By THE GENTLEMAN AT THE KEYHOLE

VERY soon we shall see the rush to Washington of the men who think that for their party services they ought to be rewarded with high diplomatic posts.

A few of the important places go to persons of distinction in the business or professional world. A few others, less important, go to the so-called career diplomats.

And the rest are open to persons who have made generous contributions to the campaign fund, or persons whom senators regard as possible rivals in their own states and whom they wish to send as far away as possible. Among them are always some very extraordinary characters.

I have always thought one of the best stories of diplomacy was that of the good Democrat who went to Washington during the Wilson administration seeking a proper reward for his political services.

He wished to be ambassador to France. But he did not rate such an appointment as that, either socially or as a campaign fund contributor.

One of his jesting friends pretended then to have it all arranged for him to be minister to Persia. He had heard of the Medes and the Persians or something of the sort, so he expressed a willingness to go to that country.

"Of course I hope you sit a good seat," said his friend as he pretended to be taking him over to get his commission, "for you have to ride a thousand miles on camel-back to reach the capital of Persia."

Then another friend said, "Why don't you go after Portugal?"

"Portugal, where's that?" said the diplomat.

The friend thrust an encyclopedia in his hands and when he read that Portugal was in Europe and that port wine came from it he decided to be minister to Portugal—and was.

Kings Grow Scarcer

Here's a story of a more recent diplomat. I shan't mention his name. He had long desired to be sent to a king's court. As time went on kings began to get scarcer and scarcer. The war decimated the list of royal personages so that by the time he finally arrived at appointment there were only a few countries with kings.

He picked one of them and finally achieved an appointment to represent this country at that royal court.

On the way over to his post he stopped at Paris and was entertained by the American ambassador there. At the dinner in his honor, he made a speech!

"I have always had the ambition to represent my country," he said, "at —— (the country to which he was accredited). When Mr. Harding was a candidate for President, I worked hard for his election and I flatter myself that I did much to roll up the big majority my state gave him. I contributed $25,000 to his campaign fund.

He Bides His Time

"After he became President he wrote me a letter thanking me for what I had done for him. He said he was aware of the splendid work I had done in his behalf and that he thanked me for my generous contribution to his campaign fund. And he asked me what he could do to show his appreciation.

"I at once went to Washington and told him I should like the diplomatic appointment to —— (the country already not mentioned). He told me he was very sorry but that he had promised that place to another man. He offered me other appointments but I decided to bide my time and declined them.

"When Mr. Coolidge ran for President, I was again unsparing in my exertions in his support. I gave $25,000 to his campaign fund. When he was elected, he wrote me a letter thanking me for what I had done in his behalf. He said he was aware of the splendid work I had done in his behalf and that he thanked me for my generous contribution to his campaign fund and he asked me what he could do to show his appreciation.

"I at once went to Washington and told him that I should like the diplomatic appointment to —— (the already unmentioned country). And he gave it to me. So my lifelong ambition is satisfied."

Everybody listened to this bit of frankness with consternation. Mr. Herrick, the ambassador to France, arose and said, "All I can say is that it is fortunate for me you do not want the ambassadorship to France!"

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Wings of Destiny

Continued from page 20

when the Chief sent for him. Herr Hauptmann was not a man to beam and rub his hands, but he wasn't far from doing both when Dell approached his desk.

"I have a neat bit of work cut out for you," he began

The British, more by good luck than design, had captured a German officer who was needed back of his own lines again.

"Ah-ha!" thought Delavan with growing satisfaction, "we're graduating from the postal service. Now they've found I can carry papers, they're going to start me retrieving! This will be something else to tell the judge!"

THE German officer, he was told, was at Shrewsbury Hall in the Midlands of England—an old estate where captured German officers were quartered. Dell was to fly to England in a British two-seater which had recently been captured, reconditioned, and equipped with a new extra-capacity gas tank to increase its cruising range. He was to bring the officer back with him.

"There isn't an ace in the service who wouldn't jump at this chance—if he knew what I know," said the Chief earnestly, "but the affair is being trusted to you because, in case of accident, it would never do for a German flyer to be discovered near Shrewsbury. Our officers there have a great deal of liberty—a great deal of comfort—and these privileges might be lost if the English newspapers discovered that we were in touch with Shrewsbury through our air service. Above all, therefore, you are an American, and you have no connection whatsoever with us. You understand?"

Delavan saluted, a ghost of a smile flitting over his lips.

"And the next important thing, be careful of your passenger," concluded the Chief, more seriously than before. "You will have an escort until you reach the North Sea—it wouldn't be healthy for a British plane to be seen flying alone over our own terrain—but as soon as you reach the sea, you will be unaccompanied. And now *auf weidersehen*, and good luck!"

The sun had crossed the zenith when the Flying Cloud took the air, accompanied by two long-range Gothas.

Charleroi slipped under his propeller. Then Brussels appeared and disappeared. Soon after this, the landscape ahead suddenly seemed blotted into gray nothingness and Dell knew they had reached the sea.

The day had grown darker, the sky banked with clouds. Down below, the misty coast line above Ostend was as beautiful as an etching in dull silver. To the north and east, the drawing became blurred.

"Rain," thought Dell, but soon found it was fog instead. Near the edge of the fog-bank the escorting Gothas left him, their pilots signaling farewell.

Dell arose until his altimeter showed fourteen thousand feet, and there, just below the cloudy ceiling, he leveled off.

"Only one thing to do," he told himself. "Keep going northeast. I'll be over in an hour."

But at the end of an hour and a quarter, cautiously descending, he caught sight of the sea between two banks of fog.

"Not making much speed, apparently," he told himself, quickly rising. "I'll try another fifteen minutes, and then see what I draw."

This time he drew a factory chimney, suddenly rising out of the fog on his right not twenty yards away. On his third trial, half an hour later, he almost slapped a tree top with his tail before he was out of danger.

"No use trying to land yet," he told himself as soon as he had caught his breath, "and if I tried to go back it might be as bad now on the other side. So I'll get up high enough to be out of danger and then I'll ride the merry-go-round till I can see where I am."

About half past five, the fog began to roll away, and the sun came out for a few minutes, watery-eyed and uncertain, but long enough to cast a tearful look at the coast of England directly in the west. Dell opened the map which the Chief had given him, and compared it to the coast line which was rapidly drifting near.

"That wide river ought to be the Humber," he thought. "If it is, I'll see Hull on one side and Great Grimsby on the other. Yes, and there they are. . . . So now I'll go up the Humber till I come to the Trent and then I'll follow the Trent till I get to Burton. I'll know Burton because of the island in the river, and I can lay my course from there."

Burton with its emerald island set in silver was, as he had guessed, unmistakable. Here he turned south and fifteen minutes later the rambling gray walls of Shrewsbury Hall could be discerned.

"There's a pond in the deer park, and the ruins of an old castle on a rock," Dell told himself, recalling the Chief's directions. And there was the pond. . . . And there the ruined castle on the rock. . . . Following instructions, he circled twice around the castle and made a landing in the deer park between two dark spinneys of wood. And none too soon, the last lingering light of day was fading as his wheels touched the sod.

HE TAXIED to the end of the even terrain, and was laboriously turning the plane around, when he saw two German officers almost at his shoulder, one young and the other middle-aged—two German officers who had evidently been waiting in the wood.

"We thought you were never coming," said the leader of the two, speaking in the highest of High German and giving Dell's uniform a questioning look.

"Too much fog," said Delavan, with an accent and manner that would have made Aunt Bertha proud of him again. "Lucky to get here at all."

"Give me a hand with this; will you?" continued Dell with a touch of impatience. "That is, if you want to start home tonight."

"But it isn't for me you have come," said the other hastily. "It is for the captain here"—he turned to the younger man, his manner and tone alike both marked with a respect which wasn't far from reverence. "You—will chance it, Your Highness?" Dell heard him ask beneath his breath. "The mere fact that he is here is assurance of his skill and knowledge."

"Oh-ho!" thought Delavan, catching the phrase "Your Highness."

"Of course I shall chance it," said the younger man. "Come on; let's help."

The plane was duly turned, and then came the bad news.

"Where can I get some petrol?" asked Dell.

"But that is impossible," said the middle-aged officer, severely. "They are very strict with their petrol here."

"Then how do you expect me to get back?" demanded Delavan. "On fog?"

"On fog? Certainly not!" said he of the precious pronunciation. "But we

(*Continued on page 46*)

Buy... Later...

First Make This Remarkable Test for 7 days . . . Prove This Unique Shaving Cream's Supremacy . . . *Buy* Only if Convinced.
Mail Coupon Now

GENTLEMEN:

Most manufacturers clamor for immediate sales. "Buy this!" "Buy that!" they urge. But we have found success in urging men *not* to buy. Rather, to find out at our expense if they like our product. For if they do, they'll buy, and they'll tell others.

Such is the basis of the spectacular success of Palmolive Shaving Cream.

More than 80% of the men who make our test become regular users. Remember they, like you, were wedded to some other shaving cream before.

The coupon is for your convenience. Even though you customarily do not use coupons, please send this one in. In fairness to yourself and to us.

How it was discovered

When we set out to make a shaving cream, we asked 1000 men what their wishes were. They gave us four objectives. Our great laboratories set to work. Time after time we tried, 129 in all, before we got the formula that brought success.

To the 4 things men asked, we added a fifth. Today we believe Palmolive Shaving Cream is supreme for shaving comfort. Men tell us no other compares.

These 5 Things

The things you get in your 7-day test of Palmolive, are things you have long sought:

1. Multiplies itself in lather 250 times.
2. Softens the beard in one minute.
3. Maintains its creamy fullness for 10 minutes on the face.
4. Strong bubbles hold the hairs erect for cutting.
5. Fine after-effects due to palm and olive oil content.

Now we ask a test

No doubt your present shaving preparation suits you—still there may be a better way. If there is you want to know it. So won't you let us prove, on *your* face, how excellent this unique product is? It's up to us to prove our point, you've lost nothing if we fail. Please mail the coupon now.

PALMOLIVE RADIO HOUR—Broadcast every Wednesday night—from 9:30 to 10:30 p. m., eastern time; 8:30 to 9:30 p. m., central time; 7:30 to 8:30 p. m., mountain time; 6:30 to 7:30 p. m., Pacific Coast time—over station WEAF and 39 stations associated with The National Broadcasting Company.

With the new unbreakable Bakelite top 4241

To add the final touch to shaving luxury, we have created Palmolive After Shaving Talc—especially for men. Doesn't show. Leaves the skin smooth and fresh, and gives that well-groomed look. Try the sample we are sending free with the Shaving Cream. New delights here for every man. Clip and mail the coupon now.

7 SHAVES FREE
and a can of Palmolive After Shaving Talc

Simply insert your name and address and mail to Dept. B-2002, Palmolive, 3702 Iron St., Chicago, Ill.

Residents of Wisconsin should address Palmolive, Milwaukee, Wis.

.....

.....

(Please print your name and address)

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Laughing Malamute

ALASKA

If you will check the cruise that interests you, write your name and address on the margin of this advertisement and mail it to us, we'll send you our Alaska Picture Album and complete information. ¶ Rates quoted include all expenses for the round trip summer fare from Chicago.

(√)

☐ **1—7,000 Islands Cruise,** sixteen to twenty-two days visiting islands, villages and scenic waterways of the Inside Passage . . . . **$239.10 to $266.56**

☐ **2—Inside Passage Cruise,** sixteen to eighteen days to Ketchikan, Juneau, Mendenhall Glacier, Skagway, Taku Glacier, over the White Pass and Yukon Route to Lake Bennett, Sitka and Wrangell . . **$285.43 to $319.06**

☐ **3—Southwestern Cruise,** twenty to twenty-two days to Prince William Sound, Gulf of Alaska, Seward, Alaska Railroad to Anchorage, Keystone Canyon, Columbia Glacier, Copper River and Northwestern R. R. to Miles' and Childs' Glaciers, Inside Passage **$382.26**

☐ **4—Golden Belt Line Tour,** twenty-nine to thirty-one days to Ketchikan, Wrangell, Juneau, Cordova, Miles' and Childs' Glaciers, Chitina, Richardson Trail, Fairbanks, Mt. McKinley, Anchorage, Seward, Prince William Sound, Latouche, Valdez, Gulf of Alaska, Inside Passage **$551.41**

☐ **5—Yukon Circle Tour,** forty days visiting principal cities of Alaska and the Yukon, such as Seward, Mt. Mc Kinley, Fairbanks, Nenana, Tanana, Fort Yukon (Inside the Arctic Circle), Dawson, Whitehorse, Atlin and Skagway with stops at Ketchikan, Juneau and other Alaskan ports . . . **$625.00**

Name _____ Phone _____ If Student, State Grade _____ Address _____

E. E. NELSON, Passenger Traffic Manager,
69 Northern Pacific Building, St. Paul, Minn. 205

Northern Pacific Ry.

Early Reservations Recommended!

NORTHERN PACIFIC YELLOWSTONE PARK LINE

Route of the "North Coast Limited"

(*Continued from page 45*)

had thought—the—er—captain and I—that you would bring enough petrol with you to get back."

"Don't you think you could make German soil anywhere?" asked the younger man.

"Not a chance," said Dell. "I had to use my reserve to get here, and the nearest soil that we'd strike would be a wave on the German Ocean. . . . Wait a bit, though," he continued, thinking he saw a way out. "I'm in a British uniform; and though I may not be able to speak English, at least I can talk American. So I'll drop down to the village, tell the garage man that I had to make a forced landing for lack of gas, and get him to bring me a load. Meanwhile you two had better hide in the woods, for if he came and saw your uniforms, he might smell a rat as big as these deer around here."

THE village garage wasn't hard to find, even though night had fallen, being an adjunct to the village inn. Dell entered briskly, and the first thing he saw was a locked grating, behind which were stored those one-, two- and five-gallon cans of petrol which were the British equivalent of gasoline pumps of that period.

"Have you a car?" asked Delavan, as briskly as he had entered.

"Yes," said the garage-keeper, who had been turning out his lights.

"Good," and he reached for his pocketbook. "I'm Lieutenant Sangster of the R. A. F. Been forced down for lack of petrol. Load as much as you can in the back of your car, will you?—and we'll run over and tank up."

"Sorry," said the garage-keeper, his voice as brisk as Dell's, "but you'll have to get a requisition, first, from Major Dunville-Owens at Shrewsbury Hall."

"Sorry myself, but there's no time for that. Come, two pounds for your trouble. I must be in London by nine o'clock."

"I'd like to oblige," said the other in a voice tinged with regret. "But the major at the Hall, you see, he's a regular old so-and-so, and he checks me up on every gallon I sell."

"Couldn't you phone him?" asked Dell.

"He won't answer the phone."

"I'll say he's a regular old so-and-so, whatever that means!"

"A regular old nooker, sir. There's his car now," pointing to a glistening example of a famous make. "I've just finished washing it myself, or I'd have been home sitting down to my sausage and potatoes half an hour ago. But I can't trust the job to my lads, you see, because if there's one speck of dust left on it, the major twigs it as quick as a wink, and for the next five minutes you'd hear him all over the village."

Delavan expressed his further ideas of the major—expressed them in rare, ripe English.

"American, aren't you?" asked the garage-keeper with a sharp look. "Ah, thought so. Your accent, you know. Jolly good thing you chaps are coming in. We're saddle-sore ourselves."

As he moved around, closing the shop, Delavan noticed that one of his knees had the stiff deliberation of art rather than nature—that one of his hands had been partly shot away.

"Another example of the wisdom of our rulers," thought Dell. "They know, of course, the benefits of war, or they wouldn't lead us into so many."

He walked to the door and looked out at the gathering gloom.

"And this pretty village," he added. "Hiding in the dark—afraid to show a light outside—"

He stopped, inspiration pressing hard on the heels of reflection.

"I hate to be disobliging," said the garage-keeper, following him to the door and locking it, "especially to an American. But until you get the requisition—"

"That's quite all right," said Delavan, still warm with his inspiration. "But when I get it, where am I to find you?" And with elaborate carelessness: "I don't suppose you're coming back to the garage tonight?"

"No, sir," said the other. "But if you'll step along with me, I'll show you where I live. Then when you get your card from the major, you can give me a knock and I'll accommodate you any way I can."

He lived, Dell discovered with glowing satisfaction, at the other end of the village; and after noting the number on the door, the young man who was in a hurry to get to London strode back to the garage, eager to start work upon his warm idea.

While in the garage he had noticed a window in the back wall and, taking advantage of the darkness, he soon had this open and had climbed inside. Fortunately, one can always find tools in a garage, and with one deep pry of a pinch bar, the door which led to the petrol tins swung open on its hinges. The double doors at the front—that is to say, the entrance to the garage—were equipped with a spring lock. One turn of a knob and both doors could be opened.

"What a lucky thing the major had his car here!" Delavan told himself as he turned to the five-gallon cans of gasoline. "I hope I won't get any dust on it, because dust annoys the major; and I gather, from what I heard this evening, that he is very sensitive to annoyances."

After packing the car until it would hold no more, he left a note clamped between the jaws of a vise on the bench: "Sorry. Military emergency. You will find car in morning not far away."

Clamped in the vise with this message were two ten-pound notes.

"At least they can't say I stole it," he thought, as he cautiously opened the front doors and made sure that no one was passing.

A minute later, the major's car had been rolled out into the street, the doors had been closed behind it, and the commandeered motor was on its stealthy way to the deer park.

DELAVAN drove along the park until he reached a high wooden gate in the wall. This, too, was locked, but he had brought the pinch bar with him. The next minute, first putting out his lights, he rolled the major's car inside the wall and, desiring above all things privacy, he carefully closed the gates and then went in search of the two officers.

For nearly half an hour, the three of them worked together. Dell cautiously drove the car to the side of the plane. There the middle-aged officer opened the seals of the cans, the young officer handed them to Dell, and the latter poured the gas into the tank.

Suddenly, from the direction of the Hall, a deep-toned bell began to toll. "Boom . . . boom . . . boom. . . ." And again "Boom . . . boom . . . boom. . . ."

"There's the alarm. They've missed us," said the middle-aged officer nervously. "The Home Volunteers will be all over the place in five minutes. Haven't you gas enough now?"

"Let's hope so," said Dell, backing the major's car away. "All right, Captain. Jump in. I shall have to warm her up a few minutes."

He set his throttle and spun the propeller, but it wasn't until the fourth try that the engine began to roar.

"Can't you muffle it down? Can't you muffle it down?" asked the middle-aged officer, not far from dancing in his nervousness. "You'll have the whole

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

place swarming on us like bees if you keep making that noise."

"I could muffle you down," thought Delavan; but aloud he only said, "You'd better get away now. If they find you here it won't be pleasant for you."

THE alarm bell at the hall, he guessed, was drowning all lesser sounds up there. He opened the throttle for one last reassuring crescendo, and then the plane rolled slowly forward into the darkness, gradually picking up speed as she gained momentum. Soon the night air was blowing fast against Dell's face, and as he passed the shadows which marked the last clump of oaks, he gently pulled back the stick.

"A good time to pray!" he shouted to the young officer behind him. "If we hit a deer now—or knock the wall down—!"

The plane swayed slightly—in graceful testimony that one of her wheels had left the ground. A little farther and a little farther Delavan pulled the stick back—anxious to rise as fast as he could, but still more anxious not to stall. The top of the wall ahead was gradually disclosed in silhouette against an ascending band of light, and he guessed that a car was coming down the road from the direction of the Hall.

With a soaring sweep he cleared the wall and the next moment found himself caught in the beam of a searchlight which followed him as attentively as a spotlight follows a leading lady on the stage. An antiaircraft shell, like a piece of floral fireworks, suddenly burst into blossom not more than a hundred yards ahead. . . .

(To be continued next week)

Believe it or Not! By Ripley

CHARLES CHARLESWORTH DIED OF OLD AGE BEFORE HE WAS 7 YEARS OLD!

He grew whiskers at the age of 4

BORN IN STAFFORDSHIRE ENGLAND, MARCH 14, 1729

JAMES HETHERINGTON — of London INVENTED THE STOVEPIPE HAT — AND WAS FINED $250 FOR WEARING IT.

ABRACADABRA
ABRACADABR
ABRACADAB
ABRACADA
ABRACAD
ABRACA
ABRAC
ABRA
ABR
AB
A

THIS ASSYRIAN CHARM, WAS CARRIED TO WARD OFF DISEASE AND MISFORTUNE

Rip'

And if you doubt it, Mr. Ripley will send details and proofs if you address him at Collier's, The National Weekly, 250 Park Avenue, New York City

ST. VALENTINE himself would have chosen the dainty Mi Choice Gift Package. Make it your Valentine Gift. The prestige of the Mi Choice package—the smooth chocolate coatings—the surprise fillings all prove your discrimination in choosing the gift of gifts. ¶ Your dealer has the famous Mi Choice Package in one, two, three and five pound sizes. If not, send the coupon and $1.50 for the one pound Mi Choice or 25c for an attractive Miniature Sample Package packed with pieces that have made Mi Choice world-famous.

BUNTE BROTHERS
Makers of fine chocolates since 1876
3327 Franklin Boulevard CHICAGO, ILLINOIS
NEW YORK DETROIT LOS ANGELES
MILWAUKEE SAN FRANCISCO

Bunte WORLD FAMOUS CANDIES

BUNTE BROTHERS, 3327 Franklin Blvd., Chicago, Ill.
☐ I enclose $1.50 for a one pound Mi Choice package.
☐ I enclose 25c for the miniature Mi Choice sample package.

Name .....
Address ..... *City* .....
Dealer's Name .....

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Seasoned Smoker Tips Sixteen Off On His Tobacco "Find"

Is ready to tell the world about one brand that really suits his taste

Every so often a pipe-smoker does something unusual which completely proves his devotion for his favorite brand of tobacco. Below we have a letter from a pipe-smoker whose crusading spirit has carried the blue colors of Edgeworth right into the pipes of sixteen of his friends. Our hats are off to Mr. Stahl for convincing his pipe-smoking friends that Edgeworth was the only smoke in the world for them.

1721 Cleveland Ave.,
Norwood, Ohio
Oct. 8, 1928

Larus & Brother Company
Richmond, Va.

Gentlemen:

In the past twenty years I have been a consistent smoker. I was always anxious to smoke a pipe, but no matter how often I tried I soon changed my mind. I have tried all kinds of pipe tobacco, but not once was I *satisfied with the taste of any of* them.

Just recently, however, I gave my pipe another trial. It was my luck to choose Edgeworth this time, with the results that I am still using it and will continue to do so. I only hope that you will continue to give that same mild high-grade quality in the future.

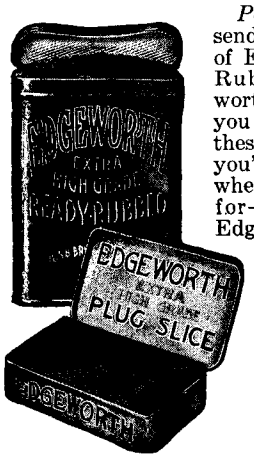
I have started not less than sixteen smoking Edgeworth, and they are still using the same unequalled non-biting tobacco to this day. I can recommend Edgeworth tobacco to anybody who enjoys a cool, non-biting brand of tobacco, and as long as I enjoy same, you can rest assured that I am going to be a good ad., and many a pipe smoker will be asked to give it a fair trial, and they themselves can act as judges.

I always give praise where praise is due. After I was convinced of the wonderful quality of Edgeworth, I could not help but tell you people the same as I have been telling and will in the future tell others.

Hoping that you will continue with the *same quality in Edgeworth, I am*

Very truly yours,
(signed) Joseph J. Stahl

Let Mr. Stahl cast out his fears! Edgeworth smoking tobacco has always been uniform in its quality, and always will be.



Personal: Let us send you free helpings of Edgeworth Ready-Rubbed and Edgeworth Plug Slice, for you to try. If you like these trial pipe-loads, you'll like Edgeworth whenever you buy it, for—don't forget—Edgeworth tobacco is *always* its same likable self—tin in, tin out!

Simply write your name and address to Larus & Brother Company, 5 S. 21st Street, Richmond, Va.

Edgeworth Ready-Rubbed is sold in small, pocket-size packages, in handsome pound humidor tins and also in several handy in-between sizes. Plug Slice Edgeworth is packed in thin slices, for pipe-smokers who like to "rub up" their tobacco in the palm of the hand.

On your radio—tune in on WRVA, Richmond, Va.—the Edgeworth Station. Wave length 270 meters. Frequency 1110 kilocycles.—Special Feature: The "Edgeworth Club" Hour every Wednesday evening at nine o'clock, Eastern Standard Time.

Three on a Match

Continued from page 7

each other as from the points of a triangle marked out upon the floor. And with them sat three shadowy figures waiting; hate, and vengeance, and death.

A long gray lozenge of ash dropped from the imprisoned cigarette and sprayed across the feet of the silver stork. The slight sound stirred something in Bruce Norton that had lain dormant even beneath the wild struggling of his inner senses.

In that cigarette there was death—and life. Perhaps it would be extinguished. Perhaps the biting of the stork's silver bill would quench that tiny creeping fuse of red before it had reached the panel. How long would a cigarette burn thus? Ten minutes? Twenty?

BRUCE NORTON was not a religious man. But now with all his tortured, straining, hopeless soul he began to pray; incoherently, asking for a miracle, or for his chained will to break its bonds. The pain in his eyes was horrible. If his unwinking lids could but once lower their curtains against the awful smarting dryness that consumed them—and yet he stared white and haggard; the little red finger tip in the beak of the silver stork crept on, writing a summons to Death in lines of wavering blue smoke. And Tsen Lee, beside it, sat with malignant glazed eyes and thinly smiling lips—watching, waiting—

Then it was that Bruce Norton realized, rather than saw, that his own cigarette, still burning, had slipped down into the palm of his clenched hand. There was no feeling at first, although he knew that the smoldering spark must be searing its way into the flesh. But suddenly there was a prickling sensation somewhere, remote, yet sharply defined—a coursing stream of something in his nerves—a fierce contraction that he recognized as *Pain*. With it came a wild leaping of hope. If only the pain could gnaw through the chains that held him muscle-bound! If he could but move his fingers! Lift his hand to the gun that pressed against his thigh—

He flung his mind like a catapult against the barrier of the deadly anæsthetic. He must break through. He must break through—he *would* break through! He would reach the Pain that was somewhere on the outside—the Pain that would save him if he could but reach it—

His staring eyes were suddenly filled with a swirling pattern of red spots, that grew into huge, blinding things, whirred, turned black. And then a curtain lifted and the room came into view again, blurred, distorted, weaving in strange, watery figures—comprehension came to him like the smiting of ice-cold air. *He had blinked!* He had closed his eyes and opened them again! The eyes of the mask that had once been his living face—he had broken through!

Now in the black, opaque eyes of Tsen Lee he saw something gathering there behind the outward deadness—Fear! There was no movement, no quiver of the heavy drooping lids. But an electric current shot through Bruce Norton's body as he sensed it. The yellow devil was afraid! The wild surge of hope which rushed through him beat afresh at the weakening wall of anæsthesia.

Another lozenge of ash fell. Ah, but the tiny wand of nicotine was short now! But with the stimulus, something happened to the raw, pain-racked nerves in Bruce Norton's hand. The fingers clenched spasmodically, crushing the burning tip of the cigarette full into the palm. The fierce pain shot up into the numbed recesses of his dull brain and down again, carrying an imperative command. His hand opened—consciously this time. The cigarette slid down to the floor. The hand came upward, slowly, slowly—a weight unbearable, dragging downward again—no, upward—now it was near his hip—and the gun!

He felt something hot and wet pouring down across his numbed mask-like face. Sweat! He felt a heavy grinding in his mouth, cut through by hot gasping drafts of air—he knew that he was still grinning at Tsen Lee. Grinning with clenched teeth and rigid lips. But he must not think of that; only of the Hand. The Gun! Another instant—another century—he would reach it—he must reach it—

Fear now stood forth starkly naked in Tsen Lee's staring eyes. He had watched many men face doom in the enslaving horror of the Shui Hsen Piao. But never had he seen a man move when once the powerful anæsthetic had stunned the senses.

He tried to look at the cigarette in the stork's bill. It must be short, burned nearly to its fatal length where it should sear the powder-smeared fuse. But he could not turn his head. His terror-glazed eyes stared at the Hand that was creeping closer and closer to the bulge of something hidden and deadly—the fingers were fumbling—they were drawing something out, something that gleamed with dark metallic menace—the fingers closed about the butt of the gun—they had it!

Another fleck of ash fell. A small spout of smoke went upward as if in preparation for the final moment of life—and death. But with it rose the gun. Slowly—slowly, not, it seemed, through any physical muscular effort, but by the powerful, agonizing pull of the will deep inside the man who held it. He lost his sense of identity. He was not Bruce Norton, sitting in a chair waiting for death above a trapdoor that would precipitate him down into the river. He was an arm. An arm with a gun. Life revolved those two. The arm; the gun; lifting slowly, intolerably—a weight that no arm had ever lifted before—and yet it was coming gradually upward. A lumpish hand without life, yet throbbing with pain, great clumsy fingers unrelated to his body, yet they were feeling for the trigger—how much longer would it take to lift that awful weight until it could point at the little red eye that even now was winking with the flaking of an ashed eyelash?

HE COULD shoot, Bruce Norton could shoot well. It was something upon which he had always prided himself, his careless, confident mastery of a gun. But now—life and death stood at his side looking down the shining, wavering barrel. He knew that there would be time but for one shot—he must shoot *under* the fiery tip of the cigarette. He must shoot so as to topple the stork over. For a bullet hurtling into the panel might well release the fatal spring. The first noise would bring the servants. What then? He dared not think so far. He only knew that he must shoot—he must pull the trigger—his—fingers—must—pull—the—trigger—

Now only a thumbnail's length between the hungry smolder of the cigarette and the hidden silken cord of death. But now the little red eye was shining straight along the barrel of the pointing gun. Norton tugged at the trigger—it did not respond. A cold giddiness swept over him. The tiny curved tongue of metal more than matched his waning strength. An awful exhaustion was pawing its way down through his arm and into his hand. He wanted to rest; he wanted to sleep; nothing else mattered. The room began to go dim—the gun wavered from side to side—

Tsen Lee's glazed eyes saw the slow, helpless arc of the deadly weapon, and a gleam of hope, evil, triumphant, flashed out of the black slanted caverns of his eyes. Bruce Norton saw it. And an effort all but inhuman brought the gun back to steadiness. Again the fear in Tsen Lee's eyes. Terrible, frozen fear.

The Arm, the Will, Bruce Norton's whole being became now a Finger. A Finger pulling at a Trigger.

Another flake of ash fell. Every nerve in Norton's body tightened. It was as if his whole being were flung upon the curving of the trigger beneath his finger. And with the effort there came response. The gun spat; he felt the fierce, short recoil of it against the palm of his hand. Hideous, deafening clamor—it was like a fusilade of giant cannons. Smoke—blinding, acrid—for an instant he could not see. And then, through the heavy hanging haze, he saw the toppled figure of the silver stork with its tiny bit of red still smoldering harmlessly upon the gorgeous Oriental rug!

He saw something else too. Tsen Lee sat very still in his carven teakwood chair. But his head had dropped forward upon his black silken robe. A spot of something was oozing out, widening, smearing across the golden embroideries—Norton watched fascinated. Was it—*blood?*

AS IF in answer the black figure slumped slowly forward. The fat yellow hands slid downward along the arms of the chair. Then Tsen Lee suddenly crashed headlong onto the floor. His saffron, mask-like face was close to the overturned silver stork. For an instant the smoldering bit of red was reflected in his staring black eyes. Then the light went out. The cigarette was extinguished. And Tsen Lee was dead.

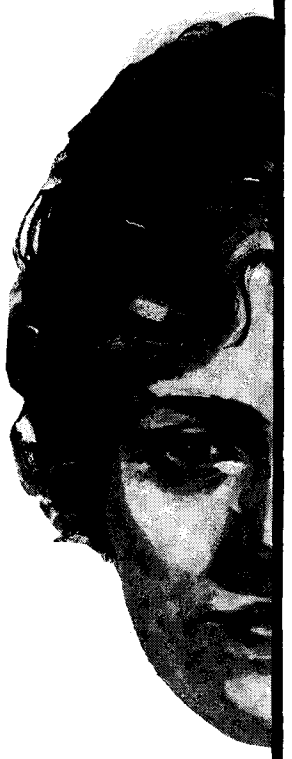
Norton heard a grating intake of breath—his own. His head was swimming dizzily. Surely he had fired but once—the same bullet could not have dealt out life and death in the one single spittle of lead—

Helpless as he was, he could not turn as he heard the opening of the door behind him. He was pawing at the gun, trying to lift it once more. They were coming—he had cheated death for a moment only to face it again, this time against overwhelming odds—he struggled desperately to turn and face them. Then two arms closed about his neck—softly rounded arms. He heard the broken sobbing of a girl's voice, but the darkness swooped down upon him and he knew no more.

He came back to consciousness gradually. He was in the same gorgeous, terrifying, Oriental room. But there was a difference. Loya huddled close beside him, her tear-stained face very rich and vivid, her dark loosened hair falling about her shoulders. Her lips were upon his blistered hand, and she had bathed his forehead and cheeks with cool water, faintly aromatic. Dimly he noticed that the dead smell of the stupefying incense had lifted. But he could not

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

IF
YOU ARE
RUN DOWN, FAGGED
OUT, CONSTIPATED AND
IN FACT



Only half there

EAT YEAST
IN THIS
Modern FORM

Don't eat ordinary baking yeast if you don't like it. No need to—now. Eat Yeast Foam Tablets which are all yeast . . . pure yeast . . . powerful in their corrective properties and best of all, *easy and pleasant to eat.*

The leading universities and the U. S. Government regard this yeast so highly that they use it for their studies in the effects of the B Vitamin. What better endorsement of its quality and efficacy? Eat these tablets for constipation, indigestion, skin disorders, "nerves," run-down conditions. The little glassine envelope (6 tablets) costs but 5c—the 10-day bottle is 50c or less . . . at drug stores. Northwestern Yeast Company, 1750 N. Ashland Ave., Chicago.

speak. He could only question mutely with his eyes.

He saw now that there were other men in the room—yellow-faced men with black jackets and slanted, serious eyes. They were carrying something heavy across the floor—again Norton saw the black yawning square open in the floor in front of the chair where Benjamin Usher sat. For a moment he caught the vivid gold of a writhing dragon that swung in mid-air. Then it disappeared. A faint splash followed; a dull lapping sound as of water spreading out again after a weight has been thrown in. A yellow hand pressed against the paneling of the opposite wall. The squares swung shut once more. There was a deathlike silence in the room.

THEN one of the men spoke to the detective who was weakly fumbling with his handkerchief, spoke as if continuing an interrupted sentence: "And so let this night be forgotten, Honorable Man Chaser. What is done is done, and it is just. I am of the Yet Sing Tong, whose leader was the august Tsen Lee, who but now has ascended the Dragon of Immortality. He betrayed us. For the sake of a woman he would have destroyed the peace of many. Much blood has been shed—we desired peace. And Tsen Lee had no thought but of his own desire. Therefore he has augustly passed away. It is just."

Bruce Norton found his voice. It was hoarse and cracked:

"Usher—can you hear me? I can't understand what he's saying to you in Chinese—did I kill Tsen Lee? Is that it? Are they still after us?"

Benjamin Usher managed to turn his head. His shaking hand guided the handkerchief across his perspiring face.

"No—you didn't kill him—you got the cigarette, thank God, or we'd have been in the river regardless of anything else. Huei Lang here says that they did not know where the girl was hidden until Tsen Lee sent his servant for her. Then they trailed the two here, meaning to demand her release so as to prevent another tong war. They overpowered the servant and came down. He fired the other shot—at the same instant as yours. Technically it's murder. But I'm going to let it go—I'd like to forget this night—if I can—"

Huei Lang spoke again, courteously, and very gravely:

"My men will assist your honorable persons to ascend the staircase into the cool outer air of night if that is your pleasure. 'The river is below; but the stars are above'—so runs the proverb."

Bruce Norton held out his arms to the girl beside him.

"Help me, Loya—darling—let's get out of this—coming, Usher?"

"Yes, I can walk now if I take it slowly—"

For a moment they stood on the threshold, looking back at the long, gorgeous, Oriental room with its foul dead smell of incense and imprisoned breathing. There was nothing to indicate the drama of the last crowded moments. Only upon the floor near the teakwood chair a silver stork lay overturned. And upon the cherry red and azure blue of the soft rugs lay two tiny, crumpled cigarette butts. Two only; the third had been swallowed up by the river.

Onward and Upward

Continued from page 18

of work is Louis Mann! How infinite, etc.," that it was necessary to ring down the curtain and bring on a ventriloquist.

Hamlet was a flop in New York, probably on account of the election, and John Barrymore, discouraged, quit the legitimate stage and sought employment in the movies.

The bright minds at the head of the industry told him there was no opening for a low comic, but because of his family connections they would try him out as a juvenile provided he visit a garage and get his face lifted and his nose rectified. He had these things done and his brakes relined and the carbon removed from his ear lobes, and we next follow him to Hollywood, where he clicks at once in the title rôle of The Covered Wagon.

Between that brilliant start and his next job there was a long and painful hiatus during which he was forced, like his sister Privet, to live on nuts and herbs.

At length he was offered the leading human part in Sea Beast, a scream version of Moby-Dick, the famous book by Herman Melville (Sis Hopkins). John thought there was something fishy in this offer as the part seemed better suited to Ernest Torrence or Eddie Cantor, but a ravenous appetite drove him to accept and everything went along smoothly during the shooting of the first 5 or 6 scenes. (Author's note: The actual taking of the pictures is called "shooting." It is a slang phrase for the actual taking of the pictures. Instead of saying, "I took a picture," the camera man says, "I shot a picture." It is slang.)

But the day came when John's worst suspicions were realized. He had not read the scenario very carefully and was unaware that in the big scene Moby-Dick (Mae West) bites off his (John's) leg. They were putting him under the anæsthetic when he awoke to the full horror of the situation and issued an ultimatum to the effect that they must engage a double or he would quit the industry and write a book called A Thousand Tricks with Cards. They saw he was in earnest and hurriedly hired a man who was eager to part with one of his legs so somebody else would have to dance with his wife. The Sea Beast was completed without further difficulty and became one of the few pictures I ever saw.

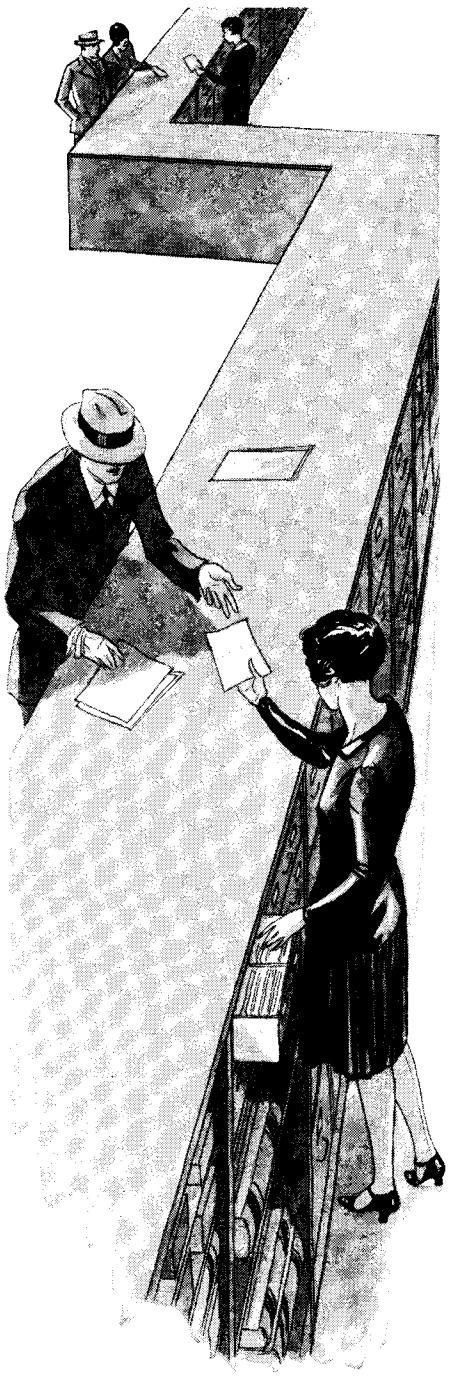
Does His Own Washing

Last I heard, John was a member of the organization which modestly styles itself the United Artists and was under contract to make 4 pictures a year at $125.00 per picture, or a total of $500.00 per annum, or maybe I should have omitted the periods. Anyway he will be able to command more salary now that the talkies are in vogue as his Shakespearean training makes him the only Artist who can speak a word of 2 syllables without strangling.

He lives very simply, doing his own washing and cutting his own meat. Every morning at four sharp he appears at the United Artists' studio and punches the clock and then they have to get a new one.

His hobbies are toying with the hot and cold water faucets in public lavatories and playing loo with the yardmaster at the Sante Fe station in Los Angeles.

It has been a long, uphill struggle for John Barrymore and if you ask him what he thinks of heredity, he will begin capering and frisking around the room till you wish you had opened some other suit.



A useful counter made of "Y and E" steel files

"Y and E" Counterheight Steel Files utilize the space formerly wasted by counter or railing. Built up from single units, and covered with a handsome bronze bound linoleum top, this counter may be adapted to any filing or storage purpose. See these files at the "Y and E" Store, or write us for literature.

YAWMAN AND ERBE MFG. CO.
252 JAY ST., ROCHESTER, N. Y.
Canada: The Office Specialty Mfg. Co., Ltd., Newmarket, Ont.

"Y and E"
OFFICE EQUIPMENT

STEEL AND WOOD FILES • STEEL SHELVING • DESKS • SAFES • OFFICE SYSTEMS AND SUPPLIES • BANK AND LIBRARY EQUIPMENT

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Midnight Marauders Don't Fear Telephones!

"Listen, Mister . . . when a guy gets caught in the act like you are—there ain't much left for him to do 'cept be non-shall-ant, as the cigarette fellers say. If I wasn't too damned easy-goin'—I'd . . ."

Tragedy and comedy so often sound alike until the last moment. *Your* thug might not have a sense of humor. The telephone that connects you with the outer world—the splendid police force that maintains law and order to the fullest possible extent of its powers—the financial satisfaction of adequate insurance—these cannot always replace the means of vigorous and immediate self-defense.

The revolver is an effective instrument in the promotion of law and order. It is an invaluable factor in the conservation of life and property and creates a feeling of security.

SMITH & WESSON
SPRINGFIELD, MASS., U. S. A.
THE REVOLVER MANUFACTURER

Descriptive booklet "S" gladly sent you upon request

On a Night Like This

Continued from page 30

Mr. Purser Rankin, an old friend, urged me to scribble my cards in the seclusion of his cabin. I descended. I opened my correspondence vigorously and at the sixth postal card I began to wonder why Purser Rankin kept his quarters so airtight and stuffy, for the room was infernally close.

If there is one thing I cannot abide, it is a stuffy room, so I turned on the fan and opened the porthole and was almost instantly rewarded. Two hundred quarts of fresh spray came in, so I closed the porthole. Observing that I was beginning to have a headache I decided to give over the postal cards and go on deck, and upon reaching the open air I perceived that everything was changed. The smooth flatness of the sea had given way to corrugations, each one topped with a currycomb of spray and a gentle breeze was beginning to whistle up from the west. I sat upon a deck bench and waited for the breeze to die away, and there is no more silly way of spending a morning than to sit in the middle of the Pacific Ocean in midwinter, waiting for a breeze to diminish.

I Find Comfort in Bed

Two hours later a couple of my old lady friends staggered by me and one of them glared and said accusingly:

"We thought you told us this was going to be a pleasant voyage?"

I arose without a word and left them, not because I am discourteous but because I felt it would be better to go to bed a while, though it was not yet noon. Early in the afternoon the Hillary Castle quit pretending, struck her iron nose into the teeth of a gale and for the next five days my life consisted of going to bed, getting up, taking powders, and growing paler, hour by hour.

The Pacific Ocean unbuckled one of its handsome winter gales and to my dying day I shall never forget the hollow, dank, dismal, funereal wail of the wind as it played games with our stanch Hillary Castle and spilled coffee upon people trying to eat breakfast.

"Captain," I said wearily, after twenty-four hours of it, "you said we wouldn't have a storm."

"This is no storm," he explained, "this is a mild breeze."

"You mean possibly the big blow is still ahead of us?"

"I don't mean possibly."

It turned out Captain Oakes was correct.

The Hillary Castle slowed down to seven miles per hour, riding up to the top and then coasting to the bottom, and the seven-mile speed was to keep her from going on down into Senegambia. I staggered here and there, gazing out at the incredible ocean and passing each meal hour without the slightest hunger.

"Rather nice," I said to Esther, "seeing we have to go, that we are going together."

"Where?" she asked in surprise.

"You don't think this ship will last twenty-four hours more, do you? You don't believe anything made by mortal hands can stand another day's pounding like this?"

Esther continued to go about her daily affairs unperturbed, unaffected by the obvious fact that we would soon be in the news headlines. The Hillary Castle stood upon her nose, stood upon her tail, leaned over sideways and tried to shake herself loose from her rivets. Captain Oakes donned a suit of pink oilskins and decided to live up beside the wheel.

That was the night two booms burst their lashings, and what a night it was for the captain and Mrs. Waxman's little boy, Roger. I do not know how much a boom weighs. It is a piece of wood as thick as a flour barrel and as long as a freight car. Iron rings around it make it heavier, and when it tears loose from its lashings in a bitter storm, the best thing to do is quietly to leave the vessel and go sit under an elm tree.

Captain Oakes was at his post of duty when the booms began wandering and they say his language was good, even for the Pacific. Green combers came aboard, one after another, and between seas the crew worked on the booms, which were finally captured. The gale reached its peak velocity after midnight and that was my prize night.

At one o'clock in the morning there was a prolonged blast of the steamer's whistle, a fearsome sound above the tumult of the gale. I leaped out of bed, with a cry. Instantly, the fire alarm bell began ringing.

"Well, Esther," I said in a hoarse voice, and hunting frantically for my trousers, "I hope you are now satisfied. The ship is sinking, and we are also on fire, in a fearful storm, five thousand miles from help of any kind."

"What?" my spouse asked.

"Get up," I shouted, raging around the cabin, "and put on your clothes so you can die respectably."

"What are you going to do?" she inquired with interest, sitting up.

"I am going to put on my shirt if I can ever find the accursed thing. The ship is sinking."

"So you're going up and help the captain," she murmured, doing nothing to save herself.

I made no reply, for at that instant the lights went out and I knew the engine-room was flooded. Staggering in the darkness, I put on my overcoat, listening for the rush of feet in the hall outside, the panic of strong men sinking at sea.

"For the last time, are you going to get up?" I called desperately across the darkness, but there was no reply and I seized my hat and careened down the hallway. I knew, of course, that the ship's whistle is never blown at midnight unless something desperate has happened, so I confidently expected to be met by a wall of green water as I hurried onward.

Ready for the Sinking

I dashed up a companionway to another deck, wondering why the passengers felt so little concern for their lives, and presently it dawned upon me that I was the only one awake, the one human being on the ship trying to save his life. Fully clad, I stood ready to step at once into a small boat and start rowing to Asia. I walked around the ship, deck after deck, and not a soul did I meet. Wondering if Captain Oakes would like to talk things over with me on the bridge, I decided that he would not and after another futile glance toward the surging sea I returned to Cabin One Hundred.

"How did you find everything?" asked Esther.

"A great deal you care," I replied gloomily and returned to my bed.

Next morning we were still afloat, two or three thousand miles from Japan and the mysteries of the midnight were solved. A Chinese boy making his way through the storm had permitted the tail of his coat to become entangled with the whistle cord. The fire alarm bell was set off by an American husband full of gin fizzes, who had been trying to call up the head steward, using nothing but an emergency fire-box. I never learned why the lights went out, but I suppose a coolie stuck his finger into one of them.

We Continue to Float

Captain Carter Oakes pulled us through and the Hillary Castle continued to float and to head toward Japan, China and the unknown mysteries of the Orient. The captain of our ship was a rare lad known up and down the seven seas by shipping men, a lover of fine books, a collector of first editions, a gambling fool and a man who had spent a dozen years fighting with his fists. He was not a soft-spoken person, nor one given to diplomacy. He made direct statements in a crisp voice. If a society dowager from Newport—and we had one—asked him to permit her and her crowd to start a tournament on the top deck, he did not equivocate or shilly-shally. He merely said, looking the dowager in the eye, "No, you cannot," and when the outraged dame demanded reasons, Captain Oakes said, "Because I am the captain of this steamboat, and what I say goes."

To others he explained that top-deck tournaments are misery for ill people or people trying to slumber on the deck below, and that if Mrs. Hoosis had any sense, she would know it.

"Do you always talk up to your passengers?" I asked mildly.

"I certainly do," said the skipper.

"Do you expect to rise in your profession and be a veteran commodore with whiskers and a gold hat?"

"My boy," he said, "the dumbest class in the world are sailors, and I am a sailor. I am pretty dumb myself, or I wouldn't be a sailor. The next dumbest people in the world are passengers on a ship, and particularly passengers who pay large sums of money to ride around the world on one of these tourist steamers."

"Why?"

"You'll find out before this is over," he said grimly. "You think it's fun to go around the world. Well, it isn't."

"I don't think it's fun. My wife does. I'm married."

"I noticed it. Some time I want to talk to you about marriage."

"And when you do, you will be talking to the right man. Marriage is my meat. I have made a study of it. Whatever you wish to know about the sacred state of wedlock you ask me."

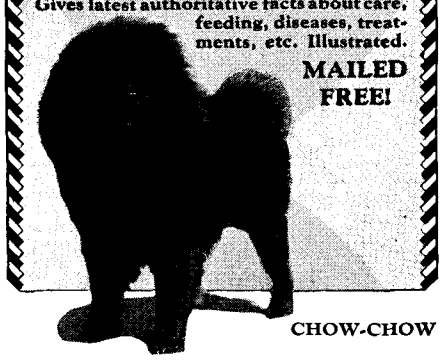
The captain was a bachelor and, like all bachelors, had his soft moments when he gave himself over to the contemplation of a hearth and home. He had been at sea since boyhood and had early risen to the post of first mate in the transatlantic service simply because his people soon learned that in Mr. Oakes they had a fighter. It had been for many voyages the steady task of the young officer to beat British and Irish crews into submission with his fists, to create in them a proper respect for authority, to prove the futility of heavy drinking at sea and generally to improve their morale and efficiency. This he had done well, and gazing at his round head and solid shoulders it was easy to see that the captain knew the rudiments of hand-to-hand encounter.

"For nine years," he said, grinning, "I was never without a black eye or a busted lip. And I had some sweet settos."

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Could You Meet An Emergency Threatening Your Dog's Life?

Write for your copy of the new Glover 104-page textbook. It tells all about dogs "HOW BEST TO CARE FOR YOUR DOG" Gives latest authoritative facts about care, feeding, diseases, treatments, etc. Illustrated. MAILED FREE!



CHOW-CHOW

This breed originated in northern China centuries ago. A true "one man" dog resembling the Eskimo Dog. His color is solid—red, smoke-blue or black, as a rule. The only breed with a black tongue.

ESSENTIAL NEEDS FOR EVERY DOG

GLOVER'S Imperial Medicines are needed by almost all dogs. Each of these is the finest of its kind. Each combines perfect safety with highest efficacy. To use any of lower quality is not fair to the animal who will always give *his* best for you.

Keep him free from fleas; skin clean and coat gleaming. Treat him for dangerous intestinal worms. Keep him regular with Glover's Laxative Pills and toned up with Glover's Condition Pills. Use Glover's Cresol Disinfectant as a positive germicide in his bath, on his feeding pans, kennel and bedding.

VETERINARY WELFARE SERVICE...FREE

Write fully to our veterinarian for advice in any matter concerning dogs, cats, birds or farm livestock.

GLOVER'S FLEA INSECT POWDER
GLOVER'S KENNEL FLEA SOAP
GLOVER'S CRESOL DISINFECTANT
GLOVER'S LAXATIVE PILLS FOR DOGS
GLOVER'S ROUND WORM CAPSULES
GLOVER'S CONDITION PILLS FOR DOGS

Just a few of the many

GLOVER'S
Imperial
MEDICINES FOR DOGS
Sold by Drug Stores, Pet Shops, Kennels and Sporting Goods Stores

H. CLAY GLOVER CO., Inc.
Dept. L, 119 Fifth Avenue, New York, N.Y.
Sales Agents: Harold F. Ritchie & Co., Inc., New York

From time to time, in the days of battles, First Mate Oakes paused to glance over his career and saw that he had given his line good service. By the rules of the sea he deserved a command, a proud ship of his own and a blue suit with an anchor, so he went to headquarters and parleyed with officials.

"You deserve a ship," they admitted.

"Why don't I get one?"

"You are very valuable to us as first mate. Where could we ever find another first mate like you?"

They surveyed him admiringly.

"I'll quit," said Mr. Oakes promptly.

"Wait," they urged. "Don't be hasty. We are going to give you a ship, but let us talk it over. You are a fighting man. That is fine on, say, a freighter, with a wicked crew, but if we give you a command, you must understand that your battling days are over. When you are captain of a passenger ship, you can't go about hitting people with your fists."

A Success from the Start

"Try me," suggested the young man, so they gave him a steamboat, made him the chief, and never regretted it. Captain Oakes was a success from the start. He was torpedoed three times during the war and swam around idly in cold water until picked up by trawlers. On his second experience with German boys two torpedoes hit him at once and found Captain Oakes on the bridge of a tramp steamer loaded with steel rails. The double explosion broke both his ankles and he did not have to jump into the sea, for his steel rails sank in forty seconds.

"You must have had a nice time during the war," I mused.

"Wasn't so bad," he said. "Of course, we never could tell when we were going to step on a hot potato."

The captain's pate was beginning to gleam pinkly through his yellow hair, the battle light was slowly fading from his eye and rarely did he find it necessary to clench his fist. The days of happy strife were over and he spoke with regret of the calm that now distinguished his career. In the old days he expected trouble with each new voyage. Now he had none. His officers were always quiet, orderly, efficient men and there was plenty of reason for that. Good men gravitated to his ships. Bad men left him alone. Now and then a hard-boiled seaman would apply to the New York and Shanghai line for a job.

"All right," the New York office would say, not knowing the bad man. "You'll be with Oakes on the Hillary Castle."

"Much obliged," he would say, turning away, "I don't want the job."

Scandal began to brew about the time Mrs. Harris recovered her sea limbs. She took to her bed the day the ship sailed, and it required a week or more of constant resting before she became accustomed to the motion. While Mrs. Harris was under the weather there was little or no scandal on board, except the case of Mr. Mortimer and Miss Gage. It was a comparatively quiet steamer, plowing across the western sea and the passengers had not yet begun to detest each other.

Mrs. Harris recovered from her prolonged *mal-de-mer*, walked out on deck and stared about with great interest; and in no time at all the peaceful Hillary Castle began to seethe and former associates passed each other with averted faces.

I will say one thing for Mrs. Harris. She was the best of her kind. She was a high-class, skillful and experienced scandal-passer and if there is any spot that lends itself to scandal, it is a steamer carrying two hundred Americans to China. The lady was elderly and had a quiet blue eye that disarmed suspicion. Her hair was gray and respectable and the only indication of her character was her nose. It was a pointed nose, a sharp, thin beak, and it did not belie the woman. Her opening gun showed her to be a big-league member of her craft, for she aimed at none other than Captain Oakes.

I regret to say that Captain Oakes courted criticism and laid himself wide open for a dart from Mrs. Harris. By the luck of the draw she sat at the captain's table where she could see and hear, and one meal at sea furnished her with ammunition.

People often wonder why certain passengers are placed at the captain's table, and why others, even more notable, are shunted off into a corner to eat all their meals with an assistant purser or the ship's surgeon. This is easily explained. The captain of a tourist ship, knowing he must suffer, tries in advance to select five or six incoming passengers who will bore him the least during a long voyage. He does not select congressmen, newlyweds, school teachers or invalids, for he knows they will make his life unendurable. He selects with what skill he can persons who will ask him the fewest fool questions, and if he is a youngish captain, or a man not blind to charm in the opposite sex, he frequently adorns his table with a pretty woman.

Captain Oakes selected one pretty young person whose name was Mrs. Saltus, first name Floncy, meaning probably Florence when she was at home. And as I am an excellent judge in such matters I will state that the captain exercised rare discrimination. In leaving the others at his table to the discretion of the purser, he made a mistake and the greatest evidence thereof was Mrs. Harris.

Others at the head table were a mysterious stranger who came aboard at San Francisco, lighted like a Christmas tree and who remained pleasantly and silently boiled from America to the Suez Canal; a missionary going out to correct the habits of eight hundred million Chinese and a fat man bound back to Java for an oil company, whose sole topic of conversation was ship supply of white linen suits and the interesting fact that he changed garments six times a day when in Java.

Mrs. Harris to the Fore

The Chinese missionary lasted one week. Unable to bear with the captain's direct manner of speech, and offended by a few of the marine words used, he asked for a seat elsewhere, and was placed with Mr. and Mrs. Hamblin and their daughter, Alice.

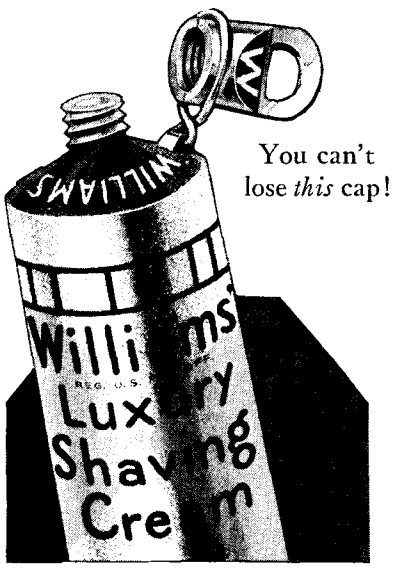
Mrs. Harris came down to her first lunch, was introduced, sat down and fixed her eagle eye upon the commander, who was gayly conversing with Floncy, who sat at his right. It happened that he felt like talking to Floncy, and he so did, lowering his voice at times and chuckling over confidential exchanges.

This was not what Mrs. Harris expected from a ship's captain during the course of a meal. It was her conviction that talk at the captain's table should be general, and if the captain had anything to say, he should address his remarks to all. After lunch Mrs. Harris approached various passengers and asked if they had observed the brazen flirtation between Captain Oakes and Mrs. Saltus, and before sunset everyone on the ship was aware that something was going on, the intimation being that Mrs. Saltus was guilty.

"What would her husband say?" Mrs. Harris inquired gravely, a question which was later answered by the news that he would say very little, having

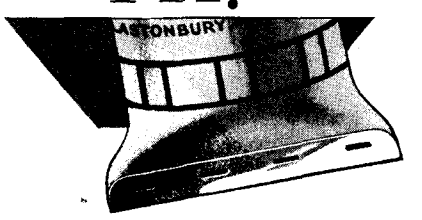
(*Continued on page 52*)

"Just notice the fine skins of men who use Williams"



You can't lose *this* cap!

The Cream that *leaves* FACES FIT!



Texture— Moisture— Mildness—

Look for these three things in a shaving cream. You will find them all in Williams.

Texture! Lather that's close woven. A thick, rich blanket... firm and cream-like. Lather that rises quickly . . . . stands and works.

Moisture! Saturated with it. Williams, indeed, absorbs 10% more moisture, by authentic test, than any other we know of.

Mildness! Totally free from any irritating features. Millions of super sensitive skins have found it of unequalled blandness and gentleness.

There is no accident in the Williams lather. Eighty-nine years of patient specialized study of beard and skin and how best to treat them have gone into the Williams blend.

Pay heed to the drug clerk: "Oh, yes, sometimes they change . . . . *but they all come back to Williams!*"

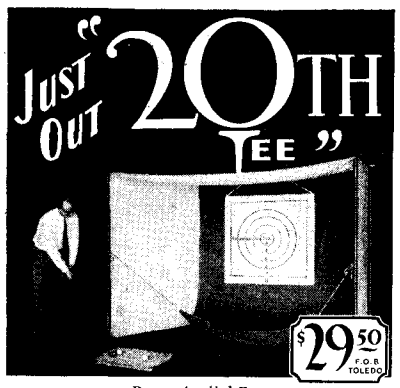
THE J. B. WILLIAMS COMPANY,
GLASTONBURY, CONN.—MONTREAL, CANADA.

Next time say

"Williams Shaving Cream *please!*"

Afterward find out how perfectly AQUA VELVA completes the shave. Made *just* for that!

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



Patent Applied For

Practice Court and Golf Game

Practice makes the golfer and the practice that counts most is concentration on one club at a time. With the new 20th Tee Practice Court and Golf Game you can play golf all Winter . . . practice and perfect your swing with one club at a time . . . and next Spring step on the course in mid-season form. The "beginner" can

Learn to Play Golf at Home

then start playing on a regular course with a swing like a veteran, avoiding the embarrassment of those first games before spectators and friends The 20th Tee is quickly erected wherever there is a space 7 ft. x 10 ft. and you can swing a golf club. Side-wings and ceiling are adjustable. It may be set-up on the lawn or in the attic. Erected in the garage it in no way interferes with your car.

There is fun and interest in using it as well as good practice. You score like a regular golf game. Court is strong white or striped duck. Backstop has two curtains 4 inches apart. Front curtain is heavy khaki duck used for better visibility. Included are collapsible wood cross bar, telescoping enameled steel poles and steel stakes for outdoor use, guy ropes, 12 paper targets, scoring cards and complete instructions for installation and scoring. Packs 4½ ft. x 9 in. Cost complete, F. O. B. Toledo, O., $29.50.

Next summer it will save you its cost on the 19th hole. Order direct—send check or money order. Money back if not satisfied. Descriptive folder free.

THE M. I. WILCOX COMPANY
Dept. 32, 210 Water St., Toledo, Ohio

Enclosed is my check for $29.50. Send me one complete 20th Tee Practice Court and Golf Game. I understand that if not satisfied I may return it within ten days and the $29.50 will be refunded.

Send free descriptive folder.

Name .....

Address .....

City ..... State .....

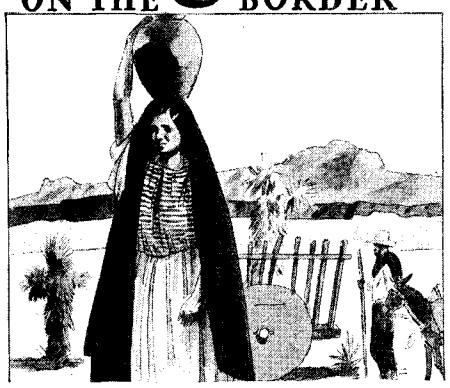
"I'd Like Him If--"

Untidy finger nails are often a bar to friendship and social acceptance. Refined men and women keep nails *always* clean and neat, with Gem, the pocket manicure that quickly cleans, trims and files. Ask your cutlery dealer or druggist. Gem 50c. Gem Jr. 35c. (the watch chain model).

The H. C. COOK CO., 2 Beaver St.
Ansonia, Conn.

NAIL Gem Clippers Gem Jr. 35c

Nogales
ON THE BORDER



Just across the main street in Nogales is Mexico! —ten-gallon hats—*cantinas*—all the fun and frolic of pleasure-loving Latin America.

Nogales (*"No-gál-iss"*) is Arizona's ¾-mile-high border city—the crossroads of two friendly nations with unique attractions. Hunting—fishing—and many of Arizona's finest "dude ranches" nearby.

Good accommodations, shops, schools, etc.—keen, healthy mountain air—just a mighty good place to live in!

Write for Booklet, then come
Southern Pacific or Transcontinental Highway

NOGALES WONDERLAND CLUB, Inc.,
Nogales, Arizona.
Please send me free illustrated booklet 845

Name _____

Address _____

(*Continued from page 51*)

been dead two years. Nothing daunted, Mrs. Harris warmed to her work and stated she could tell a hussy when she saw one. What, she asked, right had Floncy to call unofficially at the captain's quarters and be caught playing cards with him. What right had she to stroll with the officer in the moonlight, to stand beside him on the bridge staring at the sunset. Did the passengers happen to know how late these two promenaded the top deck, when respectable folks were in their beds?

The Scandal Grows

Questions remained unanswered and day by day Mrs. Harris built up a case against the skipper, interested other ladies in the deplorable matter and finally drew up a strong petition, asking the New York and Shanghai Steam Navigation Company to relieve Captain Oakes of his command for conduct unbecoming an officer and for shocking the finer sensibilities of tourists in passage.

"Roger," said the captain, "what do you think of a poor man who marries a woman of wealth?"

"No good," I said instantly. "It is a mistake all around. The poor fellow has to spend the rest of his life leaning over the back of a chair and asking her will she please let him have forty-two dollars to buy a radio."

"That's what I think," coincided the skipper, a far-away gleam in his eye.

"Are you looking forward to marrying a rich woman, Captain?"

"No. And yet what future is there for me, sitting up here and steering a steamboat around the world?"

"Traditions of the sea. You will soon grow old, covered with years and honors. When you become feeble, the line may pension you."

"I'm thirty-seven. That's young."

"Tackle a shore job. Walk into your New York office and demand a superintendency."

"Acquire a boss," said the skipper reflectively. "Have somebody tell me what to do. That wouldn't go—with me. Out here I am the boss and I've become used to it. True, I shall never make any real money. You can't make money on a captain's pay."

"You can," I said.

On the preceding trip around the world he had picked up twelve hundred dollars playing poker between San Francisco and Tokyo.

"I suppose a man ought to get married," he said reflectively. "Seems foolish to grow old alone. A bachelor is a pathetic creature. What is a sadder sight than the elderly and slightly enfeebled bachelor living in a hotel room?"

"Of course," I stated, "marriage is not the perfect human state without a single flaw."

"Tell that to me," he responded. "Don't I take these married dodoes around the world. Don't I look at husbands and wives?"

Well, anyway the storm has abated—but there's more excitement ahead in another slice of the Waxmans' travels in next week's Collier's.

The Chief of the Loch McCree

Continued from page 16

"If any man feels like going for'ard and seeing for himself he may do so," said the chief mildly. One or two went up to the fiddley doors, forced them open, took one look and came tumbling below again, wet and breathless.

"We've got to keep things going for our own sake," said the chief, more than once. "If we don't the ship may be lost. And then there are those women and children on that liner."

They snarled at him there in the reeking stokehold, snarled and threatened and reeled with exhaustion. Some of them even sobbed in impotent rages. What did they care for women and children or any liner? Let her go! Cut the wire! Why should they die because another ship was in trouble?

"Go and rest a while," the chief would say to the worst offender. He was always soothing, mild, unmoved, even smiling through his grease-streaked beard. Then he would seize the man's shovel or coal barrow and labor for half an hour or an hour until one of the engineers relieved him, when he would wander elsewhere. Once the whistle blew in the brass speaking tube from the bridge.

"Yes?" said the chief.

The captain's voice was faint and thin:

"Gettin' worse. . . . More steam. . . . Force her into it. . . . Tough. . . . What? Can you see it through? . . ."

"Yes," said the chief and calmly plugged the tube.

"Hope he can!" shouted the captain into the mate's ear. The wind seemed to choke the words back into his lungs. He stared into the inky smother where at long intervals the lights of the liner holding on astern would show. "If he cracks we'll have t' cut. . . . If he says we can't stand th' strain it's the end. . . . Up to him. . . . New man too. . . ."

"Aye," said the mate. "Damned stamp collector. . . ."

Toward morning the storm reached its height. In quick succession seas mounted the Loch McCree's very fiddley house and sent tons of water through the small openings beneath the engine-room skylights on to the cylinders below. The skylights were screwed down after that but water vomited into the gaping mouths of the great ventilators and once the wind-lifted crest of a giant sea toppled over the edge of the funnel itself. Water roared and hissed everywhere below, filling the place with steam. It swished back and forth on the greasy iron deck, filled the crank pits so that each revolution of the webs threw up blinding oily spray, it flooded the stokehold, covered the piled coal against the bunker bulkhead and washed around the men's ankles. The hull reeled and shook terrifically. More water cascaded below. Men grew frantic, crying out, throwing away shovels and slice bars. The stokehold was choking with steam. And then the dynamos stopped and the lights went out. A lot of things happened at once.

STANDING at the throttle the third engineer heard the second spit in the darkness.

"I guess that's the finish," said the second. The resigned calmness of his voice steadied the third's leaping heart and stiffened his trembling knees. It is no glamorous or glorious thing to die in the dark and the steam, trapped in the bowels of a storm-ridden ship.

"What'll we do?" cried the third. "There might be a chance on deck but down here . . ."

"Ease her when she races," said the second evenly. "What th' hell do yer think you're here for? It's likely th' chief's cracked. I'll see." He moved away and the third gripped the throttle lever tightly and swore in a monotonous undertone into the blackness to keep his nerve up. The piston rods were plunging still somewhere before him, he could

Fig 8 Appetizer

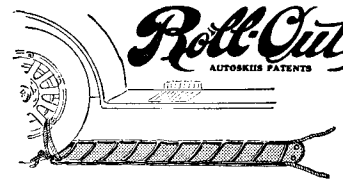
Cup brown sugar, juice eight oranges, six lemons, half bottle Martini & Rossi Vermouth, two glasses plain or spring water, dash bitters. Pour in bowl with ice and pineapple slices. Stir gently.

Recipes sent

with Bridge Score Pad gratis on request to W. A. Taylor & Co., 94-L Pine St., New York.

MARTINI & ROSSI
NON ALCOHOLIC
Vermouth

EVER STUCK IN MUD?



You can roll out of mud, sand or snow as easily as you rolled in. Use Roll-Out. *Mack Truck, loaded with eight tons, sunk axle deep in soft mud, pulled out in less than five minutes when all other methods failed.* Very compact. Rolls into small packet, can be carried under seat. Attach to wheel in a minute. Start engine, slowly roll out on top. Price $5.00, C.O.D. in U.S. Manufactured and guaranteed by H. A. Ayvad, Dept. X, 1103 Grand St., Hoboken, N.J.

BECOME AN EXPERT
ACCOUNTANT

Executive Accountants and C. P. A.'s earn $3,000 to $10,000 a year. Thousands of firms need them. Only 9,000 Certified Public Accountants in the United States. We train you thoroly at home in spare time for C.P.A. examinations or executive accounting positions. Previous experience unnecessary. Training under the personal supervision of *William B. Castenholz, A. M., C. P. A., and a large staff of C. P. A.'s*, including members of the American Institute of Accountants. Write for free book, "Accountancy, the Profession that Pays."

LaSalle Extension University, Dept. 240-HA Chicago
The World's Largest Business Training Institution

WANT MORE CASH?

Do you sometimes have a few spare hours which you would like to turn into Extra Cash? That is just the way Mr. Charles A. Pearson of South Carolina felt and he started in as our spare time subscription representative with so much success that he now devotes his full time to this pleasant and profitable work.

Your Time Is Money!

Even if you have only a few spare hours a week, you can easily increase your income by taking care of the local subscription interests of COLLIER'S, THE AMERICAN MAGAZINE, WOMAN'S HOME COMPANION, THE MENTOR and FARM AND FIRESIDE.

Your profits start at once. Write for full information and free supplies, now!—today!

Chief of Subscription Staff, Desk C-37
THE CROWELL PUBLISHING CO.
250 Park Avenue, New York

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Clever Way to make holes and cracks in plastered walls vanish is to fill them with Rutland Patching Plaster. Makes a patch that's *perfect* and *permanent*. Speedy and easy—just mix with water and use. Anyone can do it. At all paint, wall-paper and hardware stores. Rutland Fire Clay Co., Rutland, Vermont.

Rutland Patching Plaster

PHOTO ENLARGEMENTS

Size 16x20 Inches Same price for full length or bust form, groups, landscapes, pet animals, etc., or enlargements of any part of group picture. Safe return of your own original photo guaranteed.

98c

SEND NO MONEY Just mail photo or snapshot (any size) and within a week you will receive your beautiful life-like enlargement, size 16x20 in., guaranteed fadeless. Pay postman 98c plus postage—or send $1.00 with order and we pay postage.

Special Free Offer With each enlargement we will send FREE a hand-tinted miniature reproduction of photo sent. Take advantage *now* of this amazing offer and send your photo today.

UNITED PORTRAIT COMPANY
1652 Ogden Ave., Dept. B-419, Chicago, Ill.

CAMPBELL'S INFRA-RED RAY LAMP

Have You Some Troublesome Ailment?

Infra-Red Rays relieve congestion or troubles causing aches and pains in the body. The Campbell Infra-Red Ray Lamp concentrates a mild beam of Infra-Red Rays upon any part of the body.

These rays penetrate deeply into the tissues. As they penetrate they create an active circulation of the blood. Most ailments are due to congestion—relieve the congestion and you relieve the ailment. Nature herself does the healing by active, normal blood circulation.

Why Suffer Needless Pain?

If you or some friend have a troublesome ailment, a lamp like this is a blessing. May be used safely by anyone.

Relieve bronchial trouble, Neuralgia, Neuritis, Lumbago and many other ailments with soothing Infra-Red Rays.

Tell Us Your Trouble
Get Our Book on Infra-Red Rays

Quotes leading authorities as well as users

Infra-Red Rays have brought wonderful results for others. Let us send you their letters. Write today for our book giving details.

THE WILLIAM CAMPBELL COMPANY
1047 Union Avenue · Alliance, Ohio

hear their low thunder and feel the oily spray the webs threw up. The eccentrics were mumbling as usual, the feed pump sobbing. There was still steam then.

In the inky stokehold where the furnace doors glowed red the men gathered in a knot for a brief minute, huddled like sheep, crying out, clinging to each other for comfort. And then a voice lifted itself. They must get on deck. They were like rats trapped here below. On deck to the air and the sea! Better be drowned than scalded to death. The boilers might go. The water was washing almost to the fires. The rush was in process of being born when the second engineer arrived in the doorway that led from the stokehold to the engine-room, a hurricane lamp in one hand, a fourteen-inch shifting spanner in the other, his great body tense and his face white but determined. He licked his lips and was just about to speak when a white beam stabbed the shadows the lamp cast near the steel ladders that led up to the fiddley. A small, clear voice began to speak.

"STEAM'S dropping," it said. "Stay with it, men. We'll have some light here in a minute." The second's jaw dropped. The chief was standing there behind the white beam which was his electric flash-lamp. He still looked slightly ridiculous in his overlarge overalls but there was something about his eyes which caused that to be forgotten. In his free hand something glinted and it was quite a shock to the second to realize it was a revolver.

There was a moment's tense silence except for the ship noises, the inky water washing shin-deep now in that steam-filled pit, the boilers hissing, men breathing hard. Abruptly the Loch McCree yawed to a sea and sagged down on her beam ends and men went sprawling and panic-stricken to leeward, unprepared. The second engineer was staggered and almost fell. The chief appeared unmoved and the white beam never wavered. The men grouped together again, hysterical, wavering, terror-stricken, and as if moved by the same string they started toward that quiet little figure that barred the way to the deck. The glinting revolver lifted.

"He'll never shoot," whispered the second to himself, his eyes bulging. "He hasn't th' guts t' shoot."

An orange flame stabbed the shadows and a big Dutchman suddenly screamed and put a hand to his shoulder. The rest paused, wavered. Smoke trickled from the revolver muzzle and there was a plain reek of cordite. It was then the second woke to life and sprang forward, using his shifting spanner as a man might use his knuckles or his elbows in a crowd. Men were too valuable to knock unconscious.

"Come on! Come on!" he shouted, half-dazed himself. He raged through the stokehold like a cyclone. "Get hold of them shovels! Steam! More steam! . . . She's dropped an atmosphere while you've been foolin'. Come on! Come on!" In five minutes work was under way again.

"Get me some waste and any rags you can find," the chief was saying, a little hysterically now. "I'll bandage this man's shoulder."

"It can't keep up," groaned the second. "My God, we're not machines!"

"It must keep up," responded the chief, blinking at him and looking very disheveled and tired. The strain was sapping him physically though his will had not flinched.

"I know," whispered the second then. "That's the hell of it." He rocked away to the engine-room to find more lamps.

"What happened?" said the third at the throttle, his voice shaky, thinking he had been left to die alone. He had not heard the shot because of the engine noise right before his face. "My God, this . . . darkness! What happened?"

"He cracked!" said the second, laughing wildly as if at a huge joke. "He cracked all right!"

What else transpired through the long hours until men eventually came from for'ard along calmer decks to relieve those below no one seemed to have any clear idea. The second thought he remembered much water still coming down from above and rising so high in the stokehold it put out some of the lower fires and dropped the pressure again. Afterward of course it was known that the hull had been strained and water was coming from below as well.

But behind it all there was a queer little figure in brown, wet overalls far too big for him. Idiotic he looked! From one front pocket there jutted and sagged the black butt of a revolver. From the other protruded a bottle neck. And in one hand this queer figure held another bottle and in the other hand a tin pannikin. And he croaked continually:

"One more atmosphere! Just one more atmosphere and you get a drink!"

Every so often men would look up at the gauges and croak themselves and laugh—and then stagger through the washing inky water to reach at the pannikin. The second had an idea he went back to the engine-room after that and leaned on the fourth's shoulder as he stood by the throttle.

"One more atmosphere!" he croaked. "One more and you get a drink! See? That's how it's done. . . . An' we said he'd crack!"

"She's got black hair and a dimple in her chin," said the fourth solemnly. "See her sitting on the main bearing? . . . Don't touch me. There's a fire just under my skin." His eyes burned in the murk.

"That's how it's done," insisted the second. "One more atmosphere and you get a drink! . . . But why don't he crack? He's a devil! . . ."

"STILL sick, is he?" said the captain in St. John's harbor two days later. The Loch McCree had towed the Bengal City in after the hurricane had died, both ships half-wrecked. The chief had been carried up from the engine-room when fresh men managed to get midship to relieve the others and the strain was over. The long hours of wetness and heat, lack of food and rest had rocked him. And they later found he had head wounds where some half-insane man had struck him, with a shovel maybe. No one seemed to know exactly.

"Well," said the captain, "call up an ambulance and have him sent to the hospital. I didn't think he could stand much."

"Th' old man thinks it was me pulled him through," said the second to his chief as the ambulance men came with their stretcher. "I'll get that straightened out, sir."

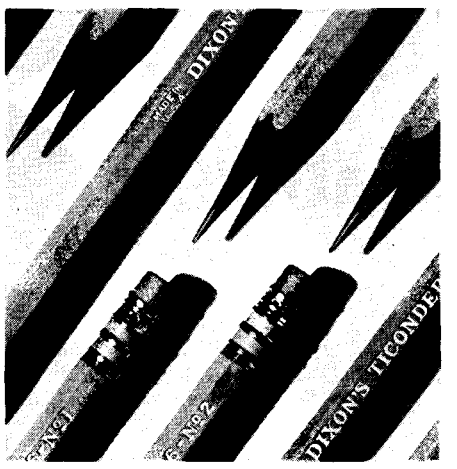
The chief did not hear because he was talking to himself and making vague motions with his hands as if he was pouring something from a bottle. As the hospital nurse confided to the doctor, "He says such strange things. . . . All last night he kept sitting up in bed and shouting out. I suppose it's the fever."

"What was he shouting about?" inquired the doctor absently.

"Something to do with the atmosphere as far as I could gather. Quite ridiculous, don't you think? Atmosphere!"

"Quite," said the doctor. "He's had a hard time, I believe, and he's not very young. These frail men always go to pieces under a strain anyway."

© 1929



The biggest little thing in easing business routine is a really good pencil.

That's why, office by office, American business is adopting Dixon "Ti-con-der-oga" as standard equipment —

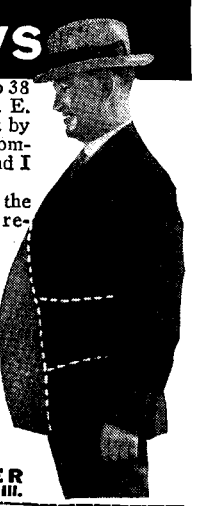
DIXON "TI-CON-DER-OGA"
An extraordinary five cent pencil

Made in the U. S. A. by
JOSEPH DIXON CRUCIBLE COMPANY
Pencil Dept. 167-J Jersey City, N. J.

MONEY FOR YOU

Men or women can earn $15 to $25 weekly in spare time at home making display cards. Light, pleasant work. No canvassing. We instruct you and supply you with work. Write to-day for full particulars.
The MENHENITT COMPANY Limited
270 Dominion Bldg., Toronto, Can.

10 Inches Off Waistline In 35 Days



"I reduced from 48 inches to 38 inches in 35 days," says R. E. Johnson, of Akron, O., "just by wearing a Director Belt. Stomach now firm, doesn't sag and I feel fine."

The Director Belt gets at the *cause* of fat and quickly removes it by its gentle, kneading, massaging action on the abdomen, which causes the fat to be dissolved and absorbed. Thousands have proved it and doctors recommend it as the natural way to reduce. Stop drugs, exercises and dieting. Try this easy way.

Sent on Trial

Let us prove our claims. We'll send a Director for trial. If you don't get results you owe nothing. You don't risk a penny. Write for trial offer, doctors' endorsements and letters from users. Mail the coupon NOW!

LANDON & WARNER
332 S. La Salle St., Chicago, Ill.

Landon & Warner, Dept. A-1, 332 S. LaSalle, Chicago
Gentlemen: Without cost or obligation on my part please send me details of your trial offer.

Name.....

Address.....

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

You can't get away with it

Nature's Laws O. K.

"DON'T try to put anything over on Nature," is the way a cop would express it. "Sooner or later she'll get you. Give you a ticket and lay you up in a place where you'd rather not be. Even cops can't get away with it. Like everyone else, if they don't pay attention to the warnings, they get a summons that lands them in the doctor's office.

"What the doctor advises is Nujol. Says Nujol will regulate you just the way *you* regulate traffic. Keep things from getting in a jam. Help them move along easy and regular. And the doctor is right. Just ask the healthiest man on the Force. If *they* need Nujol—with all the exercise *they* get—what about all the fellows that roll by in their cars?

"Just take a tip from me. You may have the best intentions in the world. But everybody gets tied up at times. Nature can't always take care of things without help.

"Our Medical Chief tells me that Nujol isn't a medicine. It contains absolutely no medicine or drugs. It's simply a pure natural substance that keeps things functioning normally at all times. It not only keeps an excess of body poisons from forming (we all have them), but aids in their removal."

Start Nujol today. (It is perfected by the Nujol Laboratories, 26 Broadway, New York.) Keep it up for the next three months. It won't cost you much—not more than the price of some smokes. Worth a try, isn't it? Sold in sealed packages only, never in bulk.

DO YOU USE the better dry stencil

No moistening
"O's" keep their centers
Easier proof-reading
Durable for long runs

Here is an easy cutting stencil which gives clean, clear-cut letters, bulletins and circulars, and accurate stylus reproduction of art, autographic and line work. We'll send an Arlac Dry Stencil Free.

Name _____

Address _____

Please check machine you use
Mimeograph
Neostyle
Rotospeed
Lettergraph
Underwood

ARLAC DRY STENCIL CORP'N
432 4th AVE PITTSBURGH, PA

Pathfinder TRIAL
EVERY WEEK 13 WEEKS
$1 A YEAR 15 CENTS

Your neighbors know the Pathfinder and you will like it—the every-week news digest from the Nation's Center. Bright, interesting, dependable, different—nothing else like it. Washington gossip, politics, science, travel, fun, lots of pictures, instruction, entertainment. Trial 13 weeks—13 big issues—only 15 Cents, or $1 for full year. Send now. Address: Pathfinder, Dept. 53 Washington, D.C.

KEEP YOUR SKIN YOUNG

Tedious treatments unnecessary if the soap used for daily cleansing is

Resinol

Miller's American Poultry Guide FREE

Tells all about chick's-care, feeding and raising for profit. Also describes Hot Water & Electric

"Ideal" Incubators $11.50 Up
With Original Patented EGG TURNING TRAYS
"Ideal" Brooders -- $6.90 Up

Coal, Oil, and Electric Brooders, Poultry Supplies, Baby Chicks. Special LOW PRICES! Write Today!

J. W. MILLER CO., Box 21, Rockford, Ill.

20 Gorgeous Giant Zinnias 10c

GIANT ZINNIA

Send for this Gorgeous Collection of Giant Zinnias, 20 named varieties, all beautiful colors, as listed below:

Bright Rose	Ruby Red	Cream	Shrimp Pink
Burnt Orange	Orange	White	Cardinal
Deep Flesh	Sulphur Yellow	Crimson	Canary Yellow
Lavender	Buttercup	Deep Rose	Blush Pink
Buff	Salmon Rose	Purple	Violet

This great collection of 20 named Giant Varieties is made up in one packet of over 200 seeds evenly mixed. It will make the most gorgeous show of Zinnias ever grown and add color to any surroundings. Zinnias thrive everywhere—North, East, South and West. They grow from seeds planted anywhere—in the open ground, in the garden, on the lawn or as a border along walks, drives and buildings. They bloom early and continuously until killed by frost.

Order this Collection today: 1 pkt 10c, 3 pkts 20c, 6 pkts 30c, 12 pkts 50c

1929 Seed Book Sent with Every Order or Free on Request. Big List of Seeds, Plants and Bulbs. 150 Varieties Vegetables, Flowers, Shrubs, Shown in Colors.

F. B. MILLS, SEED-GROWER, BOX 614 ROSE HILL, N.Y.

Black Magic

THE only wand you need is a pencil to do the most astounding feats of legerdemain with Colliergraphs. That and a gift for making faces. And when you really get good at the popular sport you'll be in line for a $5 check. But you'll find the details below.

Mrs. Otto Thomas, 1086 E. 21 St. South, Salt Lake City, Utah

"Douglas Fairbanks," by Roy Benadum, 2007 Brighton Ave., Detroit, Mich.

James A. Anderson, 1511 Parkview, Detroit, Mich.

Cedric in Paw's Son-in-law, by Sidney Degner, Room 9, Hamot Hospital, Erie, Pa.

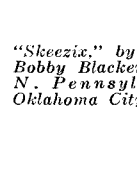
Donald L. Bowers, 407 Stillwater Ave., Fallon, Nev.

C. C. B. Cooke, 1210 Bonita Ave., Berkeley, Calif.

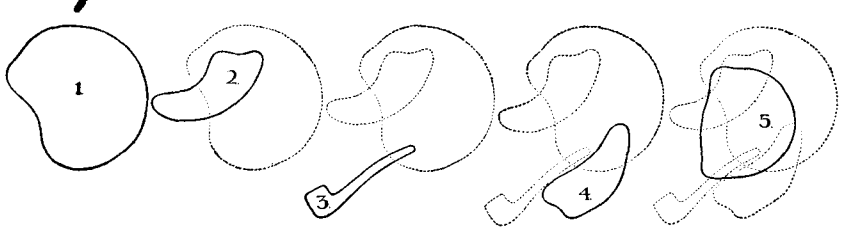
Mrs. Anton Nelsen, 2111 14th Ave. So., Seattle, Wash.

Mrs. W. P. Sheffer, Parkerton, Wyo., P. O. Box 375

Mrs. Delva Schmieder, 656 East 9th St., Erie, Pa.



"Skeezix," by Master Bobby Blackert, 1611 N. Pennsylvania, Oklahoma City, Okla.

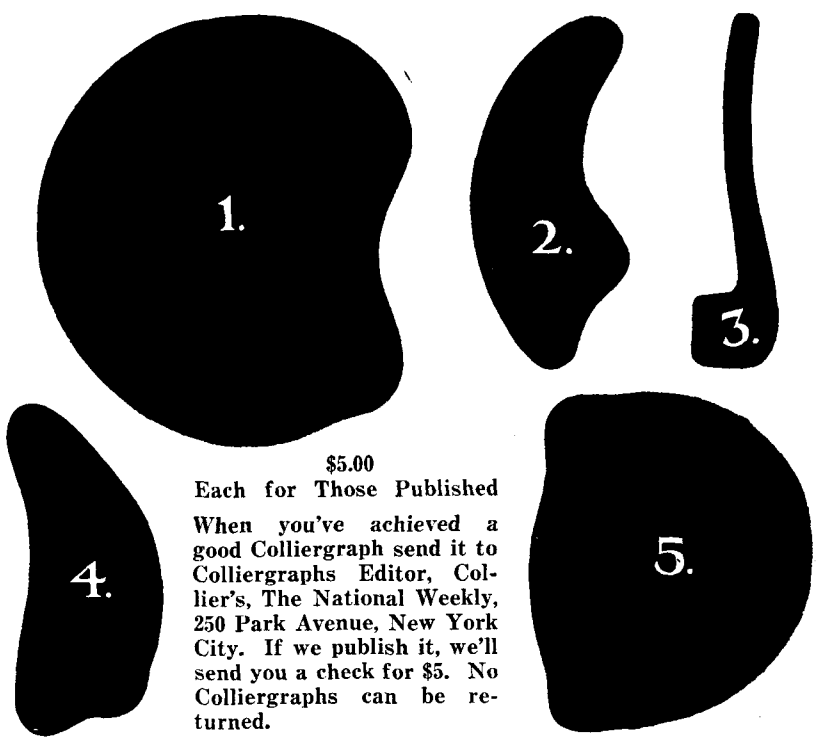


How to Do It

Cut out the five black figures below. You might mount them on cardboard separately. When you've laid them on top of one another,

shift them about until you have a portrait. Hold them down and with a pencil trace the outline. Remove the pieces and fill in the silhouette.

Here are the pieces—cut them out



$5.00 Each for Those Published

When you've achieved a good Colliergraph send it to Colliergraphs Editor, Collier's, The National Weekly, 250 Park Avenue, New York City. If we publish it, we'll send you a check for $5. No Colliergraphs can be returned.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

You Never Know

Continued from page 11

it. . . . How about this Harley Downs? Has he any money?"

"None, I'm afraid. We're on half salaries now. And we can't get into New York."

Holman sat brooding for a time. "Well," he remarked, "I suppose I may as well tell you why I'm here. There's a man named Franklin Farquhar, a decent enough chap, who worked for K. and A. until he cracked under the strain, then went into some outside business. He's made some money, and naturally the old hankering for the stage came back.

"Well, he has built him a theater. A small house, but nice. Up near Central Park. And he'd like to open with a decent attraction. If I recommend The Dusk he'll book it."

"Oh, Gene. Mr. Downs ought to know!"

"Do you want to call him up? It'll have to be settled by Wednesday night. Tomorrow. That is, if you're to open Monday."

"Perhaps I'd better not, Gene. He might think I was butting in on the management. Fancying myself. You know how producers are. And he's in a pretty strung-up state."

"I'll talk with him in the morning then. There's only one difficulty that I can see. Farquhar's reasonable enough in his terms, considering how the theater business is booming. But he asks a two weeks' guarantee of forty-five hundred a week to be put in escrow. Give him time to turn around, you know, in case the play should flop. . . . Well, I'll see him tomorrow."

Harriet lay for a time half awake, thinking, in a curious nightmarish way, of Harold Burman.

There was a tapping at the door. She switched on her bedside light; drew a wrap about herself; opened the door a little way.

There, in a kimono of black and rose and gold, his bare feet thrust into straw slippers, smoking one of those interminable initialed cigarettes, smiling in arrogant self-consciousness, stood Harold Burman.

SHE tried without a word to shut the door. But he was quicker than she. One of those feet blocked it. And he caught the knob and leaned forward. The scene was, to her, at the moment, unbelievable. The vulgarity of it gave her a sick feeling. She loathed the vanity in his chuckle.

Suddenly her voice rang out—"You can't force your way into this room!"

"Easy, dearie! Easy! You'll wake Harley!"

"How perfectly disgusting!"

Light appeared in the transom opposite. Burman couldn't see it. She called—"Mr. Downs!"

His door opened. He stood there, tying the silken rope of his kimono.

"I'm sorry to trouble you," she said, 'but I can't throw this man out without help, I'm afraid."

Burman had merely turned his head. His hand was still on the outer knob, his foot still in the crack of the door. But he was breathing hard. And his color was up.

"This doesn't concern you," he remarked, very ugly.

Downs looked him up and down. "Get out of here!" he said, in an unsteady voice.

"Keep your head, old dear! I'm not taking orders from you! You're forgetting that I own as much of this show as you do!" His nerve, at least, wasn't shaken.

For a moment, then, their voices ran together. Harriet heard the talk only as sound. Those half-constant phrases had clicked into sense. And other disjointed memories of the evening. In particular, an engagingly red-headed usher who'd wanted to talk. Anger surged in her breast . . . a clean, healthy anger that had pity in it. She stepped aside so abruptly that Burman almost fell into the room.

"I'm beginning to see what's happened." Outwardly she was cold; but her dark eyes snapped. "I couldn't help hearing some of your talk tonight. He"—she pointed contemptuously at the gaudy kimono—"he made you give him half the show. I heard that. But he didn't tell you why. He didn't tell you that Karber and Andrews were both here last night and praised the play. He didn't tell how he agreed to keep it from you. You didn't know that, Mr. Downs. You've trusted him, and he has robbed you."

THE manager, caught aback, was trying to face this out with a sneer. But the last words stung him. "You have no right to say that! I did not rob him! I'm a business man, yes, but . . ."

That was as far as he got. With a muttered "You dirty crook!" Downs rushed at him. Spun him away from the door. Hit him.

It was rather dreadful. For Downs it was the breaking point. A sort of nervous crash. Harriet stood painfully still, wondering what she ought to do. They wrestled. Fell, Downs in a cold white fury was hitting, hitting, hitting. He got up first. Then a battered, whimpering Burman rose unsteadily to his feet; leaned against the wall while he straightened his kimono; pressed a shaking hand to a bulging bloody lip; sputtered out, "You'll pay for this, Harley Downs!"— and went shakily off down the corridor.

Downs' wild proud eyes were fixed on the girl. "Harriet," he said, "there's something I want to say. Just this. In a way, I haven't played fair with you."

"Oh, please!"

"Now, listen. I've picked on you. Do you know why? Because I was excited about you. I was afraid you'd discover how wonderful you are and become impossible. Actresses do. I was afraid, really, that I'd lose you. I couldn't face that. You *are* my play. It was pure luck, finding you. With you in the part, I've dared to dream that we'd get across in New York. So I tried to keep you worried. Hold you down. . . .

"I haven't been myself, quite. You see, I've risked everything. It's the last shot in my locker. I've failed. Burman knows that. It's only fair that you should know it. I'm warning you to look out for yourself. . . . I just learned tonight that they're jumping us to Buffalo. We'll never go there. I couldn't begin to pay the railway fares. I haven't a cent. Burman's money will just about clear the worst of our debts and carry us through the week."

"But Karber and Andrews—they like the play."

"Oh, no!" An unhappy laugh. "You can't tell me anything about K. and A. I know how they work—underground! Always underground! It isn't the play they're after! It's you! . . . But here's all I'm trying to tell you. I'm through. They've got me. But you're all right! You're the biggest

(*Continued on page 56*)

And Earned
$4930 In 6 Months
Spare Time Work!

Do you need extra money? Here is a wonderful opportunity. Here are free extra bonuses Charles Hickey earned in six months' spare time work: A new Chevrolet, fountain pen, Gladstone bag, Elgin watch, Crosley Radio—and $4,930! He made it by selling 4,000 car owners an amazing new kind of protection against blinding headlights! Agents and car owners can test a sample at my risk. Simply mail coupon below.

Glaring Headlights Can't Blind You!
When You Look Through a FACE-A-LITE!

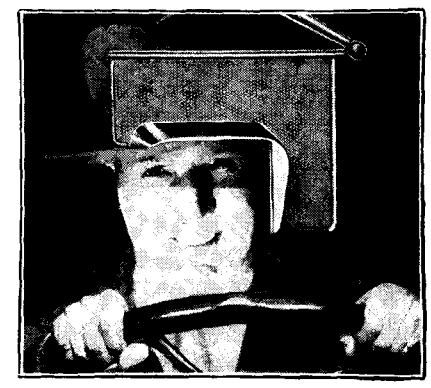
WHAT car owner doesn't feel nervous when driving at night and headlights suddenly flash in his eyes? Glaring headlights cause thousands of accidents each year. A Face-A-Lite on your car is better than paying an insurance and costs only a fraction of the premium. And every night you drive you face this constant danger, imperiling your life and your wife and children.

FITS ANY CAR

Face-A-Lite fits any car, open or closed. You can install it yourself in a jiffy. Simply set Face-A-Lite so you can look under the hood of the screen. The tiny pin points break up the shaft of light. Face-A-Lite throws a shade over your eyes so you can steer safely around a hairpin turn. You can see every inch of the road ahead without blocking your vision, or cocking your head to one side.

OVER 300,000 USERS

Although Face-A-Lite is out only a short time, already over three hundred thousand car owners now use this new safety device. Joe Lasker, Anoka, Minn., writes that a Face-A-Lite saved him from a serious collision



Let the headlight blaze in your eyes on the darkest, narrowest road. With a Face-A-Lite shading your vision, you can drive right on without slackening speed, without the slightest bit of danger.

with another car, stalled on the road ahead without lights. A Buick dealer writes enthusiastically that he is installing Face-A-Lites as standard equipment.

FREE SAMPLE OFFER

Simply mail coupon below and learn how you can test a Face-A-Lite on your own car without obligation to buy. Chas. Hickey wrote for this no-risk sample offer. It started him on the road to success.

W. M. Willy, Pres., Face-A-Lite Mfg. Co.
Dept. B-306, Mitchell, S. Dak.

W. M. Willy, Pres.
Face-A-Lite Mfg. Co., Dept. B-306
Mitchell, S. D.

Mail Today!

Yes, without obligating me, send me full description of Face-A-Lite. Also tell me all about your free sample offer and big, money-making proposition.

Name.....

Address.....

City..... State.....

I NEED 500 MEN
I'LL PAY BIG MONEY!

I show you an easy way to make an extra income. Just in your spare moments. Simply mail coupon below for my exclusive demonstration method.

Lowel Folden made $35.00 in one day. V. L. Love made $15.00 an hour. H. C. Bower writes, "They take it out of your hand." You don't need to be a salesman—Face-A-Lite sells itself. Mail coupon for proof that you can make $10.00 to $20.00 a day easy.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

SPECIALLY tempered nickel alloy steel in Simonds Band Saws is the product of a Simonds mill where exacting saw requirements govern every step in its production. Consequently, Simonds Band Saws have uniform strength and toughness that guarantee speed of production and dependability of performance under conditions that tax their cutting power. For economy, safety, longer service, specify Simonds.

SIMONDS SAW AND STEEL COMPANY
"The Saw Makers" Fitchburg, Mass. *Established 1832*
BRANCH OFFICES AND SERVICE SHOPS IN PRINCIPAL CITIES

Bob Browning
EARNS MONEY AND WINS PRIZES

Bob Browning of Kansas is just an ordinary fellow with a lot of pep and ambition. He has won many prizes, among them skates, basketball, football, baseball glove and fishing outfit. He secured these by being a Crowell Junior Salesman.

You can be a Crowell Junior Salesman. It's lots of fun—easy work—and you need no experience to start. Just deliver to regular customers three of the best known magazines in America. We teach you how to get these customers.

This coupon will bring you our Big Book of Prizes showing over 300 articles, and start you on the happy road to money and prizes.

MAIL THIS COUPON

Jim Thayer
Dept. C-42
The Crowell Publishing Co.
Springfield, Ohio

Start me off as a salesman by sending me a supply of magazines and full information.

Name .....
Address .....
Town ..... State .....

(*Continued from page 55*)

thing in five years! Just look out for yourself! . . . Now I'd better go!"

Harriet closed her transom. Then called up Gene Holman and made them ring until he answered.

"Sorry, Gene," she said, in that mood of immense relief. "Awfully sorry. But it's a crisis. You said that guarantee thing was forty-five hundred a week, didn't you? And two weeks. That's only nine thousand, isn't it? Of course! But I'm terrible at figures. Now listen—I'm going to put up the guarantee. Mr. Downs isn't to know. Do you see? Wouldn't your Mr. Farquhar help us out that much? Just not mention the guarantee? . . . That's a dear, Gene! I knew I could lean on you. . . . No, I will *not* reconsider!"

LATE on the following afternoon an odd but characteristic little scene took place in Ben Andrews' office. One Harold Burman had appeared in the reception-room shortly after the luncheon hour and persistently demanded to see either Mr. Andrews or Mr. Kerstow. He had much on his mind and a great deal on his face. Rather a wreck, Mr. Burman. For a smart business man he'd been guilty of a costly slip. Just the little matter of neglecting to put it in writing that he would continue as company manager. Downs had discharged him. Paid him off with his own money. That stung. And it called for reprisals.

K. and A. were again in conference. In the big office with carved Gothic doorways and a stained-glass window.

"Downs'll close Saturday," remarked Ben Andrews cheerfully. The only thing now is to check on Hamlin's contract. Gotta pick our way there. We don't want Equity on our necks again."

Kerstow spoke up: "That young Burman's been hanging round all afternoon. Been some trouble. My secretary says he looks as if he'd been in a fight. But he's got all that information."

He was shown in. Dapper, sleek, shifty of eye, but with a face like raw steak. Bit of a story there, all right! But K. and A. weren't concerned with stories.

"What's Hamlin's contract with Downs?" asked Ben briskly.

"Just run of the play."

"She's free then. When he closes."

"Don't you believe it!" The young man exhibited excitement. "If you want her you've got to talk to me."

"To you? Why?"

"Because I've tied her up. That's why! I'm her personal representative."

"How do we know that's so?"

"Ask her! Send her a wire!" It wouldn't do to push that bluff too far. "And there's another matter. I've got half the play. Bought it this morning." He produced a legal-appearing document and tossed it on the desk. "Look that over. You'll see why I'm not interested in wrecking The Dusk just so's you can have Hamlin. Yes, there'll have to be just a little conversation with Harold Burman, gentlemen."

Ben laid the paper on the desk before him. "You're trying to put something over here, my friend." He spoke with quiet authority. "You've got an idea you can beat K. and A. But you can't. . . . As far as The Dusk is concerned, you lose. We won't touch it. It's closing Saturday. But we do want Hamlin. I don't know whether you can deliver her or not. But here's what we'll do about that. You make over your half-interest in The Dusk to Karber and Andrews. Right now. Then get in touch with the girl friend. Bring her here at five o'clock Sunday. If she signs with us, we'll pay you five thousand to cover your loss. If you can't deliver her, you're out o' luck."

There was some sputtering talk; but it was settled Ben's way.

The Dusk opened Monday at the new and pleasant Farquhar to the tune of bewildering success. Harriet, after the last applause had died, and Harley had made his second curtain speech, and all the crowding folk backstage had drifted out, went, a limp and lonely girl, to her dressing-room. New York at last . . . a success, they all said . . . but all she could get out of it, personally, right now, was a vast, bleak weariness.

There was a rap on the door. Harley Downs stood there. Curiously austere. He'd been that way all evening. His nadir was passed. But his shirt front was rumpled, and the black bow tie had crept around almost under his ear. It seemed natural enough to reach up and straighten it. She found herself laughing. Might as well have cried. Just blank emotion.

He took her right up in his arms and kissed her. Then let her go. She sagged back against the make-up table.

"Do you know why I did that?"

What a question! But like him.

"I had two reasons. First, you've done a perfectly beautiful job."

That was nice. She could do with a bit of real praise, from someone that knew.

"I'm so glad you think so, Harley."

"The other is that I've found you out."

"Me?"

"Why did you put up that guarantee?"

She swallowed. Why had she? And why try to talk about it?

"I understand you risked every cent you had in the world."

Oh, Lord! She was going to cry!

"Fortunately, we shan't have to touch it. The ticket people have made a good buy. The critics raved over you in the lobby. You're across. . . . Surely you see what you've done. You pulled me through. I mean personally. You saved the play for me. And now you've put it over. My God. . . ."

She wished he'd go. Or did she? All she could do was lean weakly back and cry, while he, manlike, indulged in oratory. The shameless wish arose that he'd take her in his arms again. If he did she'd smooth his hair.

"What can I do?" He was spreading his hands. "How can I make it good to you? One idea occurs to me—I'll make a will."

"A will?"

"We're going to make some money. I'll leave you everything."

"Leave me . . ."

"Of course, we'll tear up your contract. You can write your own salary. But that's only . . ."

SHE burst out laughing. Caught up a brush from the table and went at that hair.

He gripped her shoulders sternly and held her off. "I am not willing to be laughed at now, Harriet. In my clumsy way I'm trying to offer myself in marriage. I need you. Will you take me?"

She cried again. On the satin lapel of his dinner coat.

"Well?" said he serenely. "Well? Have you no answer?"

How funny? There she was in his arms. What more did he want.

She giggled. "I rather think you do need me, Harley," she finally contrived to say.

But, really, you couldn't beat K. and A.

Joe Kerstow, toward midnight, looked in on Ben. Theatrical producers work late.

"Hello!" said Ben. "How's The Dusk?"

"Went over big. Looks like a knockout."

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"You don't say. Well, you never know."

Kerstow raised a limp hand. "If you'd 'a' shoved me like that I'd 'a' fell flat."

"Did they get their buy?"

"Oh, sure. Eight weeks. They're all right. By the way, Ben, young Burman didn't show up, did he?"

"Not him."

There was a sudden clumping noise outside and Sam Karber came bursting in.

"Oh! Oh! Oh!" he cried. "We lose Hamlin and now maybe you tell me how we put it over on that damn District Attorney?"

BEN ANDREWS grinned. "I've been thinking, Sam. Now . . ."

"You are thinking and here I am with . . ."

"Oh, sit down, Sam!"

Karber sat.

"The Dusk is across pretty big. That's the dope. There's quite a few other clean plays doing business. It's just struck me that maybe there's something in it. And if there is, we might as well have it. Let's jump out quick into a clean-play campaign. Catch it right at the turn. Take the lead. Play with the preachers."

"And on The Pure Youth I lose eight thousand. . . ."

"Yeah, but we've picked up half of The Dusk for nothing. Ought to stand us fifty to a hundred thousand. Maybe a lot more. Chew that over."

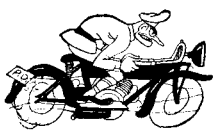
Sam mentally chewed. His bobbing cigar quieted. Fifty to a hundred thousand. . . .

"How about that mother play of Ebe's, Ben?" put in Kerstow. "Maybe the time's ripe for it. The women and the preachers ought to fall hard. With just the right publicity."

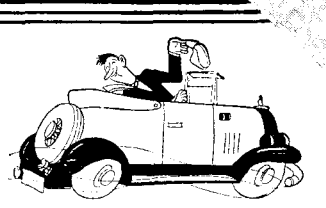
Sam's brow clouded. "And with The Pure Youth you tell me what we do!"

"Throw it in the ash can. We should worry."

Sam sighed. Chewed his cigar. Then slowly grinned. "Yeah," said he. "Yeah, that's so. And maybe with mothers we clean up."



In This Issue



COVER. By John Holmgren

THREE ON A MATCH. By Emma-Lindsay Squier. A bit of fire threatens death, another brings life in a Chinatown struggle Page 5

BARTENDER'S GUIDE TO WASHINGTON. By Walter Davenport. Our reporter looks about in a dry nation's capital Page 8

YOU NEVER KNOW. By Samuel Merwin. In which everything works out well for all but the too clever . . Page 10

DIRECTED BY— In pictures . . . . . Page 12

THE GAWKY AGE. By Ruth F. Wadsworth, M. D. When children are all arms and legs what are their minds like? Page 14

THE CHIEF OF THE LOCH McCREE. By Albert Richard Wetjen. How a strong will in a weak body overcame strong men in mighty sea . . . . . Page 15

SOMETHING BEAUTIFUL. By Zona Gale. A short short story . . . . . Page 17

ONWARD AND UPWARD. By Ring Lardner. One artist sits for another—Jack Barrymore for the master humorist Page 18

WINGS OF DESTINY By George Weston. A new romantic novel with synopsis . . . . . Page 20

LEAVE YOUR CHIN BEHIND. By Grantland Rice Page 22

MARRIAGE FOR TWO. By Arthur Somers Roche. A novel of crime and love with complete synopsis . . Page 24

ON A NIGHT LIKE THIS. By Frank Condon. The Waxmans continue their round-the-world cruise . . . Page 29

HOW'S BUSINESS? By Merle Thorpe. The editor of Nation's Business tells how to answer the question . . . Page 32

BAFFLING DAUGHTERS. By Sinbad . . . Page 34

HOW WOULD YOU PLAY IT? By Milton C. Work Page 41

NO ONE WOULD HAVE HIM. By Jack Binns . Page 43

THE STRING PULLERS. By The Gentleman at the Keyhole Page 44

BELIEVE IT OR NOT. By Ripley . . . . Page 47

COLLIERGRAPHS . . . . . Page 54

EDITORIALS . . . . . Page 58

P. F. COLLIER & SON COMPANY

Executive and Editorial Offices: 250 Park Avenue, New York, N.Y.

6 Henrietta Street, Covent Garden, London, W. C. 2 Published at Springfield, Ohio

Thomas H. Beck	George J. Kennedy	William P. Larkin	Albert E. Winger
President	*Vice President*	*Vice President*	*Treasurer*

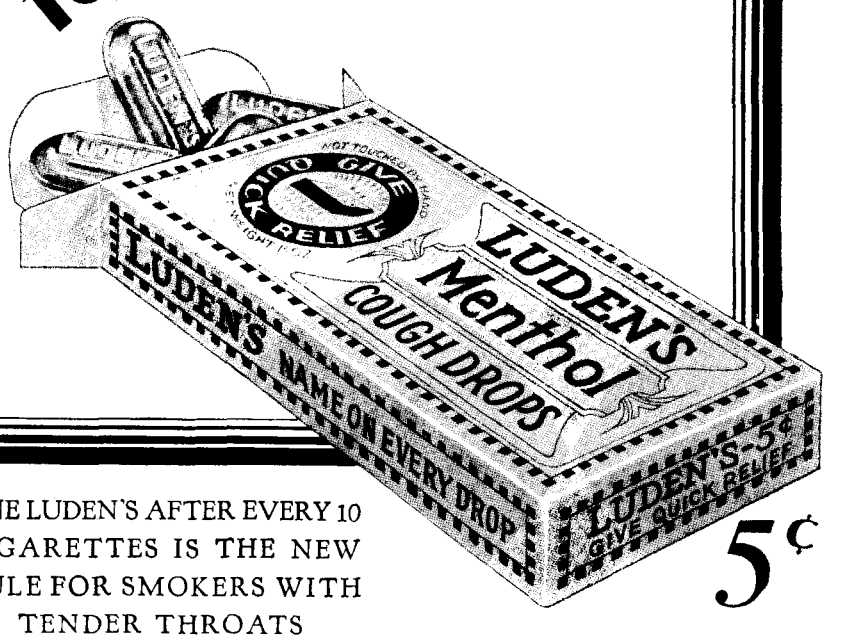
Manuscripts submitted to Collier's, The National Weekly, should be accompanied by sufficient postage for their return if found unavailable. But the publisher can accept no responsibility for return of unsolicited manuscripts.

COUGHS and colds will happen in the best regulated families, but there is no reason why they should be allowed to get the upper hand—to become annoying—to the victim or to those with whom he or she must come in contact. At the first sign of cough or cold—take a Luden's—let it melt in your mouth—breathe deeply—quick relief.

LUDEN'S Menthol Action is unique—exclusive. There is nothing like it among its many imitators—nothing that so quickly brings ease and comfort to the easily irritated air passages of throat and nose. For Luden's are made according to an old time-tested formula—a secret that has been carefully guarded ever since the fame of Luden's began to spread, some thirty years ago.

LUDEN'S, Inc.

for quick relief



ONE LUDEN'S AFTER EVERY 10 CIGARETTES IS THE NEW RULE FOR SMOKERS WITH TENDER THROATS

5¢

LUDEN'S

IN THE TRIPLE-SEALED YELLOW PACKAGE EVERYWHERE

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Collier's
THE NATIONAL WEEKLY
WILLIAM L. CHENERY, Editor

THOMAS H. BECK
Editorial Director

CHARLES COLEBAUGH
Managing Editor

Cure the Creeping Sickness

ON AN open concrete road in the country you can drive thirty, forty or fifty miles an hour safely.

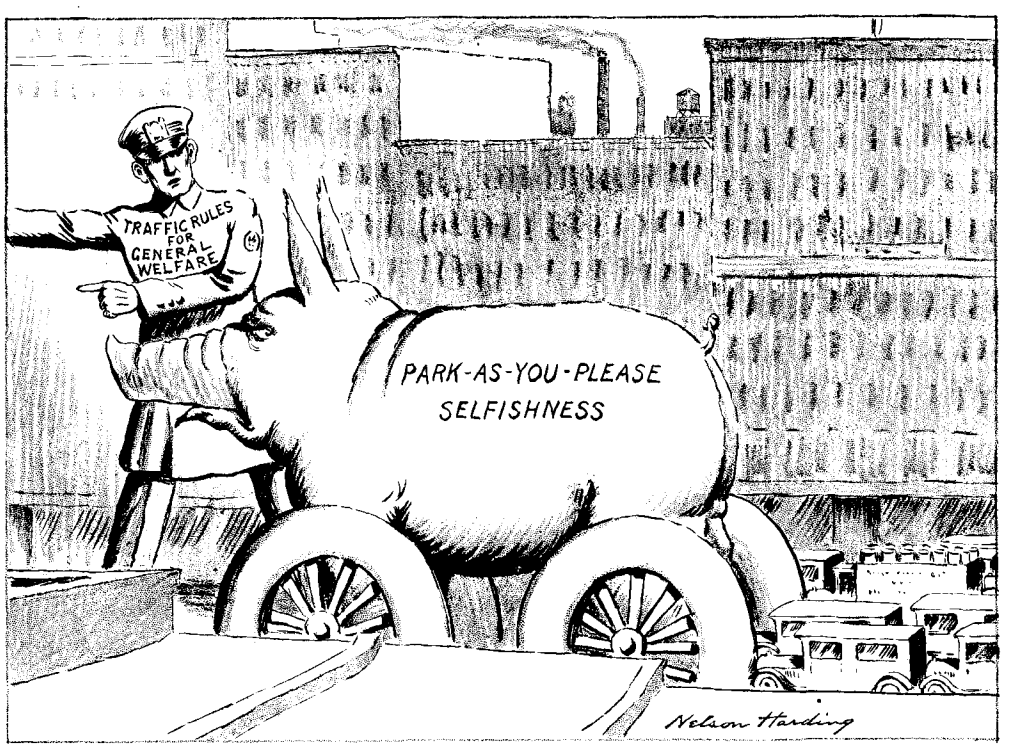
As you speed along through woods and fields you think of the marvelous new power given you by the motor car.

Your legs have been lengthened. The range of your activity has been enormously increased. Fifty or even a hundred miles across country on a good highway means little effort. What resources have been opened by the development of the gasoline engine!

Then you approach a town or a city. It doesn't matter particularly what town or city. In their traffic congestion and discomfort most are alike. Your pace is slowed down until in the worst areas you creep. Streets are lined with parked cars. Highways have become garages. The very density of motors is a barrier to travel by motor.

Or perhaps you restrict your driving to town or city. How much luck do you have driving to a moving-picture house or to the theater? Can you park comfortably near your office or the store at which you want to shop? Certainly not, unless you are a very early bird and get in ahead of the mob.

The truth is that our ideas of using streets were developed before we had motor cars. We are trying to apply horse-and-buggy rules to an automobile era. Naturally, we get tangled.



New York is the most congested city. Chicago's loop traffic is strangled. In Boston the whole business area is fearfully congested. Buffalo's streets are blocked by all-day parking.

San Francisco's Market Street, due to peculiar topography, is the greatest congestion area of the country. New Orleans, St. Louis, Pittsburgh, Atlanta, choose any city you please, and you will find stifling overcrowding.

Yet most of this is unnecessary. Streets are closed and traffic drowns in a sea of vehicles because of neglect.

Motor cars won't drive themselves and the problem of congestion won't solve itself. If you want to get the full value out of your automobile, you will have to insist upon sensible traffic regulation.

A few cities have made intelligent efforts to open their streets to traffic. Milwaukee is notable. Newark, Cleveland, Detroit, Minneapolis and San Francisco have been pioneers in working out sane parking regulations.

Each city and village has a separate problem due to topography and the habits of the people. Details vary but the fundamentals are the same.

Washington has made little progress because the enforcement of traffic laws is lax and timid. Cincinnati's congestion is still enormous because the merchants protest against any remedy that seems to affect their immediate advantage.

Good engineering brains are needed to devise ways of using our streets with fairness to all concerned. In some cities parking space is being provided in the basements of office buildings. Other such devices will be tried.

The important thing is to get the idea of the general welfare uppermost and to insist upon traffic regulations which will serve the interests of the entire community.

Given that generous and courageous spirit and your city, wherever it is, can soon find the expert wisdom sufficient to open its highways to public travel.

Conceited Secrets

THREE hundred years ago women sought beauty in secret. They made their own beauty preparations and rather botched the job, according to modern standards, even resorting to such powerful aids as painting their faces pink.

All this is disclosed by a faded book, published in 1623, which recently came to light in London, Conceited Secrets of Famous Beauties of Past Ages.

The desire to make the most of herself is inborn in woman. And she has carried it out to such an extent that today beauty secrets are flung upon the wind.

Any woman who can read or listen knows them. Beauty has been democratized and, indeed, the beautification rite itself has become a public ceremony.

And who will say that the frank artistry of today is not a vast step ahead of the deceptive and fumbling practices of bygone years?

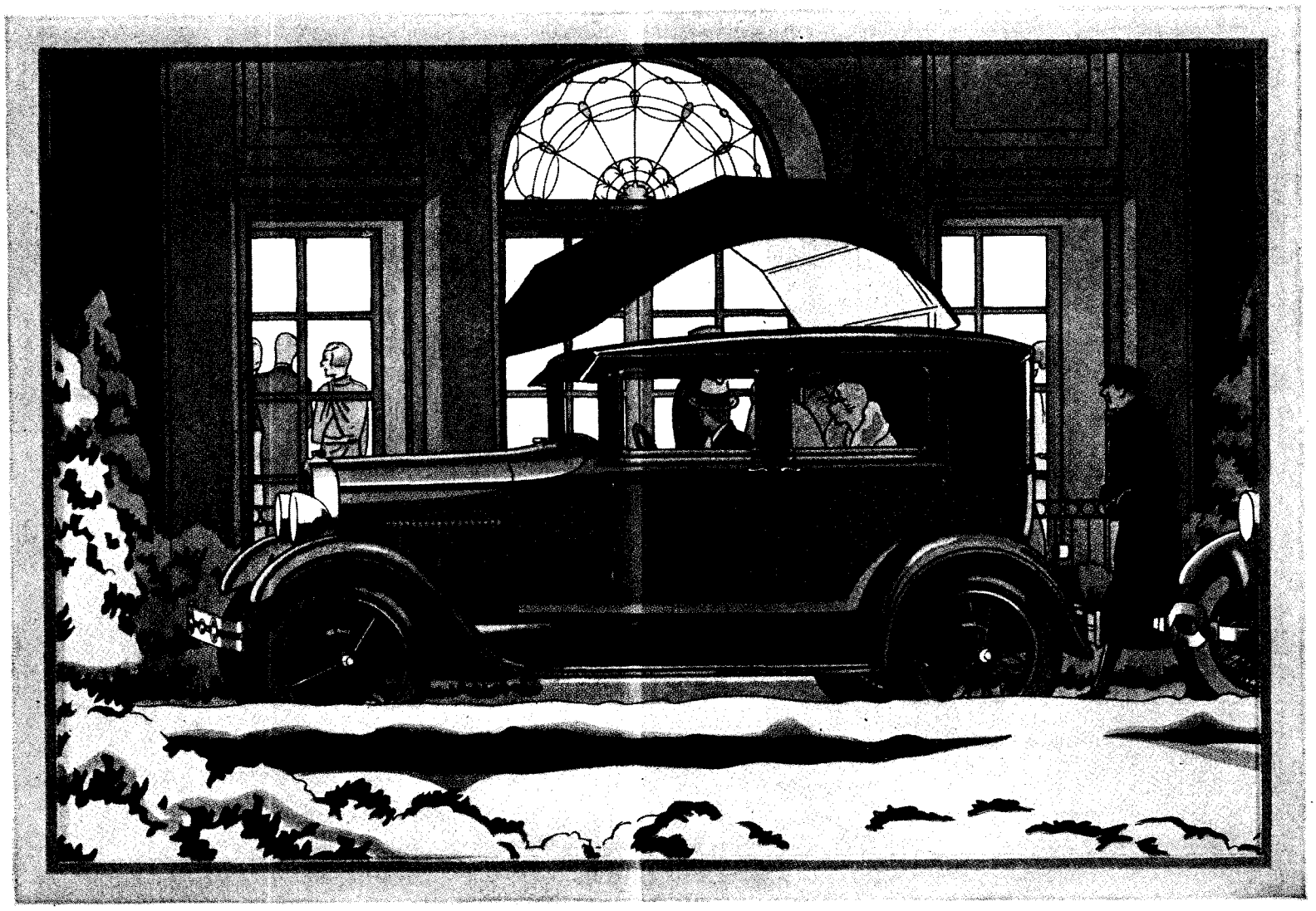
A Policeman's Lot

"A POLICEMAN'S lot is not a happy one," whether or not constabulary duty's to be done.

In Philadelphia General Smedley Butler is inserted to produce law and order. Wholesale hiring, wholesale firing and two years later the city is worse than ever. Chicago ousts one chief of police and enthrones another. And Chicago becomes the world's best market for bullet-proof vests.

Then New York shunts aside a lawyer to make Grover Whalen, business man and greeter, head of its fifteen thousand cops. Drives and more drives against speakeasies and nests of crime. Nobody goes thirsty and the boys still bump off their enemies. What's the answer? Imitate the efficiency of Scotland Yard? By all means. But Scotland Yard never had to enforce prohibition. Our police may thank heaven if they're healthy. Under sumptuary law they can never be happy.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



To help you get many thousands of miles of carefree, economical motoring

THE new Ford is a remarkably fine car for one that costs so little. It is simple in design, constructed of the finest materials and manufactured with unusual accuracy. These are the reasons it performs so wonderfully. These are the reasons its service requirements are so few and the up-keep cost so low.

When you receive your new Ford, the dealer will explain the simple little things that should be attended to at regular intervals to insure the best performance. He will also tell you about the Free Inspection Service to which every purchaser of the new Ford is entitled at 500, 1000 and 1500 miles.

This inspection service includes a check-up of the battery, generator charging rate, distributor, carburetor adjustment, lights, brakes, shock absorbers, tire inflation and steering gear. The engine oil is also changed and the chassis lubricated.

No charge whatever is made for labor or materials incidental to this service except where repairs are necessary because of accident, neglect, or misuse. The labor of changing the engine oil and lubricating the chassis is also free, although a charge is made for new oil.

The above inspection is free for the first 1500 miles only, yet the completeness and watchfulness of Ford Service does not stop there.

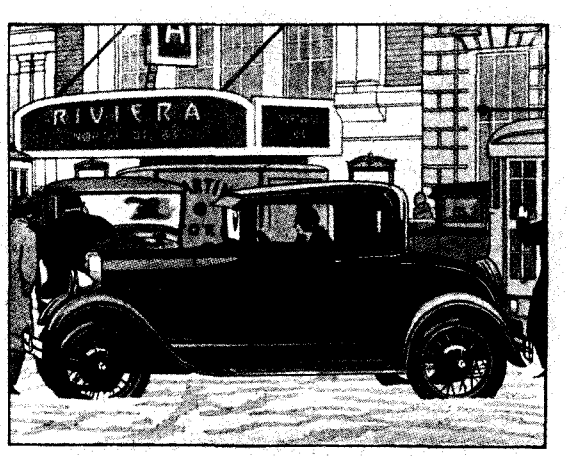
Every time you take your car to the Ford dealer for oiling and greasing it will be a good plan to have him check over important points that have a bearing on continuously good performance and tell you exactly what the car needs. You will find him prompt in his work, fair in his charges, and sincerely eager to do a good and thorough job at all times.

His constant effort is to relieve you of every detail in the care of your car and to help you get thousands upon thousands of miles of low-cost motoring without a care—without even lifting the hood. That is the true meaning of Ford Service.

FORD MOTOR COMPANY
Detroit, Michigan

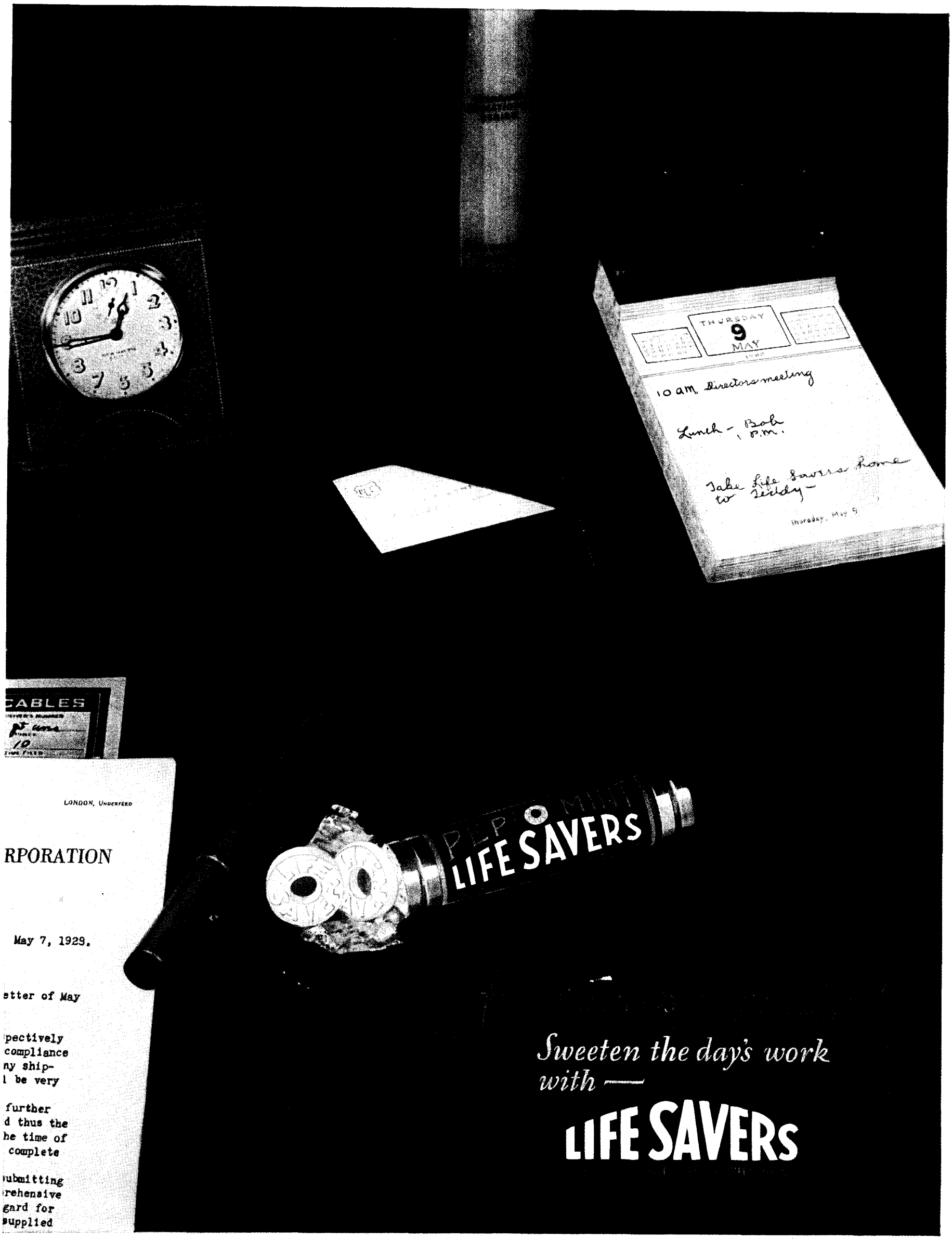
FEATURES OF THE NEW FORD CAR

Beautiful low lines
Choice of colors
55 to 65 miles an hour
Remarkable acceleration
Smoothness at all speeds
Fully enclosed, silent six-brake system
New transverse springs
Houdaille hydraulic shock absorbers
Triplex shatter-proof glass windshield
Economy of operation
Reliability and long life



There's an air of sturdy strength in the low, trim, graceful lines of the new Ford Coupe. A splendid all-weather car because it is so snug and comfortable, so safe and easy to handle under all conditions.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED